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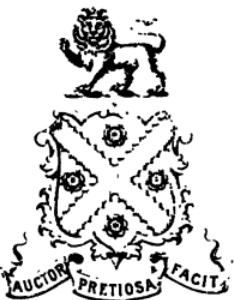
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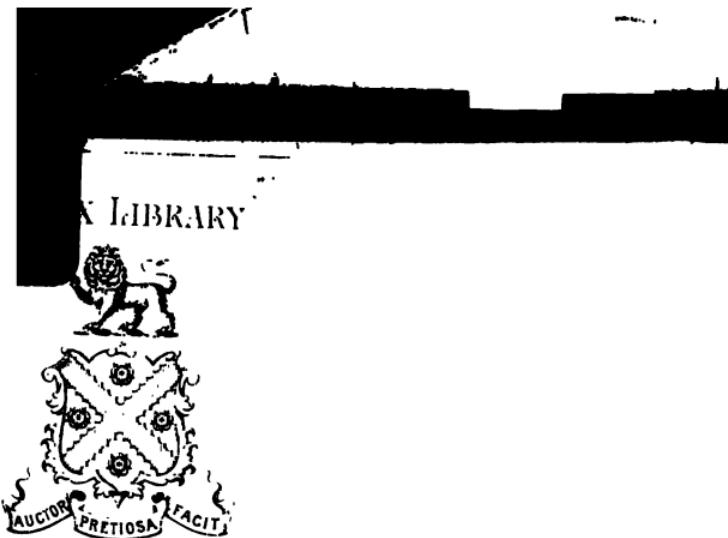
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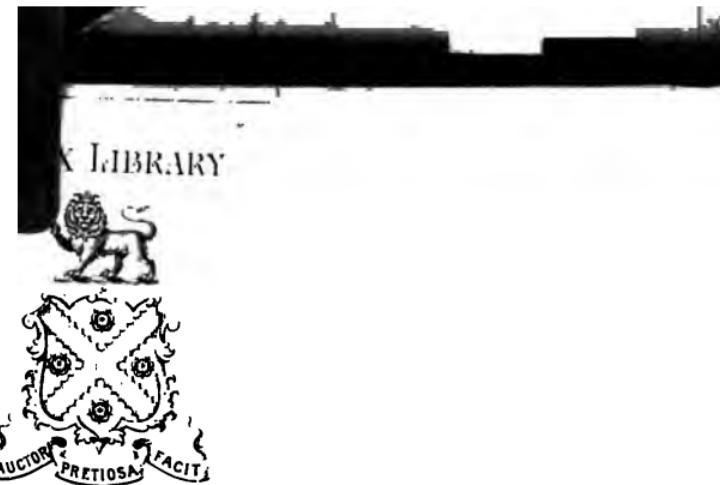
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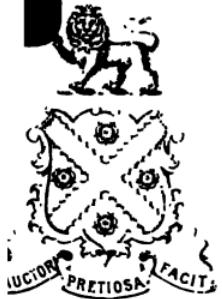
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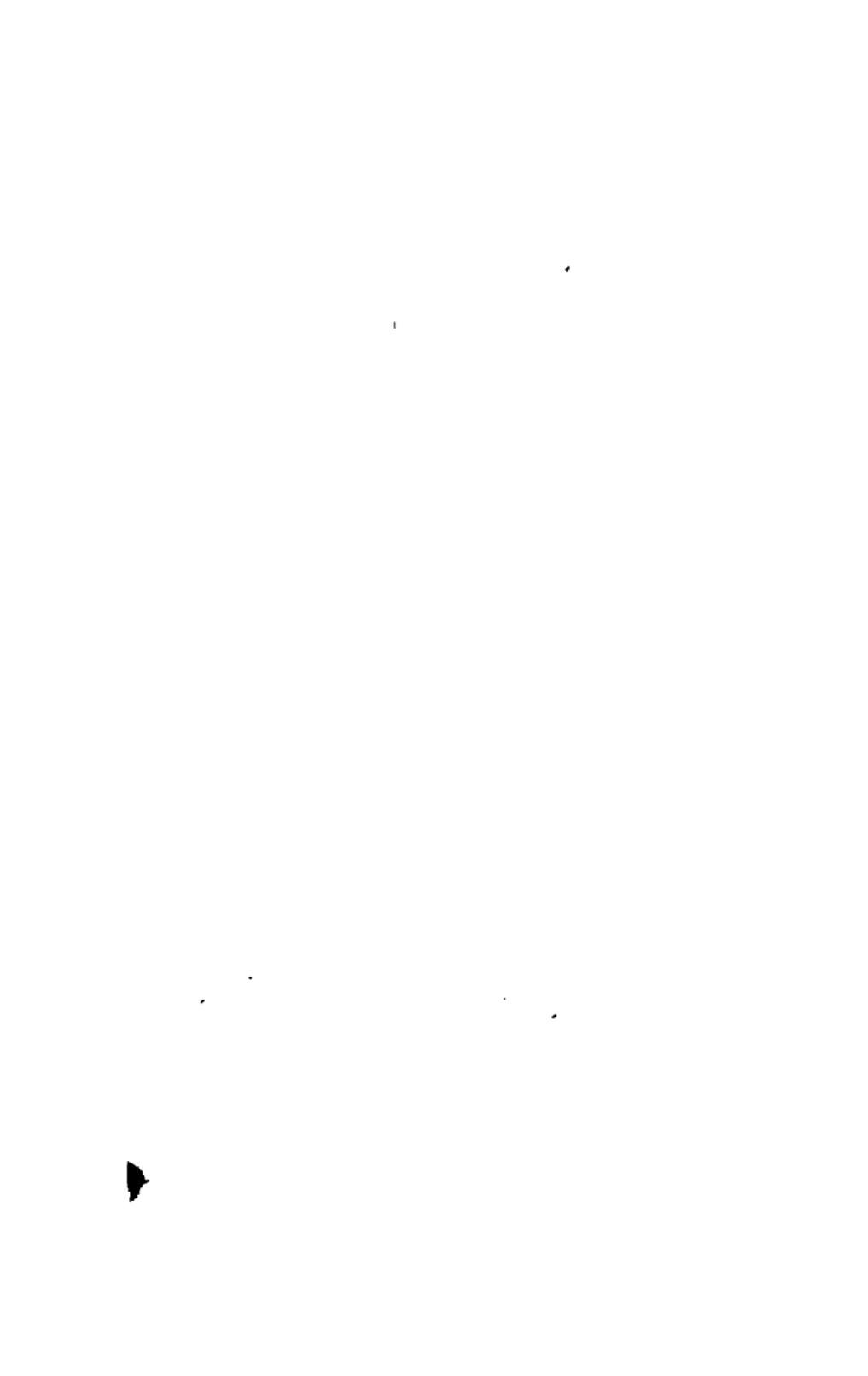
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2010

1931



H U D I B R A S.

In THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

L A T E W A R S.

Corrected and Amended :

W I T H

A D D I T I O N S.

To which are added,

A N N O T A T I O N S,

And an exact

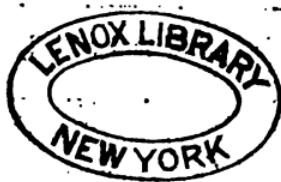
I N D E X to the Whole.

Adorned with CUTTS, designed and engraved
by Mr. HOGARTH.

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. BROWNE, C. HITCH and L. HAWES,
J. SHUCKBURGH, G. HAWKINS, J. and R. TONSON,
M. COOPER, B. DOD, R. BALDWIN, E. DILLY,
J. RICHARDSON, T. LOWNDES, and C. BATHURST
in Fleet-Street. MDCCLXI.

MD



T O T H E
R E A D E R.

POET A nascitur non fit, is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquired Learning imaginable is insufficient to compleat a Poet, without a natural Genius and Propensity to so noble and sublime an Art. And we may without Offence observe, that many very learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satyrical Inspiration, our Author wittily invokes:

Which made them, tho' it were in Spight
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

On the other Side, some who have had very little human Learning, but were endued with a large Share of natural Wit and Parts, have become the most celebrated * Poets of the Age they lived in. But, as these last are, Raræ aves in terris; so when the Muses have not disdained the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modesty permitted him, might with HORACE have said,

* *Shakespear, D'Avenant, &c.*

B

Exegi

ii TO THE READER.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius ;
Or with OVID,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, n
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere veti

The Author of this celebrated Poem was last Composition ; for although he had not the pines of an Academical Education, as some it may be perceived, throughout his whole life, that he had read much, and was very well plished in the most useful Parts of human Letters.

RAPIN (in his Reflections) speaking of necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us, that he must have a Genius extraordinary ; great Gifts ; a Wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid and versal ; an Understanding clear and distinct ; a Imagination neat and pleasant ; an Elevation that depends not only on Art or Study, but on the Gift of Heaven, which must be sustained by a lively Sense and Vivacity ; Judgment to discern wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to the Author, I leave to the impartial Reader, a man of nicer Judgments, who had the Happiness of being more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this incomparable Poet is now so thoroughly established in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavor to write a Panegyric upon it. King CHARLES II, a man of great judgment and a judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge that he was a sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great a admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly ch

TO THE READER. iii

onversation: However, since most Men have a
sity to have some Account of such anonymous
ors, whose Compositions have been eminent for
r Learning; I have been desired to oblige them
uch Informations, as I could receive from those
had the Happiness to be acquainted with him,
lso to rectify the Mistakes of the Oxford An-
y, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.

B 2

T H E

T H E

A U T H O R ' s

L I F E.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the Parish of Strensham, in the County of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son an early Inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. HENRY BRIGHT; where having passed the usual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for some little Time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author returned soon into his native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. JEFFERY'S of Earls-Croom, an eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he lived some Years, in an easy and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatever Learning his Inclinations

THE AUTHOR's LIFE. ▼

clinations led him, which were chiefly History and Poetry ; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting ; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remained in that Family ; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that noble Art ; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. SAMUEL COOPER, one of the most eminent Painters of his Time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, ELIZABETH Countess of Kent, where he had not only the Opportunity to consult all Manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. SELDEN.

Our Author lived some Time also with Sir SAMUEL LUKE, who was of an ancient Family in Bedfordshire ; but, to his Dishonour, an eminent Commander under the Usurper OLIVER CROMWELL : And then it was, as I am informed, he composed this loyal Poem. For, though Fate, more than Choice, seems to have placed him in the Service of a Knight so notorious, both in his Person and Politicks, yet, by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrify, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restoration of King CHARLES II, those who were at the Helm, minding Money more than

vi THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

Merit, our Author found that Verse in JUVENAL to be exactly verified in himself:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi:

And being endued with that innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to RICHARD Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-Castle, when the Court there was revived. About this Time he married one Mrs. HERBERT, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Securities, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary to have been Secretary to his Grace GEORGE Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the University of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that MECÆNAS of all learned and witty Men, CHARLES Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who, being himself an excellent Poet, knew how to set a just Value upon the ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had rendered him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such

THE AUTHOR's LIFE. vii

such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish (as Mr. COWLEY expresseth it)

From the great Vulgar or the small.

And having thus lived to a good old Age, admired by all, though personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. LONGUEVIL of the Temple, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. PAUL's Covent-Garden, at the West End of the said Yard, on the North Side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common Highway. And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of MICHAEL DRAYTON the Poet, as the Author of Mr. COWLEY's has partly done before me:

And tho' no Monument can claim
To be the Treasurer of thy Name ;
This Work, which ne'er will die, shall be
An everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so ignorant, as not to know that the chief Design thereof is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murdered the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of Governments; destroyed the best of Churches, that Hypocrisy, Novelty, and Nonsense might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholesome Laws and Constitutions, to make Way for their blessed Anarchy and Confusion, which at

x THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

There are some Verses, which, for Reasons of State, easy to be guessed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first Impression, as these which follow :

Did not the learned GLYN and MAYNARD,
To make good Subjects Traytors, strain hard ?
Was not the King, by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traytor thro' the Nation ?

And now I heartily wish I could gratify your farther Curiosity with some of those golden Remains, which are in the Custody of Mr. L——VIL ; but not having the Happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the ingenious Mr. AUBREY assures he had from the Author himself :

No JESUIT e'er took in hand
To plant a Church in barren Land ;
Nor ever thought it worth the while,
A SWEDE or RUSS to reconcile :
For where there is no Store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health.
SPAIN in AMERICA had two Designs
To sell their Gospel for their Mines :
For had the MEXICANS been poor,
No SPANIARD twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholic Religion planted,
Which, had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The OXFORD Antiquary ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be WILLIAM PRYN's : The one intituled, *Mola Asinaria* : or,



THE AUTHOR's LIFE. xi

or, The unreasonable and insupportable Burthen, pressed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, &c. London, 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from JOHN AUDLAND, a Quaker, to WILLIAM PRYN; the other, PRYN's Answer, in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem, of one Sheet in Quarto, on DU VALL, a notorious Highwayman, said to be wrote by our Author; but how truly, I know not.

H U D I B R A S.

The ARGUMENT of THE FIRST CANTO.

*Sir Hudibras his passing Worth,
The Manner how he sally'd forth ;
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;
His Horse's Virtues and his own.
T' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

C A N T O I.

1 **W**HEN civil a Dudgeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why :
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears
Set Folks together by the Ears,
5 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk ;
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
o With long-ear'd Rout, to Battle founded,
And





Wm Hogarth 1751. 2. 19.

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ALTER, LYNCH AND
TILDELL FOUNDATION

And Pulpit, Drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.

5 A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd
Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
6 Right worshipful on Shoulder-Blade:
Chief of domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel, or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
That ^b could as well bind o'er, as swaddle;

5 Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War, as well as Peace.
(So some Rats of amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a Doubt,

10 Whether he were more wise or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other;
But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
The Diff'rence was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;

15 Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As MONTAIGNE^c, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Afs,

10 Much more she wou'd Sir HUDIBRAS;
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such:

45 We grant altho' he had much Wit,
 H' was very shy of using it ;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unles on Holy-days, or so,

50 As Men their best Apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak GREEK
 As naturally as Pigs squeek :
 That LATIN was no more difficle,
 Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle :

55 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His Bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either wou'd afford
 To many, that had not one Word.

For HEBREW Roots, altho' they're found

60 To flourish most in barren Ground,
 He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
 To make some ^d think him circumcis'd :
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.

65 He was in LOGICK a great Critick,
 Profoundly skill'd in ^c Analytick ;
 He cou'd distinguish, and divide
 A Hair 'twixt South and South-West Side ;
 On either which he wou'd dispute,

70 Confute, change Hands, and still confute :
 He'd undertake to prove by Force
 Of Argument a Man's no Horse ;
 He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
 And that a Lord may be an Owl ;

75 A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,
 And Rooks Committee-Men and Trustees.
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.

All this by Syllogism, true
 80 In Mood and Figure, he wou'd do,
 For RHETORICK, he cou'd not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I'th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
 85 H' had hard Words ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by : *uposiōnes &c.*
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
 For all a Rhetorician's Rules
 90 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech
 In Loftiness of Sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish ^f Dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect ;
 95 It was a party-colour'd Dress
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd Languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 100 As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one ;
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three Labourers of Babel ;
 Or ^s CERBERUS himself pronounce
 A Leash of Languages at once.
 105 This he as volubly would vent
 As if his Stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly, to support that Charge,
 He had Supplies as vast and large :
 For he cou'd coin or counterfeit
 110 New Words, with little or no Wit ;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no Stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on :

And when with hasty Noise he spoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em;

135 That had the ^h Orator, who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble-Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
He wou'd have us'd no other Ways.
In MATHEMATICKS he was greater

140 Than ⁱ TYCHO BRAHE, or ERRA PATER:
For he, by Geometrick Scale,
Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;
Resolve by Sines and Tangents, straight,
If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;

145 And wisely tell what Hour o' th' Day
The Clock does strike, by Algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd PHILOSOPHER,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over:
Whate'er the crabbed' ^k Author hath,

150 He understood b' implicit Faith:
Whatever ^k Sceptick could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why, he had a Wherefore:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.

155 All which he understood by Rote,
And, as Occasion serv'd, would quote:
No Matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said, or sung;
His Notions fitted Things so well,

160 That which was which he cou'd not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He cou'd ^l reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts;

165 Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies, fly;

Where

PART I. CANTO I. 17

Where ^m Truth in Person does appear,
Like Words ⁿ congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
50 As Metaphysick Wit can fly.
In School-Divinity as able
As ^o he that hight, Irrefragable;
A second ^p THOMAS, or at once
To name them all, another DUNCE:
55 Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all;
For he a Rope of Sand cou'd twist
As ^q tough as learned SORBONIST;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
60 That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He cou'd raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a Trice,
65 As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on Purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with Doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small Pain
70 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew ^r the Seat of Paradise,
Cou'd tell in what Degree it lies:
75 And, as he was dispos'd, cou'd prove it,
Below the Moon, or else above it.
What ADAM dreamt of, when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his Side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
80 By a ^s High-Dutch Interpreter:

If either of them had a Navel :
 Who first made Musick malleable :
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.

185 All this, without a Gloss or Comment,
 He cou'd unriddle in a Moment,
 In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
 When they throw out and miss the Matte
 For his RELIGION, it was fit

190 To match his Learning and his Wit ;
 'Twas Presbyterian True-Blue,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew
 Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
 To be the true Church militant :

195 Such as do build their Faith upon
 The holy Text of Pike and Gun ;
 Decide all Controversies by
 Infallible Artillery ;
 And prove their Doctrine orthodox

200 By apostolick Blows and Knocks ;
 Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolation,
 A godly thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done :

205 As if Religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended.
 A Sect whose chief Devotion lies
 In odd perverse Antipathies :
 In falling out with that or this,

210 And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, croſs, and splenetick,
 Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick :
 That with more Care keep Holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right Way :

PART I. CANTO I.

19

215 Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no Mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worship'd God for Spight.
 The self-same Thing they will abhor

20 One Way, and long another for.
 Free-Will they one Way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin.

25 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with Minc'd-Pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest Friend Plum-Porridge ;
 Fat Pig and Goose itself oppose,

30 And blaspheme Custard thro' the Nose.
 Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,
 Like MAHOMET's ^w, were Ass and Widgeon.
 To whom our Knight, by fast Instinct
 Of Wit and Temper, was so linkt,

35 As if Hypocrify and Nonsense
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
 We mean on th' Inside, not the outward,
 That next of all we shall discuss ;

40 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus :
 His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
 Both of his Wisdom and his Face ;
 In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
 A sudden View it would beguile :

45 The upper Part thereof was Whey,
 The nether Orange mix'd with Grey.
 This hairy Meteor did denounce
 The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns :

With

With grisly Type did represent
 250 Declining Age of Government ;
 And tell with hieroglyphick Spade,
 Its own Grave and the State's were made,
 Like SAMPSON's Heart-Breakers, it grew
 In Time to make a Nation rue ;
 255 Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
 To wait upon the publick Downfal.
 It was ^x monastick, and did grow
 In holy Orders by strict Vow ;
 Of Rule as sullen and severe,
 260 As that of rigid Cordeliere :
 'Twas bound to suffer Persecution,
 And Martyrdom with Resolution ;
 T' oppose itself against the Hate
 And Vengeance of th' incensed State :
 265 In whose Defiance it was worn,
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
 270 As long as Monarchy shou'd last ;
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A Sacrifice to Fall of State ;
 275 Whose Thread of Life the Fatal Sisters
 Did twist together with its Whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should nev
 In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever ;
 But with his rusty Sickle mow
 280 Both down together at a Blow.
 So learned TALIACOTIUS^r, from
 The brawny Part of Porter's Bum,

Cut supplemental Noses, which
Wou'd last as long as Parent Breech ;
285 But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetick Snout. x
His Back, or rather Burthen, show'd,
As if it stoop'd with its own Load.
For as *Aeneas* bore his Sire
290 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire,
Our Knight did bear no less a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back :
Which now had almost got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
295 To poise this equally he bore
A Paunch of the same Bulk before :
Which still he had a special Care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare ;
As White-Pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,
300 Such as a Country-House affords ;
With other Victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his Hose we come to treat,
The Cup-board, where he kept his Meat.
305 His Doublet was of sturdy Buff,
And tho' not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof ;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use,
Who fear'd no Blows, but such as bruise.
His Breeches were of rugged Woollen,
310 And had been at the Siege of Bullen ;
To old King HARRY so well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a Piece
Of Ammunition Bread and Cheese,
315 And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.

*the addition is taken from another
of Horace's allusions to* For.

For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry Vittle in his Hose,
 That often tempted Rats and Mice

320 The Ammunition to surprise :
 And when he put a Hand but in
 The one or t' other Magazine,
 They stoutly in Defence on't stood,
 And from the wounded Foe drew Blood ;

325 And 'till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
 Ne'er left the fortify'd Redoubt.
 And tho' Knights Errant, as some think,
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,
 Because when thorough Desarts vast

330 And Regions desolate they past,
 Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
 Or under, was not to be found,
 Unles they graz'd, there's not one Word
 Of their Provision on Record ;

335 Which made some confidently write,
 They had no Stomachs, but to fight :
 'Tis false ; for ^a ARTHUR wore in Hall
 Round Table like a Farthingal,
 On which with Shirt pull'd out behind,

340 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
 Though 'twas no Table some suppose,
 But a huge Pair of round Trunk-Hose :
 In which he carry'd as much Meat
 As he and all the Knights cou'd eat,

345 When laying by their Swords and Truncheon
 They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheon
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We shou'd forget where we digrest,
 As learned Authors use, to whom

350 We leave it, and to th' Purpose come.

His puissant Sword unto his Side,
 Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd ;
 With Basket-Hilt, that would hold Broth,
 And serve for Fight and Dinner both :

355 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
 To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
 He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant Blade, ^b Toledo trusty,
 360 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of some body to hew and hack.
 The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
 The Rancour of its Edge had felt :

365 For of the lower End two Handful
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in Ease,
 As if it durst not shew its Face.
 In many desperate Attempts,

370 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
 It had appear'd with Courage bolder
 Than Serjeant BUM invading Shoulder.
 Oft had it ta'en Possession,
 And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

75 This Sword a Dagger had his Page,
 That was but little for his Age :
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
 It was a serviceable Dudgeon,

380 Either for fighting or for drudging.
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a Head,
 It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread ;
 Toast Cheese or Bacon, tho' it were
 To bait a Mouse-Trap, 'twould not care.

385 'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
 Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.
 It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure ;
 But left the Trade ^c, as many more

390 Have lately done on the same Score;
 In th' Holsters at his Saddle-Bow
 Two aged Pistols he did stow,
 Among the Surplus of such Meat
 As in his Hose he cou'd not get.

395 These would inveigle Rats with th' Scent,
 To forage when the Cocks were bent ;
 And sometimes catch 'em with a Snap,
 As cleverly as th' ablest Trap.
 They were upon hard Duty still,

400 And ev'ry Night stood Centinel,
 To guard the Magazine i' th' Hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes.
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
 From peaceful Home set forth to fight.

405 But first with nimble active Force
 He got on th' Outside of his Horse :
 For having but one Stirrup ty'd
 T' his Saddle, on the further Side,
 It was so short, h' had much ado

410 To reach it with his desp'rate Toe.
 But, after many Strains and Heaves,
 He got up to the Saddle-Eaves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,
 With so much Vigour, Strength and Heat,

415 That he had almost tumbled over
 With his own Weight, but did recover,
 By laying hold on Tail and Main,
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.



PART I. CANTO I.

21

But now we talk of mounting Steed,

420 Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say somethink
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;

425 I wou'd say Eye, for h' had but one,
As most agree, tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
Preserv'd a grave, majestick State.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,

430 Or mended Pace, than Spaniard whipt:
And yet so fiery, he wou'd bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That CÆSAR's Horse^d, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,

435 Was not by half so tender-hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground so soft.
And as that Beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So HUDIBRAS his ('tis well known)

440 Wou'd often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what Lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.

445 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd
Like Furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.
His draggling Tail hung in the Dirt,

450 Which on his Rider he wou'd flurt,
Still as his tender Side he prick'd
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd kick'd.

C

F

For HU'DIBRAS wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir
455 To active Trot one Side of's Horse,
The other wou'd not hang an Arse.
A Squire he had, whose Name was RALPH
That in th' Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
460 Do call him RALPHO, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain RAPH;
(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Course
465 An equal Stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen^e, that gain'd
With subtle Shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair.
470 To his great Ancestor, her Heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith, and warlike Fights
Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small
475 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His Knowledge was not far behind
480 The Knight's, but of another Kind,
And he another Way came by't:
Some call it GIFTS, and some NEW-LIGH
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
485 His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken.

PART I. CANTO I.

27

Like Commendation Nine-pence crook'd
 With—To and from my Love—it look'd.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth

490 To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth :
 And very wisely wou'd lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.
 But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too.

495 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,
 Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with Hem and Cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd Snuff,
 He cou'd deep Mysteries unriddle,

500 As easily as thread a Needle.
 For as of Vagabonds we say,
 ✓ That they are ne'er beside their Way ;
 Whate'er Men speak by this New Light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' Right.

505 'Tis a Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit,
 Which none see by but those that bear it :
 A Light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual Trades to cozen by :
 An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches,

510 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom, in dirty Pond ;
 To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,
 And fish to catch Regeneration.

515 This Light inspires and plays upon
 The Nose of Saint, like Bag-Pipe Drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty Soul,
 As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,
 Such Language as no mortal Ear

520 But spirit'al Eaves-Droppers can hear :

So PHOEBUS, or some friendly Muse,
Into small Poets Song infuse,
Which they at second hand rehearse
Thro' Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verse for Verse

525 Thus RALPH became infallible:
As ^g three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
Spoke Truth point-blank, tho' unaware.

For MYSTICK LEARNING, wond'rous :

530 In ^h magick Talisman and Cabal,
Whose primitive Tradition reaches
As far ⁱ as ADAM's first green Breeches:
Deep-fighted in Intelligences,
Ideas, Atoms, Influences ;

535 And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' intelligible World, cou'd fay ;
A deep OCCULT PHILOSOPHER,
As learn'd ^k as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir AGRIPPA ^l, for profound

540 And solid Lying much renown'd :
He ^m ANTHROPOSOPHUS, and FLOUD,
And JACOB BEHMEN understood :
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That wou'd do neither Good nor Harm

545 In ROSY-CRUCIAN ⁿ Lore as learned,
As he that Vere Adeptus earned :
He understood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themselves do Words :
Cou'd tell what subtlest Parrots mean,

550 That speak and think contrary clean :
What Member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, v
He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glass, like Water

PART I. CANTO I. 29

55 Of sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise ;
 For drop'd in blear thick-sighted Eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest Night,
 Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light.
 By Help of these (as he profess'd)
 50 He had First Matter seen undress'd :
 He took her naked all alone,
 Before one Rag of Form was on.
 The Chaos too he had descry'd,
 And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd :
 55 Not that of Paste-Board, which Men shew
 For Groats, at Fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its Great-Grandsire, first o' th' Name,
 Whence that and REFORMATION came,
 Both Cousin-Germans, and right able
 70 T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger House to Puppet-Play.
 He cou'd foretel whats'ever was
 By Consequence to come to pass ;
 75 As Death of great Men, Alterations,
 Diseases, Battles, Inundations ;
 All this without th' Eclipse o' th' Sun,
 Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
 By inward Light, a Way as good,
 80 And easy to be understood.
 But with more lucky Hit than those
 That use to make the Stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsly charge
 Upon themselves, what others forge :
 85 As if they were consenting to
 All Mischiefs in the World Men do :
 Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll search a Planet's House to know
 590 Who broke and robb'd a House below:
 Examine VENUS, and the MOON,
 Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon:
 And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very Looks can guess,
 595 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
 They'll question MARS, and, by his Look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
 Make MERCURY confess, and 'peach
 600 Those Thieves which he himself did teach.
 They'll find, i' th' Physiognomies
 O' th' Planets, all Men's Destinies;
 Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' Pill:
 605 Cast the Nativity o' th' Question,
 And from Positions to be guess'd on,
 As sure as if they knew the Moment
 Of Native's Birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,
 610 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
 And tell what Crisis does divine
 The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
 In Men, what gives or cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds; poor or rich:
 615 What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
 What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves,
 But not what wise; for only of those
 The Stars (they say) cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians:
 620 There they say right, and like true Trojans.
 This RALPHO knew, and therefore took
 The other Course, of which we spoke.

Thus



PART I. CANTO I.

31

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.

625 Never did trusty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit:
Their Valours too were of a Rate;

630 And out they sally'd at the Gate.
Few Miles on Horseback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:

635 But e're we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We shou'd, as learned Poets use,
Invoke th' Assistance of some Muse;
However Criticks count it fillier

640 Than Jugglers talking to Familiar:
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our Purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost:

645 Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire WITHERS, PRYN, ^o and VICKARS,
And force them, tho' it was in Spite
Of Nature and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen Writs,

650 And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, penn'd
B' himself, or Wit-insuring Friend;

655 The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays and wicked Rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' forked Hill,
 To make Men scribble without Skill ;
 Canst make a Poet, 'spite of Fate,
 660 And teach all People to translate ;
 Tho' out of Languages, in which
 They understand no Part of Speech :
 Assit me but this once, I'mplore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

665 In Western Clime there is a Town,
 To those that dwell therein well known.
 Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our Reader ;
 For Brevity is very good,

670 When w'are, or are not understood.
 To this Town People did repair
 On Days of Market, or of Fair ;
 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,
 In Merriment did drudge and labour :

675 But now a Sport more formidable
 Had rak'd together Village Rabble : .
 'Twas an old Way of recreating,
 Which learned Butchers call Bear-Baiting ,
 A bold advent'rous Exercise,

680 With ancient Heroes in high Prize ;
 For Authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemean Game ;
 7 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in Northern Hemisphere,

685 And round about the Pole does make
 A Circle like a Bear at Stake,
 That at the Chain's End wheels about,
 And overturns the Rabble-Rout.
 For after solemn Proclamation

690 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion

Accord-



PART I. CANTO I. 33

According to the Law of Arms,
 To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear ;

5 If any yet be so fool-hardy,
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy ;
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No Honour's got by such a Maim ;
 Altho' the Bear gain much, b'ing bound

o In Honour to make good his Ground,
 When he's engag'd, and takes no Notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
 But lets them know, at their own Cost,
 That he intends to keep his Post.

15 This to prevent, and other Harms,
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
 (For in the Hurry of a Fray,
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's Way)
 Thither the Knight his Course did steer,

o To keep the Peace 'twixt Dog and Bear ;
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In Conscience and Commission too.
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :
 We that ^o are wisely mounted higher

5 Than Constables in Curule Wit,
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,
 Like Speculators shou'd foresee,
 From Pharos of Authority,
 Portended Mischiefs farther than

o Low Proletarian Tything-Men.
 And therefore being inform'd by Bruit,
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute ;
 For so of late Men Fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same :

Just so, by our Example, Cattle
Learn to give one another Battle.

795 We read, in NERO's Time, the Heathen
When they destroy'd the Chrifitian Brethren,
They sew'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then set Dogs about their Ears:
From thence, no doubt, th' Invention came
800 Of this lewd Antichristian Game.

To this, quoth RALPHO, verily
The Point seems very plain to me:
It is an Antichristian Game,
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.

805 First for the Name, the Word Bear-Baiting
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no such Word
In all the Scripture on Record:
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;
810 And so is (secondly) the Thing.
A vile Assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Claffick, National,
Mere Human-Creature Cobwebs all.
815 Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when Men run a whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatsoe'er
The Thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
820 No less than worshipping of DAGON.

Quoth HUDBRAS, I smell a Rat;
RALPHO, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the Thesis which thou lay'st
Be true ad amissim, as thou say'st;
825 (For that Bear-Baiting should appear
Jure divino lawfuller

Than



Than Synods are, thou dost deny,
 Totidem verbis; so do I:)
 Yet there's a Fallacy in this,

o For if by fly **HOMÆOSIS**,
 Tuffis pro crepitu, an Art
 Under a Cough to slur a F—t,
 Thou wou'dst sophistically imply,
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

5 And I (quoth **RALPH**) do not doubt
 But Bear-Baiting may be made out
 In Gospel-Times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or Parochial Classis:
 And that both are so near of kin,

o And like in all, as well as Sin,
 That put them in a Bag and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unles
 You measure by their Wickedness:

45 For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.
 Quoth **HUDIBRAS**, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep Touch.
 Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,

50 Id est, to make a Leek a Cabbage;
 Thou'l be at best but such a Bull,
 Or Shear-Swine, all Cry and no Wool;
 For what can Synods have at all,
 With Bear that's analogical?

55 Or what Relation has Debating
 Of Church-Affairs with Bear-Baiting?
 A just Comparison still is
 Of Things ejusdem generis.
 And then what Genus rightly doth

60 Include and comprehend them both?

If Animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for Bears as they ;
 For we are Animals no less,
 Altho' of different Species.

865 But, RALPHO, this is not fit Place
 Nor Time to argue out the Case :
 For now the Field is not far off,
 Where we must give the World a Proof
 Of Deeds, not Words, and such as sute

870 Another Manner of Dispute.

A Controversy that affords
 Actions for Arguments, not Words :
 Which we must manage at a Rate
 Of Prowess and Conduct adequate
 875 To what our Place and Fame doth promise,
 And all the Godly expect from us.
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
 We're flurr'd and outed by Success :
 Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
 880 Or surest Hand, can always hit :
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
 Which in Success oft disinherits,
 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits.

885 Great Actions are not always true Sons
 Of great and mighty Resolutions,
 Nor do the boldest Attempts bring forth
 Events still equal to their Worth :
 But sometimes fail, and in their Stead
 890 Fortune and Cowardice succeed.
 Yet we have no great Cause to doubt,
 Our Actions still have borne us out :
 Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,
 We need not copy from Example ;

PART I. CANTO I.

31

25 We're not the only Persons durst
 Attempt this Province, nor the first.
 In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
 Did whilom kill his Bear, in Fight,
 And wound a Fidler: We have both

30 Of these the Objects of our Wroth,
 And equal Fame and Glory from
 Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant "Mamaluke
 In foreign Land, yclep'd —

35 To whom we have been oft compar'd
 For Person, Parts, Address and Beard;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same Cause both have fought;
 He oft in such Attempts as these

40 Came off with Glory and Success;
 Nor will he fail in th' Execution,
 For want of equal Resolution.
 Honour is like a * Widow, won
 With brisk Attempt and Putting on,

45 With Ent'ring manfully, and Urging,
 Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.
 'Tis said, as yerst the Phrygian Knight,
 So ours, with rusty Steel did smite
 His Trojan Horse, and just as much

50 He mended Pace upon the Touch;
 But from his empty Stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow Beast did sound,
 And angry answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.

55 So have I seen, with armed Heel,
 A Wight bestride a Common-Weal;
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.

HUDIBRA

H U D I B R A S.

The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies best Men of War;
Whom, in bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
He encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And stakes the Fidler Prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

CANTO II.

1 THERE was a sage Philosopher,
That had read ALEXANDER Ross over,
And swore the World, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of Fighting and of Love;
5 Just so Romances are, for what else
Is in them all, but Love and Battels?
O'th' first of these w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o'th' latter;

In

PART I. CANTO II.

41

In which to do the Injur'd Right,
10 We mean, in what concerns just Fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding Name
A Pattern, fit for modern Knights
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
15 (Like those that a whole Street do raze,
To build a Palace in the Place,) They never care how many others
They kill, without Regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, so they can
20 Make up some fierce, dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors :
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A Man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
25 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit :
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd.
For when a Giant's slain in Fight,
30 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy Case, no doubt,
A Man should have his Brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large Bones :
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones,
35 But as for our Part, we shall tell
The naked Truth of what befel ;
And as an equal Friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither Faction shall take Part,
40 But give to each his due Desert :
And never coin a formal Lye on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the Giant.

Thi

This b'ing profest, we've Hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

45 They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to say, whether \times Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succussion)
We leave it, and go on, as now

50 Suppose they did, no Matter how :
Yet some from subtle Hints have got
Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.
But let that pass : They now begun
To spur their living Engines on.

55 For as. whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals :
So Horses they affirm to be
Mcre Engines made by Geometry ;
And were invented first from Engines,

60 As γ Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be : And, as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on :

65 The α dire Pharsalian Plain, where Battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattle,
And fierce auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren,
Who now began to take the Field ;

70 As Knight from Ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off ; much further he,
Rais'd on his aged Beast, cou'd see :

75 Yet not sufficient to descry
All Postures of the Enemy ;

Whe

PART I. CANTO II. 43

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' observe their Numbers, and their Order:
That, when their Motions he had known,

80 He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he stopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himself for martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward;

85 Courage and Steel, both of great Force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
His Death-charg'd Pisto's he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittle.
These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd

90 To free 's Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful Pluck,
From rusty Durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess
In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose;

95 And rais'd upon his desp'rate Foot,
On Stirrup-Side he gaz'd about,
Portending Blood, like blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
RALPH rode on with no less Speed

100 Than Hugo in the Forest did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With Van, Main Battle, Wings, and Rear.

105 I' the Head of all this warlike Rabble,
CROWDERO march'd, expert and able.
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrior's Stomach come,
Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer

110 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar;

(For

(For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat ?)

A squeaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-East Side,

115 Just where the Hangman does dispose,
To special Friends, the Knot of Noose :
For 'tis great Grace, when Statemen straight
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.

His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,
120 Which was but Souse to Chitterlings :
For Guts, some write, e're they are sodden,
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden :
From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind
Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.

125 His grisly Beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick :
For he to Horse-Tail scorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow.
Chiron, ^a the four-legg'd Bard, had both

130 A Beard and Tail of his own Growth ;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his Beard.
In ^b Staffordshire, where virtuous Worth
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth ;

135 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String ;
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,

140 By Chance of War, was beaten down,
And wounded sore : His Leg then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak :
For when a Shin in Fight is cropp'd,
The Knee with one of Timber's propp'd,

PART I. CANTO II. 45

145 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes Place though the younger Brother.
Next march'd brave ORSIN, famous for
Wise Conduct, and Success in War:
A skilful Leader, stout, severe,
50 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,
The Warrior to the Lists he led;
With solemn March, and stately Pace,
But far more grave and solemn Face.
55 Grave as Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish Potentate Don Diego.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
60 To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog, shou'd make an End on't,
Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
65 To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As ROMULUS a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
70 Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,
In military Garden Paris.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now;
75 Until some splay-foot Politicians
T' APOLLO offer'd up Petitions,
For licensing a new Invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine,

To

To root out all the Weeds that grow
 180 In publick Gardens at a Blow,
 And leave th' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My Friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done ! quoth Statesmen ; yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known, you'll fay 'tis easy ;
 185 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo :
 We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
 A Drum ! (quoth PHOEBUS) troth that's true
 A pretty Invention, quaint and new.
 But though of Voice and Instrument
 190 We are th' undoubted President ;
 We such loud Musick don't profess :
 The Devil's Master of that Office,
 Where it must pass, if 't be a Drum ;
 He'll sign it with Parl. Dom. Com.
 195 To him apply yourselves, and he
 Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
 Th'ad better let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 200 Were on before, that is, stout ORSIN ;
 That which so oft by sundry Writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all Fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this,
 Than any other Warrior, (viz.)
 205 None ever acted both Parts bolder,
 Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
 He was of great Descent, and high
 For Splendor and Antiquity,
 And from celestial Origine
 210 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.
 Not as the ancient Heroes did,
 Who, that their Base-Births might be hid,
 (Know.

PART I. CANTO II. 47

(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)

215 Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions ;
(Of which old Homer first made Lampoons.)

ARCTOPHYLAX in Northern Sphere

120 Was his undoubted Ancestor :
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,

25 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine Miles point-blank wou'd
By skilful Chymist with great Cost [solder.
Extracted from a rotten Post ;
But of a heav'nlier Influence

130 Than that which Mountebanks dispense ;
Tho' by Promethean Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For, as when Slovens do amiss
At others Doors, by Stool or Piss,

5 The Learned write, a red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey Mischief from the Dung
Unto the Part that did the Wrong :
So this did Healing, and as sure

o As that did Mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous ORSIN was endu'd
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable : And as the Prince
Of Poets, HOMER, sung long since,

5 A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;

So he appear'd, and by his Skill,
No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd kill.
The gallant BRUIN march'd next him,

250 With Visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin ;
Clad in a Mantle della Guerre
Of rough impenetrable Fur ;

255 And in his Nose, like Indian King,
He wore, for Ornament, a Ring ;
About his Neck a threefold Gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern Target ;
Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,

260 Or, as the Vulgar say, sharp-fanged.
For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray
So Swords, in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.

265 He was by Birth, some Authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite ;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,

270 As with their Bodies Ditches there.
SCRIMANSKY was his Cousin-German,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermi:
And when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claw:
And quarter himself upon his Paws.

275 And tho' his Countrymen the Huns
Did stew their Meat between their Bums
And th' Horses Backs o'er which they straddl
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle :
He was not half so nice as they,

280 But eat it raw when 't came in's Way.

PART I. CANTO II.

49

He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than LE BLANC the Traveller ;
Who writes, He spous'd in India,
Of noble House, a Lady gay,

285 And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As stout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
TALGOL and ORSIN oft had been ;
Each striving to deserve the Crown

290 Of a fav'd Citizen ; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog ; both made more stout
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-Fellow-Membership, and Blood :

295 But TALGOL, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got aught of him but Blows ;
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with Usury.

Yet TALGOL was of Courage stout,

300 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought :
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil,
And like a Champion shone with Oil.
Right many a Widow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherless, had made.

305 He many a Boar and huge Dun-Cow
Did, like another GUY, o'erthrew :
But GUY, with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the Boar, or Dun-Cow far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought

310 Than AJAX, or bold DON QUIXOTE :
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before, and Stings behind,
Subdu'd : As Poets say, long agone
Bold 'Sir GEORGE, St. GEORGE did the Dragon.

D

31

315 Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
 Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
 ✓ Tho' stor'd with deletery Med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)
 E'er sent so vast a Colony

320 To both the under Worlds as he :
 For he was of that noble Trade,
 That Demi-Gods and Heroes made,
 Slaughter, and Knocking on the Head ;
 The Trade to which They all were bred,

325 And is, like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean.
 The former rides in Triumph for it ;
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
 For daring to profane a Thing

330 So sacred with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave MAGNANO came,
 MAGNANO, great in Martial Fame.
 Yet when with ORSIN he wag'd Figh
 'Tis fung, he got but little by't.

335 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,
 Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
 As thick as AJAX' seven-fold Shield,
 Which o'er his Brazen Arms he held :
 But Brass was feeble to resist

340 The Fury of his armed Fist ;
 Nor cou'd the hardest Ir'n hold out
 Against his Blows, but they wou'd through
 In MAGICK he was deeply read,
 As he that made the Brazen-Head ;

345 Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
 As ENGLISH MERLIN for his Heart ;
 But far more skilful in the Spheres,
 Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.



PART I. CANTO II. 51

He cou'd transform himself in Colour,
50 As like the Devil as a Collier:
As like as Hypocrites in Show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of WARLIKE ENGINES he was Author,
Devis'd for quick Dispatch of Slaughter:
55 The Cannon, Blunderbuss, and Saker,
He was th' Inventor of, and Maker:
The Trumpet, and the Kettle-Drum
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
60 To make, and how to stop a Breach.
A Lance he bore with iron Pike,
Th' one Half wou'd thrust, the other strike:
And when their Forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.
65 He TRULLA lov'd, TRULLA more bright
Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold Virago, stout and tall,
As ⁴ JOAN of France, or English MALL.
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
70 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forsook.
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,
She shar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:
75 At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless Courage,
And laid about in Fight more busily,
Than ^o th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And though some Criticks here cry Shame,
80 And say our Authors are to blame,
That (spight of all Philosophers,
Who hold no Females stout, but Bears;

'And heretofore did so abhor
 That Women should pretend to War,
 385 They wou'd not suffer the stout'ſt Dame
 To swear ¹ by HERCULES's Name)
 Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
 To fight like Termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native Arms aside,
 390 Their Modesty, and ride aſtride ;
 To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;
 As stout ² ARMIDA, bold THALESTRIS,
 And ſhe that wou'd have been the Miſtress
 395 Of ³ GUNDIBERT ; but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country Laſs :
 They fay, 'tis false, without all Sense,
 But of pernicious Conſequence
 To Government, which they ſuppoſe
 400 Can never be upheld in Profeſe :
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
 You'll find about her no ſuch Thing.
 It may be ſo, yet what we tell
 Of TRULLA, that's improbable,
 405 Shall be depoſ'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
 Or what's as good, produc'd in Print :
 And if they will not take our Word,
 We'll prove it true upon Record.
 The upright CERDON next advanc't,
 410 Of all his Race the valiant'ſt :
 CERDON the Great, renown'd in Song,
 Like HERC'LES, for Repair of Wrong ;
 He rais'd the Low, and fortify'd
 The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt Side :
 415 Ill has he read, that never hit
 On him, in Mufes deathleſs Writ,

PART I. CANTO II. 53.

He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-Hide Shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor
Was Comrade in the ten-years War:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
; So many Years before Troy Town,
And were renown'd, as HOMER writes,
For well-foal'd Boots, no less than Fights;
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Ancestor, that made them so.
Fast Friend he was to REFORMATION,
Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.
Next Rectifier of wry LAW,
And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was, and could take Note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote.
But PREACHING was his chieffest Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like Ram, or Bull, at Conventicle:
For Disputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that spring from Sculls.
Last COLON came, bold Man of War,
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horse,
But cruel, and without Remorse.
That which of CENTAUR long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his Horse were of a Piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The self-same Vigour, Fury, Wroth:

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart ;
Although his Horse had been of those
455 That fed on Man's Flesh, as Fame goes ;
Strange Food for Horse ! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for Flesh is Grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than HERCULES to clean a Stable ;
460 As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too, in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted Fother
And Provender, wherewith to feed
465 Himself, and his less cruel Steed.
It was a Question whether he
Or 's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful : 'Till Antiquaries
(After th' ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
470 Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'nes on the Horse's Side,
And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House :
For Beasts, when Man was but a Piece
475 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.
These Worthies were the chief that led.
The Combatants, each in the Head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
480 The num'rous Rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral Counties round about,
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of East and Western Hemispheres :
From foreign Parishes and Regions,
485 Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

Came Men and Mastiffs ; some to fight
 For Fame and Honour, some for Sight.
 And now the Field of Death, the Lists,
 Were enter'd by Antagonists,

490 And Blood was ready to be broach'd ;
 When **HUDIBRAS** in haste approach'd,
 With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em :
 But first thus from his Horse bespake 'em,
 What Rage, O Citizens ! what Fury

495 Doth to these dire Actions hurry ?
 What ! **OEstrum**, what phrenetick Mood
 Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,
 While the proud Vies your Trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks — Ghost ?

500 What Towns, what Garrisons might you
 With Hazard of this Blood subdue,
 Which now y're bent to throw away
 In vain, untriumphable Fray ?
 Shall **SAINTS** in civil Bloodshed wallow

505 Of Saints, and let the **CAUSE** lie fallow ?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?
 Then because Quarrels still are seen
 With Oaths and Swearings to begin,

510 The **SOLEMN LEAGUE** and **COVENANT**
 Will seem a mere God-dam-me Rant :
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
 For as we make war For The King

515 Against Himself, the self-same Thing ;
 Some will not stick to swear we do
 For God, and for Religion too ;
 For if Bear-Baiting we allow,
 What Good can Reformation do ?

520 The Blood and Treasure, that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the Fruits o' th' PROTESTATION,
The Prototype of Reformation,
Which all the Saints, and some, since Martyrs,
525 Wore ^k in their Hats like Wedding Garters,
When 'twas ^l resolv'd by either House
Six Members Quarrel to espouse?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal, and Noises formidable;
530 And make all Cries about the Town
Join Throats to cry the Bishops down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a Month they do the Gallows)
As Members gave the Sign about;
535 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
When Tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching Kettle:
No Sow-Gelder did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd Reform.
540 The Oyster-Women lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop.
The Mouse-Trap Men laid Save-alls by,
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
545 And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
Of Pudding-Pies, and Ginger-Bread.
And some for Brooms, old Boots and Shoes,
Baul'd out to Purge the Common-House:
550 Instead of Kitchen-Stuff, some cry,
A Gospel-preaching Ministry;
And some for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-Book.

A strange

A strange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to Reformation.

55 And is this all? Is this the End
To which these Carr'ngs on did tend?
Hath Publick Faith, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all Sorts of Ware,
And run int' every Tradesman's Book,

60 'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their Plate;
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.

65 Did they coin Piss-Pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,
Int' Officers of Horse and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp Beakers, Cups, and Porringers?
A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon,

70 Did start up living Men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the Dragon's Teeth b'ing sown.
Then was the Cause of Gold and Plate,
The Brethren's Off'rings, consecrate,

75 Like th' Hebrew Calf, and down before it
The Saints fell prostrate to adore it:
So say the Wicked—and will you
Make that ^m sarcasmus Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,

80 Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their Tongues,
And laid themselves out and their Lungs?
Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' Pow'rs of Gospel-preaching Minister?

85 Have they invented Tones to win
The Women, and make them draw in

The Men, as Indians with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?

590 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover'd th' Enemy's Design,
And which Way best to countermine?
Prescrib'd what Ways it hath to work,

595 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the News o' th' last Express,
And after good or bad Success,
Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,
As Overtures and Propositions,

600 (Such as the Army did present
To their Creator, th' Parliament)
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,
Unless the Work be carry'd on.

605 In the same Way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-Weal
All on a Flame, bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?

610 The Parliament drew up Petitions
To itself, and sent them, like Commission
To Well-affected Persons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horse and Men,

615 Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With Papers in their Hats, that shew'd
As if they to the Pillory rode.

620 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,



Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's Service ?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 625 In petulant intestine Fray ?
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore
 Each Man of us to run before
 Another, still in Reformation,
 Give Dogs and Bears a Dispensation ?
 630 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it ?
 What will Malignants say ? videlicet,
 That each Man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest ?
 And bid the Devil take the hin'most :
 635 Which at this Race is like to win most.
 They'll say our Bus'nes, to reform
 The Church and State, is but a Worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown Church Discipline,
 640 What is it else, but before-hand
 T'engage, and after understand ?
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest Mode
 645 Of Churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a Vow
 To do we know not what, nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what Churches these shou'd be.
 650 And is indeed ⁿ the self-same Case
 With theirs that swore Et cætera's ;
 Or the ^o French League, in which Men vow'd
 To fight to the last Drop of Blood.
 These Slanders will be thrown upon
 655 The Cause and Work we carry on,

H U D I B R A S.

If we permit Men to run headlong.
T' Exorbitances fit for Bedlam ;
Rather than Gospel-walking Times,
When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.

15 But we the Matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal :
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This Feud, but keep the Peace between

5 Your Brethren and your Countrymen ;
And to those Places straight repair
Where your respective Dwellings are.
But to that Purpose first surrender
The FIDLER, as the prime Offender,

o Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of Mischief ;
That makes Division between Friends,
For profane and malignant Ends.
He and that Engine of vile Noise,

5 On which illegally he plays,
Shall (dictum factum) both be brought
To condign Punishment, as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :

o For then I'll take another Course,
And soon reduce you all by Force,
This said, he clapp'd his Hand on Sword,
To shew he meant to keep his Word.
But TALGOL, who had long supprest

5 Inflamed Wrath in glowing Breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus answer'd him : Thou Vermin wretched
As e'er in measted Pork was hatched ;

Thou

PART I. CANTO II. 61

Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice as of Cow ;
How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage
O' th' self, old Ir'n, and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither ;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy Lumber against us ?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No Work t'employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden Blow,
Thy busy Vanity might'ft show ?
Was no Dispute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren ?
No subtle Question rais'd among
Those out o' their Wits, and those i'th' Wrong ;
No Prize between those Combatants
O' th' Times, the Land and Water-Saints ;
Where thou might'ft stickle without Hazard
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard ;
And not for want of Bus'nes come
To us to be so troublesomie,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport ?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-Purse, nor Burglary abroad ?
No stolen Pig, nor plunder'd Goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose ?
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ft alledge,
To keep thee busy from foul Evil,
And Shame due to thee from the Devil ?
Did no Committees sit, where he
Might cut out Journey-Work for thee ?

And

And set th' a Task, with Subornation,
 725 To stitch up Sale and Sequestration,
 To cheat, with Holiness and Zeal,
 All Parties and the Common-Weal ?
 Much better had it been for thee,
 H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be :
 730 Or sent th' on Bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither.
 But if th' haft Brain enough in Skull
 To keep itself in Lodging whole,
 And not provoke the Rage of Stones
 735 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones ;
 Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st,
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the Knight grew high in Wroth,
 And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,
 740 Three Times he smote on Stomach stout,
 From whence at length these Words broke
 Was I for this entitled SIR,
 And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
 For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
 745 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle ?
 Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
 As big as thou dost blown-up Veal ;
 Nor all thy Tricks and Sleights to cheat,
 And sell thy Carrion for good Meat ;
 750 Not all thy Magick to repair
 Decay'd Old Age in tough lean Ware,
 Make natural appear thy Work,
 And stop the Gangrene in stale Pork ;
 Not all that Force that makes thee proud
 755 Because by Bullock ne'er withstood ;
 Though arm'd with all thy Cleavers, Kniv
 And Axes made to hew down Lives,



Shall save or help thee to evade
The Hand of Justice, or this Blade,
760 Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
For civil Deed and military.
Nor shall these Words of Venom base,
Which thou hast from their native Place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
765 Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that Wight
With Gantlet blue, and Bases white,
770 And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir Mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
775 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty Rage he fnatch'd
His Gun-Shot, that in Holsters watch'd ;
And bending Cock, he levell'd full
Against th' Outside of TALGOL's Skull ;
780 Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But PALLAS came in Shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust
Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock
785 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to Stock.
Mean while fierce TALGOL gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon, charg'd the Knight ;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Instead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
790 The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of Fight,

And shrunck from its great Master's Gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd by mortal Stripe.
 Then **HUDIBRAS**, with furio's Haste,
 795 Drew out his Sword ; yet not so fast,
 But **TALGOL** first with hardy Thwack
 Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back.
 But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
 With Stomach huge he laid about,
 800 Imprinting many a Wound upon
 His mortal Foe, the Truncheon ;
 The trusty Cudgel did oppose
 Itself against dead-doing Blows,
 To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
 805 And then reveng'd itself again.
 And tha' the Sword (some understood)
 In Force had much the Odds of Wood,
 'Twas nothing so ; both Sides were ballanc't
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st :
 810 For Wood, with Honour b'ing engag'd,
 Is so implacably enrag'd ;
 Though Iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises Honour more.
 And now both Knights were out of Breath,
 815 Tir'd in the hot Pursuit of Death ;
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This, **HUDIBRAS** observ'd ; and fretting,
 Conquest should be so long a getting,
 820 He drew up all his Force into
 One Body, and that into one Blow.
 But **TALGOL** wisely avoided it
 By cunning Sleight ; for had it hit,
 The upper Part of him the Blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable COLON,
 To aid his Friend, began to fall on;
 Him RALPH encounter'd, and straight grew
 A dismal Combat 'twixt them two:

- Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood,
 This fit for Bruise, and that for Blood.
 With many a stiff Thwack, many a Bang,
 Hard Crab-Tree, and old Iron rang;
 While none that saw them cou'd divine
- 5 To which Side Conquest would incline,
 Until MAGNANO, who did envy
 That two should with so many Men vie,
 By subtle Stratagem of Brain
 Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain;
- For he, by foul Hap, having found
 Where Thistles grew on barren Ground,
 In Haste he drew his Weapon out,
 And having cropp'd them from the Root,
 He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
- 5 Of Steed, with Pricks as sharp as Nail.
 The angry Beast did straight resent
 The Wrong done to his Fundament;
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
 As if h' had been beside his Sense,
- 50 Striving to disengage from Thistle,
 That gaul'd him sorely under his Tail:
 Instead of which, he threw the Pack
 Of Squire, and Baggage from his Back;
 And blund'ring still with smarting Rump,
- 55 He gave the Knight's Steed such a Thump
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
 And fate on further Side alope.
 This TALGOL viewing, who had now
 By Sleight escap'd the fatal Blow,

860 He rally'd, and again fell to't ;
 For catching Foe by nearer Foot,
 He list'd with such Might and Strength,
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his Length
 And dash'd his Brains (if any) out ;

865 But MARS, that still protects the Stout,
 In Pudding-Time came to his Aid,
 And under him the Bear convey'd ;
 The Bear, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
 The Knight with all his Weight fell down.

870 The friendly Rug preserv'd the Ground,
 And headlong Knight, from Bruise or Wound :
 Like Feather-Bed betwixt a Wall,
 And heavy Brunt of Cannon-Ball.
 As Sancho on a Blanket fell,

875 And had no Hurt ; our's far'd as well
 In Body, though his mighty Spirit,
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The Bear was in a greater Fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the Knight.

880 He roar'd and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off Bondage from his Snout.
 His Wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
 His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam ;
 Fury in stranger Postures threw him,

885 And more than Herald ever drew him :
 He tore the Earth which he had sav'd
 From Squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd
 And vex'd the more, because the Harms
 He felt, were 'gainst the Law of Arms :

890 For Men he always took to be
 His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy :
 Who never so much Hurt had done him,
 As his own Side did falling on him :

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
 95 For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,
 And serv'd with Loss of Blood so long,
 Shou'd offer such inhumane Wrong ;
 Wrong of unsoldier-like Condition :
 For which he flung down his Commission ;
 And laid about him, till his Nose
 100 From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed Crew,
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
 105 But took none ; for by hasty Flight
 He strove t' escape Pursuit of Knight :
 From whom he fled with as much Haste
 And Dread, as he the Rabble chas'd.
 In Haste he fled, and so did they,
 110 Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way.
 CROWDERO only kept the Field,
 Not stirring from the Place he held,
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore
 I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
 115 One Side of him, not that of Bone ;
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying HUDBRAS lie strow'd
 Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,
 With Fright of Fall, supposed Wound,
 120 And Loss of Urine, in a Swound,
 In Haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb
 That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,
 And fitting it for sudden Fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight ;
 125 For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
 He with the Foe began to buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd for Breach
 Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch,
 Sole Author of all Detriment

930 He and his Fiddle underwent.
 But RALPHO (who had now begun
 T' adventure Resurrection
 From heavy Squelch, and had got up
 Upon his Legs, with sprained Crup)

935 Looking about, beheld Pernition
 Approaching Knight from fell Musician.
 He, snatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his Steed,
 (As Rats do from a falling House,)

940 To hide itself from Rage of Blows ;
 And swing'd, with Speed and Fury flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blew.
 Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
 The Leg encounter'd twice and once ;

945 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,
 When RALPHO thrust himself between.
 He took the Blow upon his Arm,
 To shield the Knight from further Harm :
 And, joining Wrath with Force, bestow'd

950 On th' wooden Member such a Load,
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 CROWDERO, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conqu'ring Foot upon

955 His Trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate Frenz
 Made thee (thou WHELP of Sin) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward Rabble,
 T' encounter us in Battle able ?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship

960 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Worship ?

And **HUDIBRAS**, or me provoke,
 Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out Blows, as that of Wood ?

65 Cou'd not the Whipping-Post prevail
 With all its Rhet'ric, nor the Jail,
 To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
 And Ankle free from Iron Gin ?
 Which now thou shalt—but first our Care

70 Must see how **HUDIBRAS** doth fare.
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his Bum upright :
 To rouze him from lethargick Dump,
 He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle Thump

75 Knock'd on his Breast, as if 't had been
 To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.
 They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly
 From inward Room, to Window Eye,
 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,

80 Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement.
 This gladded **RALPHO** much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight : Quoth he,
 Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying Conqueror ;

85 As high, victorious, and great,
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but Leave
 To make out what y' already have ;
 That's Victory. The Foe, for Dread

90 Of your Nine-Worthiness, is fled,
 All, save **CROWDERO**, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake :
 And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
 To be dispos'd, as you think meet,

995 Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
 For one Wink of your pow'rful Eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His Fiddle is your proper Purchase,

1000 Won in the Service of the Churches ;
 And by your Doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
 For though Success did not confer
 Just Title on the Conqueror ;

1005 Though Dispensations were not strong
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
 Although Out-Goings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a meer Term :
 Yet as the Wicked have no Right

1010 To th' Creature, though usurp'd by Might,
 The Property is in the Saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't :
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,

1015 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
 Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites ;
 All which the Saints have Title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their Due.
 What we take from them is no more

1020 Than what was our's by Right before.
 For we are their true Landlords still,
 And they our Tenants but at Will.
 At this the Knight began to rouze,
 And by Degrees grow valorous.

1025 He star'd about, and seeing none
 Of all his Foes remain, but one,
 He snatch'd his Weapon that lay near him,
 And from the Ground began to rear him ;

Vow

PART I. CANTO II.

71

Vowing to make CROWDERO pay
30 For all the rest that ran away.
But RALPHO now, in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withstood :
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high : This Slave does merit
35 To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner
Than from your Hand to have the Honour
Of his Destruction : I, that am
A Nothingnes in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcase,
40 Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case :
Will you, great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot ?
Will you employ your conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word ?
45 For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For great Commanders only own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have Pow'r to kill,
50 Argues your Pow'r above your Will ;
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.
This Pow'r, which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
55 Wou'd no more keep the Slave in Awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw :
For Death wou'd then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
60 Or Honour from his Death, to you ;
'Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do :

Bw

But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your Valour m
To say it needs, or fears a Crutch.

1065 Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain :
The Laurels that adorn their Brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
And living Foes : The greatest Fame

1070 Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One Half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your Pain ;
Th' Honour can but on one Side light,
As Worship did, when y' were dubb'd Kn

1075 Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Prisoner of War ;
And let him fast in Bonds abide,
At Court of Justice to be try'd ;
Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,

1080 There may be Danger in his Safety ;
If any Member there dislike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pique ;
Or if his Death will save or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;

1085 Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheless
Y'have Pow'r to hang him when you plea
This has been often done by some
Of our great Conquerors, you know who
And has by most of us been held

1090 Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd.
For Words and Promises, that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke ;
Like SAMPSON's Cuffs, though by his ow
Direction and Advice put on.

1095 For if we should fight for the CAUSE
By Rules of military Laws,

And only do what they call Just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to Dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 100 But to the Wicked or the Weak,
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-Truths, such as these are.
 This said, the high outrageous Mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 105 He lik'd the Squire's Advice, and soon
 Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done :
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 CROWDERO's Hands on Rump behind,
 And to its former Place and Use
 110 The wooden Member to reduce :
 But force it take an Oath before,
 Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.
 RALPHO dispatch'd with speedy Haste,
 And having ty'd CROWDERO fast,
 115 He gave Sir Knight the End of Cord
 To lead the Captive of his Sword
 In Triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,
 And them to further Service brought.
 The Squire in State rode on before,
 120 And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore
 The Trophee-Fiddle and the Case,
 Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading CROWDERO by his Side ;
 125 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
 Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone ;
 At further End of which there stands
 130 An ancient Castle, that commands

H U D I B R A S.

Th' adjacent Parts ; in all the Fabrick
 You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick,
 But all of Wood, by pow'ful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable :

1135 There's neither Iron-Bar nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate ;
 And yet Men Durance there abide,
 In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide,
 With Roof so low, that under it

1140 They never stand, but lie or sit ;
 And yet so foul, that who so is in,
 Is to the middle Leg in Prison
 In Circle Magical confin'd,
 With Walls of subtile Air and Wind ;

1145 Which none are able to break thorough,
 Until they're freed by Head of Borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
 And bold Squire from their Steeds alight,
 At th' outward Wall, near which there stan

1150 A Bastile, built t' imprison Hands ;
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater :
 For though the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.

1155 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,
 At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,

1160 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.
 On Top of this there is a Spire,
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squin
 The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Case,
 In Manner of a Trophee place.

PART I. CANTO II. 75

165 That done, they ope the Trap-Door-Gate,
And let CROWDERO down thereat,
CROWDERO making doleful Face,
Like Hermit poor in pensive Place.
To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
170 And the Survivor of his Feet :
But th' other, that had broke the Peace
And Head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a Delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged ;
175 While his Comrade, that did no Hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in Prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD CANTO.

*The scatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does fall,
And is made Pris'ner: Then they seize
Th' enchanted Fort by Storm, release
CROWDERO, and put the Squire in's Place;
I should have first said HUDIBRAS.*

CANTO III.

1 **A** Y me! what Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron;
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-claps!
5 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the Nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-Trick.
This any Man may sing or say,
10 I' th' Ditty call'd, What if a Day:

For

For HUDBRAS, who thought h' had won
The Field, as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop :

15 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-Day among the Churches ;
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
And register'd by Fame eternal,

20 In deathless Pages of Diurnal :
Found in few Minutes, to his Cost,
He did but count without his Host :
And that a Turn-Stile is more certain,
Than, in Events of War, Dame Fortune.

25 For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
From bloody Fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in Pursuit

30 Of the Knight's Victory stood to't,
And most ignobly fought to get
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)
Seeing the Coast was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conqueror,

35 Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out :
For by this Time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great

40 For him to make a safe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with Haste
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd ;

45 Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' Advantage of the Ground ;
And then as valiantly made Head
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled ;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick

50 Of Warrior stout and politick ;
Until, in Spight of hot Pursuit,
He gain'd a Pass, to hold Dispute
On better Terms, and stop the Course
Of the proud Foe. With all his Force

55 He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil ;
But still their Numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppres'd,
And all Evasions so uncertain,

60 To save himself for better Fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with Honour in the Field,
And sell his Hide and Carcass at
A Price as high and desperate

65 As e'er he could. This Resolution
He forthwith put in Execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The Enemy i' th' greatest Throng :
But what cou'd single Valour do,

70 Against so numerous a Foe ?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' Odds were such.
But one against a Multitude,
Is more than Mortal can make good.

75 For while one Party he oppos'd,
His Rear was suddenly inclos'd ;
And no Room left him for Retreat,
Or Fight against a Foe so great.

PART I. CANTO III.

79

For now the Mastives, charging home,
 o To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come :
 While manfully himself he bore,
 And setting his right Foot before,
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall
 His Person was above them all.

15 This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd
 In th' Enemy, that one should bear
 So many Warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his Arms,

30 And yield on honourable Terms.
 Enraged thus, some in the Rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about :

35 As WIDDINGTON, in doleful Dumps,
 Is said to fight upon his Stumps.
 But all, alas ! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If TRULLA and CERDON, in the Nick,

40 To rescue him had not been quick :
 For TRULLA, who was light of Foot,
 As Shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
 (But not so light as to be born
 Upon the Ears of standing Corn,

45 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
 Than Witches, when their Staves they liquor,
 As some report) was got among
 The foremost of the martial Throng :
 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,

50 She call'd to CERDON, who stood near,
 Viewing the bloody Fight ; to whom,
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,

E 4

And

And see stout Bruin all alone,
By Numbers basely overthrown ?

115 Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In Story not to be believ'd ;
And 'twould to us be Shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a Limb

120 To second thee, and rescue him :
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our Aid will come too late ;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.

125 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round
About their Heads, to clear the Ground ;
And, joining Forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout
Turn'd Tail again, and straight begun,

130 As if the Devil drove, to run.
Mean while th' approach'd the Place where Bru
Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin :
The conqu'ring Foe they soon assail'd,
First TRULLA stav'd, and CERDON tail'd,

135 Until their Mastives loos'd their Hold :
And yet, alas ! do what they could,
The worsted Bear came off with Store
Of bloody Wounds, but all before :
For as ACHILLES, dipt in Pond,

140 Was ANABAPTIZ'd free from Wound,
Made Proof against dead-doing Steel
All over, but the Pagan Heel :
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him, but the other End ;

145 His Head and Ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern Parcel :

PART I. CANTO III. 8

For as an Austrian Archduke once
Had one Ear (which in Ducatoons
Is half the Coin) in Battle par'd
50 Close to his Head ; so Bruin far'd :
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd :
Or like the late ⁹ corrected leathern
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.

55 But gentle TRULLA, into th' Ring
He wore in's Nose, convey'd a String,
With which she march'd before, and led
The Warrior to a grassy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool Shade,

60 Which Eglantine and Roses made ;
Close by a softly murmur'ring Stream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll, and dream.
There leaving him to his Repose,
Secured from Pursuit of Foes,

65 And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a Bough, to ease the Pain
His tugg'd Ears suffer'd, with a Strain ;
They both drew up, to march in Quest
70 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For ORSIN (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his Ground
In standing Fight, than for Pursuit
As being not so quick of Foot)

75 Was not long able to keep Pace
With others that pursu'd the Chace ;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of Heart and out of Wind :
Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd

80 So basely by a Multitude ;

And like to fall, not by the Prowess,
But Numbers of his coward Foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout HERCULES for Loss of HYLAS:
185 Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret.
He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,
For Loss of his dear Crony Bear:
That Echo, from the hollow Ground,
190 His doleful Wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many Times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,
That make her, in their routhful Stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
195 And most unconscionably depose
To Things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin!
200 Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step,
For Fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn Heart?
205 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish
210 Thou turn'dst thy Back? Quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hast overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?

15 Or if thou hast no Thought of me,
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
 Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail :
 For who would grudge to spend his Blood in

20 His Honour's Cause ? Quoth she, A Puddin.
 This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly Stomach burn'd ;
 Thirst of Revenge, and Wrath, in Place
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.

25 He vow'd the Authors of his Woe
 Should equal Vengeance undergoe ;
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
 This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed

30 And Rage he hasted to proceed
 To Action straight, and giving o're
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in Quest of HUDIBRAS ;
 To find him out where-e'er he was ;

35 And, if he were above Ground, vow'd
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
 But scarce had he a Furlong on
 This resolute Adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that Crew

40 Whom HUDIBRAS did late subdue.
 Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame
 Did equally their Breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce MAGNANO was,
 And TALGOL, Foe to HUDIBRAS :

45 CERDON and COLON, Warriors stout,
 And resolute, as ever fought ;
 Whom furious ORSIN thus bespoke :
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The vile Affront that poultry Ass,
 250 And feeble Scoundrel, **HUDIBRA'S**,
 With that more poultry Ragamuffin,
RALPH, with Vapouring and Huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,
 As if th' had routed us in Battle ?

255 For my Part, it shall ne'er be said,
 I for the Washing gave my Head :
 Nor did I turn my Back for Fear
 O' th' Rascals, but Los of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;

260 For whether these fell Wounds, or no,
 'He has receiv'd in Fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my Skill can foretell ;
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

265 But if I can but find them out
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,
 Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their Handy-work ;
 And wish that they had rather dar'd.

270 To pull the Devil by the Beard.
 Quoth **CERDON**, Noble **ORSIN**, th' hast
 Great Reason to do as thou say'it,
 And so has ev'ry Body here,
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear :

275 Others may do as they see good ;
 But if this Twig be made of Wood
 That will hold Tack, I'll make the Fur
 Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur ;
 And th' other mungrel Vermin, **RALPH**,

280 That brav'd us all in his Behalf.
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of Peril,
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;
 Myself,

PART I. CANTO III.

85

Myself, and TRULLA made a Shift
To help him out at a dead Lift ;

15 And, having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
20 Their Forces in the same Design :
And forthwith put themselves in Search
Of HUDIBRAS upon their March.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel :

25 For such, CROWDERO being fast
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow
No where so green as on his Brow :
Laden with which, as well as tir'd

30 With conquering Toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neigb'ring Castle by
To rest his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise
He got in Fight, Reds, Blacks, and Blues,,

35 To mollify th' uneasy Pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his Rest.
But all in vain. H' had got a Hurt

40 O' th' Inside, of a deadlier Sort,
By CUPID made, who took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)

45 Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight

The

The Shaft against a Rib did glance;
 And gall him in the Purtenance.
 But Time had somewhat 'swag'd his Pain,

320 After he found his Suit in vain.
 For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in 's Belly like a Coal,
 (That Belly that so oft did ake,
 And suffer griping for her Sake,
 325 Till purging Comfits and Ants-Eggs
 Had almost brought him off his Legs)
 Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
 That 'old Pyg-- (what d' y' call him) madic
 That cut his Mistress out of Stone,

330 Had not so hard a-hearted one.
 She had a thousand Jadish Tricks,
 Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd Freak she ha
 As insolent, as strange and mad;

335 She could love none but only such.
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady,
 Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey day!!
 So Cowards never use their Might,

340 But against such as will not fight:
 So some Diseases have been found:
 Only to seize upon the Sound.
 He, that gets her by Heart, must say her
 The ~~black~~ Way, like a Witch's Prayer.

345 Mean while the Knight had no small Task
 To compass what he durst not ask:
 He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
 Her Ignorance is his Devotion:
 Like Caitiff vyle, that for Misdeed

350 Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed,

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
 Look one Way, and another move;
 Or like a Tumbler, that does play
 His Game, and look another Way,

155 Until he seize upon the Coney :
 Just so he does by Matrimony.
 But all in vain ; her subtle Snout
 Did quickly wind his Meaning out ;
 Which she return'd with too much Scorn,

50 To be by Man of Honour born :
 Yet much he bore, until the Distress
 He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress.
 Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain.
 He had endur'd from her Disdain,

15 Turn'd to Regret so resolute
 That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,
 And either to renounce her quite,
 Or for a while play leaft in Sight.
 This Resolution b'ing put on,

10 He kept some Months, and more had done :
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,
 The Victory he atchiev'd so late
 Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope
 A Door to discontinu'd Hope,

15 That seem'd to promise he might win
 His Dame too, now his Hand was in ;
 And that his Valour, and the Honour
 He had newly gain'd, might work upon her :
 These Reasons made his Mouth to water

10 With am'rous Longings to be at her.
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
 But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes
 May reach her Heart, and make that stoop,
 As I but now have forc'd the Troop ?

385 If nothing can oppugn Love,
 And Virtue invious Ways can prove,
 What may not he confide to do
 That brings both Love and Virtue too?
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,

390 Two Things that seldom fail to hit.
 Valour's a Mouse-Trap, Wit a Gin,
 Which Women oft are taken in.
 Then, HUDBRAS, why should'st thou fear
 To be, that art a Conqueror?

395 Fortune th' Audacious doth juvare,
 But lets the Timidous miscarry.
 Then while the Honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,

400 And trust thy Fortune with the rest.
 Such Thoughts as these the Knight did keep
 More than his Bangs, or Fleas, from Sleep.
 And as an Owl, that in a Barn
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,

405 Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes,
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little Beast within his Reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the Wretch ;
 So from his Couch the Knight did start,

410 To seize upon the Widow's Heart,
 Crying with hasty Tone, and hoarse,
 KALPEO dispatch, To Horse, To Horse.
 And 'twas but Time ; for now the Rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,

415 By speedy Marches were advanc'd
 Up to the Fort, where he esconc'd :
 And all th' Avenues had possest
 About the Place, from East to West.

PART I. CANTO III.

8

That done, a while they made a Halt,
420 To view the Ground, and where t' assault :
Then call'd a Council, which was best,
By Siege or Onslaught, to invest
The Enemy ; and 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.
425 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely Sort
They now drew up t' attack the Fort ;
When **HUDIBRAS**, about to enter
Upon another-gate's Adventure,
To **RALPH** call'd aloud to arm,
430 Not dreaming of approaching Storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger ;
435 That Foresight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got ;
Or to his Shame it might be sed,
They took him napping in his Bed :
To them we leave it to expound,
440 That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courser scarce he had bestrid,
And **RALPH** that on which he rid,
When setting ope the Postern Gate,
Which they thought best to sally at,
445 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight.
The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh
450 He thought began to smart afresh :
Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was soon converted to Rage,

A

And thus he spoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,
455 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears;
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat:
And to their Wills we must succumb,
460 Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our Doom.
This is the same numeric Crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same Individuals, that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
465 When we courageously did wield
Our martial Weapons in the Field
To tug for Victory: And when
We shall our shining Blades agh
Brandish in Terror o'er our Heads,
470 They'll straight resume their wonted Dread:
Fear is an Ague, that forsakes
And haunts by Fits those whom it takes:
And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt To-day, again.
475 Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no Doubt to overcome.
This said, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his Mistress' Name.
His Pistol next he cock'd a-new,
480 And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew:
And, placing RALPHO in the Front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the Brunt;
As expert Warriors use: Then ply'd
With iron Heel his Courier's Side,
485 Conveying sympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed.

Me

PART I. CANTO III.

91

Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage
 And Speed, advancing to engage,
 Both Parties now were drawn so close,
 190 Almost to come to Handy-Blows :
 When ORSIN first let fly a Stone
 At RALPHO ; not so huge a one
 As that which DIOMED did maul
 AENEAS on the Bum withal ;
 195 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
 T' have sent him to another World,
 Whether above-ground, or below,
 Which Saints Twice Dipt are destin'd to.
 The Danger startled the bold Squire,
 200 And made him some few Steps retire.
 But HUDBRAS advanc'd to's Aid,
 And rouz'd his Spirits half dismay'd :
 He wisely doubting left the Shot
 Of th' Enemy, now growing hot,
 205 Might at a Distance gall, press'd close,
 To come pell-mell to Handy-Blows,
 And, that he might their Aim decline,
 Advanc'd still in an oblique Line ;
 But prudently forbore to fire,
 210 Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher ;
 As expert Warriors use to do,
 When Hand to Hand they charge their Foe.
 This Order the advent'rous Knight,
 Most Soldier-like, observ'd in Fight,
 215 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
 And for the Foe began to fickle.
 The more Shame for her Goody-ship
 To give so near a Friend the Slip.
 For COLON, chusing out a Stone,
 220 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon

Hin

His manly Paunch, with such a Force,
As almost beat him off his Horse.
He loos'd his Whinyard, and the Reins;
But, laying fast hold on the Mane,
525 Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose
In Death contracts his Talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Pistol draw.
The Gun went off: And, as it was
530 Still fatal to stout HUDIBRAS,
In all his Feats of Arms, when least.
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd: The Shot let fly
At random 'mong the Enemy,
535 Pierc'd TALCOL's Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the passing,
Lodg'd in MAGNANO's brais Habergeon,
Who straight A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
540 Did Murther, Murther, Murther yell.
This startled their whole Body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike Plight,
H' had won (the second Time) the Fight.
545 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the Care
Of HUDIBRAS his Hurt, forbare
To pres' th' Advantage of his Fortune,
550 While Danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with CERDON b'ing engag'd
In close Encounter, they both wag'd
The Fight so well; 'twas hard to say,
Which Side was like to get the Day.

PART I. CANTO III.

555 And now the busy Work of Death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the Disaster of the Knight
And th'. other Party did divert

560 Their full Intent, and forc'd them part.
RALPH press'd up to HUDBRAS,
And CERDON where MAGNANO was ;
Each striving to confirm his Party
With stout Encouragements, and hearty.

565 Quoth RALPH, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour stir
Your Spirits up ; once more fall on,
The shatter'd Foe begins to run :
For if but half so well you knew

570 To use your Victory, as subdue,
They durst not, after such a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now ;
But from so formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powde

575 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now dismay'd and check't,
You'll have a harder Game to play

580 Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.
Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was hear
By HUDBRAS with small Regard.
His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang
He lately took, than RALPH's Harangue ;

585 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy Counsel comes too late.
The knotted Blood within my Hose,
That from my wounded Body flows,

With mortal Crisis doth portend
 590 My Days to appropinque an End ;
 I am for Action now unfit,
 Either of Fortitude or Wit ;
 Fortune my Foe begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down.

595 I am not apt, upon a Wound
 Or trivial Basting, to despone :
 Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail ;
 For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd Time enough as yet

600 To make an honourable Retreat ;
 'Twere the best Course : But if they find
 We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
 For them to seize on ; the Dishonour,
 And Danger too, is such, I'll sooner

605 Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,
 To let them see I am no Starter.
 In all the Trade of War, no Feat
 Is nobler than a brave Retreat :
 For those that run away, and fly,

610 Take Place at least of th' Enemy.

This said, the Squire with active Speed
 Dismounted from his bonny Steed,
 To seize the Arms, which by Mischance
 Fell from the bold Knight in a Trance :

615 These being found out, and restor'd
 To HUDIBRAS, their natural Lord,
 As a Man may say, with Might and Main
 He hasted to get up again.

Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
 620 But, by his weighty Bum, as oft
 He was pull'd back, till having found
 Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,

Thith

Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And having plac'd him right, with Speed
25 Prepar'd again to scale the Beast;
When ORSIN, who had newly drest
The bloody Scar upon the Shoulder
Of TALGOL, with Promethean Powder,
And now was searching for the Shot
30 That laid MAGNANO on the Spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his Horse-Side;
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,
35 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no Time to dally,
The Enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.
This said, like to a Thunderbolt
40 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,
Striving th' Enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his Horse's Back.
RALPHO was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active Vau'ting,
45 Wrigling his Body to recover
His Seat, and cast his right Leg over;
When ORSIN, rushing in, bestow'd
On Horse and Man so heavy a Load,
The Beast was startled, and begun
50 To kick and sting like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a Sack,
Or stout King RICHARD, on his Back:
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a Swoon.
55 Mean while the Knight began to rouse
The Sparkles of his wonted Prowess:

He thrust his Hand into his Hose,
 And found both by his Eyes and Nose,
 'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
 660 That from his wounded Body flow'd.
 This, with the Hazard of the Squire,
 Inflam'd him with despightful Ire.
 Courageously he fac'd about,
 And drew his other Pistol out ;
 665 And now had half way bent the Cock,
 When CERDON gave so fierce a Shock,
 With sturdy Truncheon, 'thwart his Arm,
 That down it fell, and did no Harm :
 Then stoutly pressing on with Speed,
 670 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
 The Knight his Sword had only left,
 With which he CERDON's Head had cleft,
 Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
 But ORSIN came, and rescu'd him.
 675 He, with his Lance, attack'd the Knight
 Upon his Quarters opposite.
 But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,
 Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
 680 And knows not which to turn him to ;
 So far'd the Knight between two Foes,
 And knew not which of them t'oppose ;
 Till ORSIN, charging with his Lance
 At HUDIBRAS, by spightful Chance
 685 Hit CERDON such a Bang, as stunn'd
 And laid him flat upon the Ground.
 At this the Knight began to chear up,
 And, raising up himself on Stirrup,
 Cry'd out, Victoria ; Lie thou there,
 690 And I shall straight dispatch another,

To bear thee Company in Death :
 But first I'll halt a while, and breath.
 As well he might ; for ORSIN, griev'd
 At th' Wound that CERDON had receiv'd,
 95 Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
 And cure the Hurt he gave before.
 Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' Advantage of the Ground, where best
 100 He might the ruffled Foe infest.
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
 To run at ORSIN with full Speed,
 While he was busy in the Care
 Of CERDON's Wound, and unaware :
 105 But he was quick, and had already
 Unto the Part apply'd Remedy :
 And, seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up and stood upon his Guard.
 Then like a Warrior right expert
 110 And skilful in the martial Art,
 The subtle Knight straight made a Halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' Assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then in Order to retire ;
 115 Or, as Occasion should invite,
 With Forces join'd renew the Fight.
 RALPHO by this Time disentranc'd,
 Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd ; his Limbs all o're
 120 With ruthles Bangs were stiff and sore.
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His Feet again, to get him gone ;
 When HUDBRAS to aid him came,
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)

725 Courage, the Day at length is our's,
 And we once more, as Conquerors,
 Have both the Field and Honour won,
 The Foe is profligate and run :
 I mean all such as can, for some

730 This Hand has sent to their long Home ;
 And some lie sprawling on the Ground,
 With many a Gash and bloody Wound.
 CÆSAR himself could never say
 He got Two Victories in a Day,

735 As I have done, that can say, Twice I
 In one Day, Veni, Vidi, Vici.
 The Foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often sincere,
 As they perire, and yet enough

740 Be left to strike an After-Blow ;
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the Bus'ness o're,
 Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,
 And let us both their Motions watch.

745 Quoth RALPH, I should not, if I were
 In case for Action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd
 An Arse, for fear of being bang'd.
 It was for You I got these Harms,

750 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd,
 Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
 My Limbs of Strength : Unless you stoop
 And reach your Hand to pull me up,

755 I shall lie here, and be a Prey
 To those who are now run away.
 That thou shalt not (quoth HUDBRAS
 We read, the Ancients held it was





PART I. CANTO III.

More honourable far, Servare
760 Civem, than slay an Adversary ;
The one we oft To-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon :
And though th'art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the Lurch.

765 This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the Squire,
Then bowing down his Body, stretch'd
His Hand out, and at RALPHO reach'd ;
When TRULLA, whom he did not mind,

770 Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in Search about
MAGNANO's Wound, to find it out ;
But could find none, nor where the Shot,
That had so startled him, was got.

775 But having found the worst was past,
She fell to her own Work at last,
The Pillage of the Prisoners,
Which in all Feats of Arms was her's ;
And now to plunder RALPH she flew,

780 When HUDIBRAS his hard Fate drew
To succour him ; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a Load
Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other Side, that down he fell.

785 Yield, Scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die ;
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty ;
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy Fortune o'er a-fresh,

790 I'll wave my Title to thy Flesh,
Thy Arms and Baggage now my Right ;
And if thou hast the Heart to try't,

HUDIBRAS.

I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that Carcass vile,

5 Fight upon Tick—quoth **HUDIBRAS**,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,
And I shall take thee at thy Word.
First let me rise, and take my Sword:
That Sword which has so oft this Day

o Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
And some to other Worlds dispatch'd,
Now with a feeble Spinster match'd
Will blush with Blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.

5 But if thou'l take m' Advice in this,
Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's Course,
B' opposing such a trivial Force:
For if with Conquest I come off,

o (And that I shall do sure enough)
Quarter thou can'st not have, nor Grace
By Law of Arms in such a Case;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I scorn, (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,

5 (Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,
To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)
Quarter, or Counsel from a Foe:
If thou can'st force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,

o When I have once more won thy Head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy Guard.
This said, she to her Tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a Peal

5 Of Blows so fierce, and pres'd so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's Bum.

PART I. CANTO III. 101

Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy ;
It is not fighting Arsie-verse
Shall serve thy Turn—This stirr'd his Spites
30 More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel :
Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came ;
35 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her Truncheon took them,
40 And by oblique Diversion broke them,
Waiting an Opportunity
To pay all back with Usury,
Which long she fail'd not of ; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing Blow
45 Resolving to decide the Fight,
And she with quick and cunnihg Slight
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the Ground :
50 No sooner she th' Advantage found,
But in she flew ; and seconding
With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side ;
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,
55 Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy Vapouring, base Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now ?
Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,
60 And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword ?

HUDIBRAS

A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In basely breaking his Parole !
And when, before the Fight, th' had'st vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold Blood :

5 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
To make m' against my Will take Quarter :
Why dost not put me to the Sword,
But cowardly fly from thy Word ?

Quoth HUDIBRAS, The Day's thine own ;

o Thou and thy Stars have cast me down :
My Laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu'ring Brow :
My Los of Honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff :

5 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost Renown :
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient Heroes were illustrious

o For being benign, and not blusturous.
Against a vanquish'd Foe : their Swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words ;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courtesies about.

5 Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,
Bafe Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou did'st vow to deal with me,
If thou had'st got the Victory ;
Yet I shall rather act a Part,

o That suits my Fame, than thy Desert.
Thy Arme, thy Liberty, beside
All that's on th' Outside of thy Hide,
Are mine by military Law,
Of which I will not 'bate one Straw :

95 The rest, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.
Quoth **HUDIBRAS**, It is too late
For me to treat, or stipulate ;
What thou command'st, I must obey.

100 Yet those whom I expugn'd To-day,
Of thine own Party, I let go,
And gave them Life and Freedom too ;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their Parol,
Whom I took Pris'ners in this Quarrel.

105 Quoth **TRULLA**, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me ; but was't not thou
That gave **CROWDERO** Quarter too ?
CROWDERO, whom in Irons bound,

110 o Thou basely threw'st into **LOB**'s Pound,
Where still he lies, and with Regret
His gen'rous Bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcass shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him.

115 5 This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he disrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting

120 10 The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my Sake ;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy Back.
And as ' the **FRANCH** we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,

125 15 The Length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-Cannons, Petriwigs, and Feathers ;
Just so the proud insulting La's
Array'd and dighted **HUDIBRAS**.

Mean while the other Champions, yest

30 In Hurry of the Fight disperst,
 Arriv'd, when TRULLA won the Day,
 To share in th' Honour and the Prey,
 And out of HUDIBRAS his Hide
 With Vengeance to be satisfy'd;

35 Which now they were about to pour
 Upon him in a wooden Show'r,
 But TRULLA thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his Back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword,

o And vow'd they should not break her Word
 Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood
 Or their's should make that Quarter good.
 For she was bound by Law of Arms
 To see him safe from further Harms.

5 In Dungeon deep CROWDERO cast
 By HUDIBRAS, as yet lay fast;
 Where, to the hard and ruthless Stones,
 His great Heart made perpetual Moans;
 Him she resolv'd that HUDIBRAS

o Should ransom, and supply his Place.
 This stopt their Fury, and the Basting
 Which toward HUDIBRAS was hasting.
 They thought it was but just and right,
 That what she had atchiev'd in Fight,

5 She should dispose of how she pleas'd:
 CROWDERO ought to be releas'd;
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:
 For who a better could imagine?

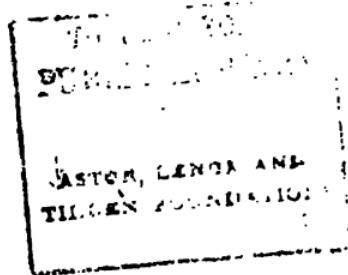
o This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
 The Knight and Squire first they made
 Rise from the Ground where they were laid;

Then



Wm Haarle. 1861 et seq.





P. 10.



Then mounted both upon their Horses,
But with their Faces to the Arses,
65 ORSIN led HUDBRAS's Beast,
And TALGOL that which RALPHO prest ;
Whom stout MAGNANO, valiant CERDON,
And COLON waited as a Guard on ;
All ush'ring TRULLA in the Reer,
70 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.
In this proud Order and Array
They put themselves upon their Way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout CROWDERO in Durance lay still.
75 Thither with greater Speed, than Shows
And Triumph over conquer'd Foes
Do use t' allow ; or than the Bears,
Or Pageants borne before Lord-Mayors
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
80 In Order, soldier-like contriv'd ;
Still marching in a warlike Posture,
As fit for Battle as for Muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And bending 'gainst the Fort their Force,
85 They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the Magical Redoubt.
MAGNAN' led up in this Adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter.
For he was skilful in Black Art,
90 No less than he that built the Fort :
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A Breach, which straight all enter'd at :
And in the wooden Dungeon found
CROWDERO laid upon the Ground.
95 Him they release from Durance base,
Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his Cafè,



And Liberty, his thirsty Rage
 With luscious Vengeance to affwage :
 For he no sooner was at large,
 1000 But TRULLA straight brought on the Chai
 And in the self-same Limbo put
 The Knight and Squire, where he was sh
 Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hol
 Their Bangs and Durance to condole,
 1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
 Enchanted Mansion to know Sorrow,
 In the same Order and Array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away
 But HUDIBRAS, who scorn'd to stoop
 1010 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
 And Sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his M
 Is, sui Juris, unconfin'd,
 1015 And cannot be laid by the Heels,
 Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,
 That makes Men Prisoners or free ;
 But Perturbations that posseſſ
 1020 The Mind, or *Æquanimities*.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To ALEXANDER, when he cry'd,
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a poultry narrow Tub to
 1025 DIOGENES ; who is not said
 (For aught that ever I could read)
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and fot
 Because h' had ne'er another Tub.
 The Ancients make two ſev'ral Kinds
 1030 Of Prowess in heroick Minds,

The Active, and the Passive valiant ;
 Both which are pari libra gallant :
 For both to give Blows, and to carry,
 In Fights are æqui-necessary :

1035 But in Defeats, the Passive stout
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to out-doe
 The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring Foe.
 Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggill'd,

1040 Or, as the Vulgar say, are cudgell'd :
 He that is valiant and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.
 Honour's a Lease for Lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from

1045 The legal Tenant : 'Tis a Chattel
 Not to be forfeited in Battel.
 If he, that in the Field is slain,
 Be in the Bed of Honour lain ;
 He that is beaten may be said

1050 To lie in Honour's Truckle-Bed.
 For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
 He shines in serene Sky most bright :

1055 So Valour, in a low Estate,
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 Quoth RALPH, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none, that see how here we sit,

1060 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
 As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
 A Carnal Hour-Glass, do imply
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,

1065 But not how much ; so well enough
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who without a Cap and Bauble,
 Having subdu'd a Bear and Rabble,
 And might with Honour have come off,

1070 Would put it to a second Proof ?
 A politick Exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian Zeal and Wit.

Quoth HUDBRAS, That Cuckow's Tone,
 RALPHO, thou always harp'st upon :

1075 When thou at any thing would'st rail,
 Thou mak'st Presbytery thy Scale
 To take the Height on't, and explain
 To what Degree it is prophane ;
 What'sever will not with (thy what d'ye call)

1080 Thy Light jump right, thou call'st Synodical.
 As if Presbytery were a Standard,
 To size what'sever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this Day
 Thou to my Beard waff bold to say,

1085 That thou cou'dst prove Bear-Baiting equal
 With Synods, Orthodox and Legal ?
 Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,
 And dage thee to't with all thy Light.

Quoth RALPHO, Truly that is no
 1090 Hard Matter for a Man to do,
 That has but any Guts in 's Brains,
 And cou'd believe it worth his Pains :
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You'll find I've Light enough to do it.

1095 Synods are mystical Bear-Gardens,
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-Wardens,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the Babylonish Sport ;

PART I. CANTO III.

109

For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-Ward,
 1100 Do differ only in a meer Word.
 Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
 Of Carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs :
 Both Antichristian Assemblies,
 To Mischief bent as far's in them lies :
 1105 Both stave and tail, with fierce Contests,
 The one with Men, the other Beasts.
 The Diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The Tongue, the other with the Teeth ;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 1110 In th' other Souls and Consciences ;
 Where Saints themselves are brought to Stake
 For Gospel-Light, and Conscience Sake ;
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of Mastive Dogs and Curs,
 1115 Than whom th' have less Humanity,
 For these at Souls of Men will fly.
 This to the Prophet did appear,
 Who in a Vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly Rage
 1120 Of Church-Rule, in this latter Age :
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
 Bears naturally are Beasts of Prey,
 That live by Rapine ; so do they.
 1125 What are their Orders, Constitutions,
 Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the Stake,
 And then set Heathen Officers,
 1130 Instead of Dogs, about their Ears ?
 For to Prohibit and Dispence,
 To find out or to make Offence ;

Of

Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,
 To play with Souls at fast and loose ;

1135 To set what Characters they please,
 And Mulcts on Sin or Godliness ;
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-Order,
 By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther ;
 To make Presbytery supreme,

1140 And Kings themselves submit to them ;
 And force all People, though against
 Their Consciences, to turn Saints ;
 Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,
 When Saints Monopolists are made.

1145 When pious Frauds and holy Shifts
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 Their Godliness becomes mere Ware,
 And ev'ry Synod but a Fair.
 Synods are Whelps of th' Inquisition,

1150 A mongrel Breed of like Pernicior,
 And growing up, became the Sires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers ;
 Whose Bus'ness is, by cunning Slight,
 To cast a Figure for Men's Light ;

1155 To find, in Lines of Beard and Face,
 The Physiognomy of Grace ;
 And by the Sound and Twang of Nose,
 If all be sound within, disclose ;
 Free from a Crack or Flaw of finning,

1160 As Men try Pipkins by the Ringing ;
 By Black Caps underlaid with White,
 Give certain Guess at inward Light,
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the Spiritual Calling clear ;

1165 The Handkerchief about the Neck
 (Canonical Cravat of " Saneu,



PART I. CANTO III.

111

From whom the Institution came,
 When Church and State they set on Flame,
 And worn by them as Badges then
 70 Of Spiritual Warfaring Men)
 Judge rightly if Regeneration
 Be of the newest Cut in Fashion.
 Sure 'tis an orthodox Opinion,
 That Grace is founded in Dominion.
 75 Great Piety consists in Pride ;
 To Rule is to be Sanctify'd :
 To domineer, and to controul,
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect Discipline
 80 Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine.
 Bell and the Dragon's Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat ;
 85 But these will not be fobbd off so ;
 They must have Wealth and Power too,
 Or else with Blood and Desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
 Sure these themselves from Primitive
 90 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,
 When Butchers were the only Clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks :
 Whose Directory was to kill ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 95 The only Diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
 They count a vile Abomination,
 100 But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

Presbytery

Presbytery does but translate
 The Papacy to a Free State ;
 A Common-Wealth of Popery,
 Where ev'ry Village is a See

1205 As well as Rome, and must maintain
 A Tithe-Pig Metropolitan ;
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the Keys for Cheeſe and Bacon
 And ev'ry Hamlet's governed

1210 By's Holineſs, the Church's Head,
 More haughty and severe in's Place,
 Than GREGORY and BONIFACE.
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monſter
 With many Heads : For if we conſter

1215 What in th' Apocalypſe we find,
 According to th' Apostle's Mind,
 'Tis That the Whore of Babylon
 With many Heads did ride upon ;
 Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe

1220 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-Elder, Scribe.
 Lay-Elder, SIMEON to LEVI,
 Whose Little Finger is as heavy
 As Loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
 And Bishop-Secular. This Zealot

1225 Is of a mungrel, diverse Kind,
 Clerick before, and Lay behind ;
 A lawleſſ Linſie-Woollie Brother,
 Half of one Order, half another ;
 A Creature of amphibious Nature,

1230 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water ;
 That always preys on Grace or Sin ;
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
 This fierce Inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over Men's Belief



PART I. CANTO III. 113

135 And Manners ; can pronounce a Saint
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through coarsest Boulter other's Gifts ;
 For all Men live and judge amiss,

140 Whose Talents jump not just with his.
 He'll lay on Gifts with Hands, and place
 On dullest Noddle Light and Grace,
 The Manufacture of the Kirk ;
 Those Pastors are but th' Handy-Work

145 Of his mechanick Paws, instilling
 Divinity in them by Feeling ;
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
 Made by Contact, as Men get Meazles.
 * So Cardinals, they say, do grope

150 At th' other End the new-made Pope.
 Hold, hold, quoth HUDIBRAS, Soft Fire,
 They say, does make sweet Malt. Good Squire,
 Festina lente, not too fast ;
 For Haste (the Proverb says) makes Waſte.

155 The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
 Are false, and built upon Mistake ;
 And I ſhall bring you, with your Pack
 Of Fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;
 And put your Arguments in Mood

160 And Figure, to be understood.
 I'll force you by right Ratiocination
 To leave your ' Vitilitigation,
 And make you keep to th' Question close,
 And argue Dialectics.

165 The Question then, to ſtate it firſt,
 Is, Which is Better, or which Worſt,
 Synods or Bears ? Bears I avow
 To be the Worſt, and Synods thou.

But

But to make good th' Assertion, :
 1270 Thou say'st th' are really all one.
 If so, not worst ; for if th' are idem,
 Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.
 For if they are the same, by Course
 Neither is better, neither worse.

1275 But I deny they are the same,
 More than a Maggot and I am.
 That both are animalia
 I grant, but not rationalia :
 For though they do agree in Kind,
 1280 Specifick Difference we find ;
 And can no more make Bears of these,
 Than prove my Horse is Socrates.
 That Synods are Bear-Gardens too,
 Thou dost affirm ; but I say, no :
 1285 And thus I prove it, in a Word ;
 Whats'ver Assembly's not impow'r'd
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
 Can be no Synod : But Bear-Garden
 Has no such Pow'r ; ergo, 'tis none :
 1290 And so thy Sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the Question,
 Which thou didst raise the first Contest on ;
 For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-Men ? I say, Negatur.

1295 That Bears are Beasts, and Synods Men,
 Is held by all : They're better then :
 For Bears and Dogs on four Legs go,
 As Beasts ; but Synod-Men on two.
 'Tis true, they all have Teeth and Nails ;
 1300 But prove that Synod-Men have Tails ;
 Or that a rugged, shaggy Fur
 Grows o'er the Hide of Presbyter ;

PART I. CANTO III.

112

Or that his Snout and spacious Ears
Do hold Proportion with a Bear's.

15 A Bear's a savage Beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural ;
Whelp'd without Form, until the Dam
Has lick'd it into Shape and Frame :
But all thy Light can ne'er evict,

o That ever Synod-Man was lick'd ;
Or brought to any other Fashion,
Than his own Will and Inclination.
 But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and Sense ; that is,

5 Thou would'st have Presbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too :
A strange Chimera of Beasts and Men,
Made up of Pieces heterogene ;
Such as in Nature never met

10 In eodem subiecto yet.
 Thy other Arguments are all
Supposures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.

15 Much thou hast said ; which I know when
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary Shifts :)
And is the same that Ranter said,

20 Who, arguing with me, broke my Head,
And tore a Handful of my Beard.
The self-same Cavils then I heard,
When, bring in hot Dispute about
This Controversy, we fell out ;

25 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth

Quoth RALPHO, Nothing but th' Abuse
 Of Human Learning you produce ;
 Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain ;
 A Trade of Knowledge, as replete
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat :
 An Art t'incumber Gifts and Wit,
 And render both for nothing fit ;
 Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled,
 Like little DAVID in SAUL's Doublet :
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Men's Reason and their own ;
 A Fort of Error, to-ensconce
 Absurdity and Ignorance,
 That renders all the Avenues
 To Truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain Things, in Debate,
 By Art, perplex'd, and intricate :
 For nothing goes for Sense, or Light,
 That will not with old Rules jump right :
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
 This Pagan, Heathenish Invention
 Is good for nothing but Contention.
 For as, in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
 All Blows do on the Target light :
 So, when Men argue, the great'ſt Part
 O' th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,
 Until the Fustian Stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th' Argument.
 Quoth HUDIBRAS, Friend RALPH, thou hast
 Out-run the Constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,

But

But to the former opposite,
And contrary as Black to White ;
* Mere disparata, that concerning
Presbytery, this Human Learning ;
175 Two Things f'averse, they never yet
But in thy rambling Fancy met.
But I shall take a fit Occasion
To evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other Time in Place more proper
80 Than this we're in ; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd Bones a-while,
Already tir'd with other Toil.

T H E N O T E S to Part I. Canto I.

1. **W**HEN civil [Dudgeon, &c.] Dudgeon. Who made the Alterations in the last Edition of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word so proper in that Place, as Dudgeon is, for that of Fury, as it is in the last Edition: To take in Dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront a Sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

24. ^b *That could as well, &c.]* Bind over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

38. ^c *As MONTAIGNE, &c.]* Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his Time in playing with her.

62. ^d *To make some, &c.]* Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps,*

Are thus changed :

*And truly so perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's Case,*

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a strange Reason why Moses imposed the Law of Circumcision on the Jews, which, how untrue soever, I will give the learned Reader an Account of without Translation, as I find

PART I. CANTO I. 119

find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my worthy and learned Friend, Mr. *William Baxter*, the great Restorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; *quia pellicula imminuti sunt*; *quia Moses rex Iudeorum, cuius legibus reguntur, negligentia Φιμαδὺς medicinaliter exsiccatus est, & ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidit volunt*. *Vet. Schol.* Vocem Φιμαδὺς quæ infinita librarii exciderat reposimus ex conjectura, uti & medicinaliter exsiccatus pro medicinalis effectus quæ nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli organum videtur. Etiam Satyra quinta haec habet: *Constat uinia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudenter disputant.*

66^a [Profoundly skill'd, &c.] *Analytick* is a Part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and construe *Reason*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

93^a [A Babylonish, &c.] A Confusion of Languages, such as some of our modern *Virtuous* used to express themselves in.

103^a [Or CERBERUS himself, &c.] *Cerberus*; a Name which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which they sign'd Door-keeper of Hell, that carefis the unfortunate Souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* tied him up, and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all Things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which shews that Heroick Actions are always victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.

115^b [That had the, &c.] *Demosthenes*, who is said to have a Defect in his Pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little Stones in his Mouth.

120^a [Than TYCHO BRAHE, &c.] *Tycho Brache* was an

an eminent Danish Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier's Dictionary*, or elsewhere.

131 ¹ *Whatev'r Sceptick, &c.]* Sceptick; *Pyrrho* was the chief of Sceptick Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Diogenes*, and at last the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India*, to see the *Gymnosophists*. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom; that there was neither Honesty nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety Years old, was highly esteemed in his Country, and created Chief-Priest. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120th Olympiad. His Followers were called *Pyrrbonians*; besides which, they were named the *Epheticks*, and *Aporeticks*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Passions, which they called *Ataraxia* and *Metriopatbia*; and in suspending their Judgment in Regard of Good and Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they called *Epechi*. *Sextus Empiricus*, who lived in the second Century, under the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, writ ten Books against the Mathematicians or Astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrbonian* Opinion. The Word is derived from the Greek *οὐπερδος*, quod est, *considerare, speculari*.

143 ¹ *He could reduce, &c.]* The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences; and, when they had refined them into the nicest Subtilties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtler Things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things, by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

PART I. CANTO I. 121

147 ⁿ *Where Truth, &c.]* Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a real Thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions or Images of Things (in the Understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore Aristotle says, *Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. ii.

148 ⁿ *Like Words congeal'd, &c.]* Some report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Men's Words are wont to be frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

151 *In School-Divinity as able,
As ° be that bight, Irrefragable, &c.]*

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Wesshi Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Scavans*, & *Pestivin's Apparatus.*

153 ^p *A Second THOMAS, or at once,
To name them all, another DUNCE.*

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Friar, was born in 1224, studied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new modelled the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offered him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John XII.* We have his Works in eighteen Volumes, several Times printed.

Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The *Englisb* and *Scots* strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth.

The *English* say, he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* alledge, that he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called *Duncotus*: *Moseri*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph:

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne*, Novem. 8, 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Carve's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in *Physicks*, *Metaphysicks*, *Mathematicks*, and *Astronomy*; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30,000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures; That when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such as were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas*'s Doctrine, and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also, that an old Punster always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

158 ⁹ *As tough as, &c.*] *Sorbon* was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*, founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis* by *Robert Sorbon*; which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded, about the Year 741, by *Charlemagne*, at the Persuasion of the learned *Alcuinus*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very famous. This College has been rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of *Cardinal Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for thirty-six Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*: Those which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitalit*.



PART I. CANTO I. 123

Hospitality of Serbon. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. Paris. Spondan. in Annal.

173 ¹ *He knew, &c.*] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them, in the Beginning of his *History of the World*; where those, who are unsatisfied, may be fully informed.

180 ¹ *By a High-Dutch, &c.*] *Geopius Beccanus* endeavours to prove, that *High-Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

181 ¹ *If either of, &c.*] *Adam* and *Eve* being made, and not conceived and formed in the Womb, had no Navels, as some learned Men have supposed, because they had no Need of them.

182 ¹ *Who first made, &c.*] Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

183 ¹ *Like MAHOMET's, &c.*] *Mahomet* had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His *Ass* was so intimate with him, that the *Mahometans* believe it carried him to Heaven, and stays there with him, to bring him back again.

257 ¹ *It was Monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders by strict Vow.*

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had subdued the King; of which Order of Phanatick Votaries there were many in those Times.

281 ¹ *So learned TALIACOTIUS, &c.*] *Taliacotius* was an *Italian* Surgeon, that found out a Way to repair lost and decayed Noses.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to his great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Opera-

ons in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poetica Licentia*) has taken his *Simile*.

289. ^a For as *ÆNEAS*, &c.] *Æneas* was the Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and reigned three Years; his Story is too long to infert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneid*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies. But being too sollicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Creusa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his excellent Translation thus expresteth :

*Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no Time to wait,)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.
Whate'er befalls, your Life shall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance, we will share.
My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you,
My faithful Consort, shall our Steps pursue.*

337. ^a — For *ARTHUR*, &c.] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reigned in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very Day. However, the History of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

359. ^b — *Toledo trufly, &c.*] The capital City of *New Castile* in *Spain*, with an *Archbishoprick* and *Primacy*: It was very famous, amongst other Things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords, as *Damascus* was, and perhaps may be still.

389. ^c *But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.*

PART E. CANTO I. 125

*Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both
Brewers.*

433 ^d *That CÆSAR's Horse, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.*

Julius Cæsar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's:
*Utebatur equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, &c. in modum
digitorum ungulis fissis.* Suet. in JuL Cap. 61.

467 ^e *The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd
With subtile Shreds a Tract of Land.*

Dido, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as she could compass with an Ox's Hide, which she cut into small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground as served her to build *Carthage* upon.

476 ^f *As the bold, &c.]* *Aeneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough for a Pass to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they steal.

526 ^g *As three, &c.]* Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

530 ^h *In Magick, &c.]* *Talisman* is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the Mischief they can. This has been experimented by some modern *Virtuosi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Success.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia superabundans*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous Foppery.

532 ⁱ *As far as, &c.]* The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the ancient *Magi* to be derived from that Knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

535 *And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' Intelligible World, cou'd say.*

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pstittacorum Regio*, discovered only by the Philosophers; of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

538 ^k *As learned, &c.]* No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the *Wild-Irish* are, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

539 ^l *Or Sir AGRIPPA, &c.]* They, who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

541 ^m *He ANTHROPOSOPHUS and FLOUD,
And JACOB BEHMEN understood.*

Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek Word, which signifies a Man that is wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is used by some anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Flood* was a sort of an *English Rosy-crucian*, whose Works are extant, and as intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

545 ⁿ *In ROSY-CRUCIAN Lore as learned,
As be that Vere Adeptus earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Gnostici*, who called themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenced in their Phanatick Extravagance.

646 *Thou that with Ale, or wiler Liquors,
Didst inspire WITHERS, PRYN, and ^o VICKARS.
This*

PART I. CANTO I. 127

This *Vickar*: was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet: He translated *Virgil's Aeneid* into as horrible *Travesty* in earnest, as the *French Scaroon* did in *Burlesque*, and was only outdone in his Way by the Politick Author of *Oceana*.

714. ¹ *We that are, &c.*] This Speech is set down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own Words: But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent; the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense expressed, in other Words, unless in some few Places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

753. ² *In bloody, &c.*] *Cynarctomachy* signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, tho' both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contained: And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same Opinion.

758. ³ *Or Force, &c.*] Another of the same Kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

777. ⁴ *The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* adored, is written by *Monsieur le Blaize*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portuguese* from those that worshipped it, and though they offered a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their Priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled, all the People present were not able to endure the horrible Stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that Kind of Granado's which they call *Stinkards*.

786 ¹ *The Rage, &c.]* *Boute-feus* is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

903 ² *'Tis sung, &c.]* *Mamaluke's* the Name of the Militia of the Sultans of Ægypt; it signified a Servant or Soldier; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongst the Christians, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, besides that the Sultans were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at last *Selim, Sultan of the Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and so put an End to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had lasted 267 Years. *Paulus Jovius, &c.*

No Question but the Rhime to *Mamaluke*, was meant *Sir Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface.

913 ³ *Honour is like, &c.]* Our English Proverbs are not impertinent to this Purpose :

*He that woos a Maid, must seldom come in her Sight :
But he that woos a Widow, must woo her Day and Night.
He that woos a Maid, must feign, lye, and flatter ;
But he that woos a Widow, must down with his Breeches
and at her.*

This Proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. *Ray* says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, intituled, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaimed*: Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich Widow, in whose House he lodged. In Case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promised



mised *Hilkiab* a Chamber gratis. The whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

NOTES to Part I. Canto II.

47 ^x *That is to say, whether Tollutation, As they do term't, or Succussion.*

Tollutation and *Succussion* are only Latin Words for Ambling and Trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the Tramel, or any other Art, to pace their Horses.

60 ^y *As Indian Britons, &c.]* The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same Thing in the *British Tongue*; from whence (with other Words of the same Kind) some Authors have endeavoured to prove, That the *Americans* are originally derived from the *Britons*.

65 ^z *The dire, &c.]* *Pharsalia* is a City of *Theffaly*, famous for the Battle won by *Julius Cæsar* against *Pompey the Great*, in the neighbouring Plains, in the 607th Year of *Rome*, of which read *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

129 ^a *Chiron, the, &c.]* *Chiron*, a *Centaur*, Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, where, being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the most famous Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æsculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo's* Governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

133 ^b *In Staffordshire, where virtuous Worth Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth, &c.*

The whole History of this ancient Ceremony you may read at large in Dr. Plot's History of *Staffordshire*, under the Town *Tutbury*.

155 ^c *Grave as, &c.*] For the History of *Pagan*, read *Mandelsa* and *Olearius's Travels*.

172 ^d *In military, &c.*] *Paris Garden*, in *Southwark*, took its Name from the Possessor.

231 *Though by, &c.*] *Promethean Fire*. *Prometheus* was the Son of *Iapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feigned, that having first formed Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that, having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucasus* with iron Chains, and that a *Vulture* should prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Astrologer, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that, among other Things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the Means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-beams in a Glass. *Bochart* will have *Magog*, in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in those Days, and much promoted by the great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatise *ex professo* on that Subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

267 *And' meng, &c.*] *Cossacks* are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for *Cosa* or *Kosa*, in the *Polish* Tongue, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboreur* and *Tbulenus*.

275 *And the', &c.*] This Custom of the *Huns* is described by *Ammianus Marcellinus*: *Hunni semicrudæ cujusvis pecoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua & equorum terga subsertam, calefacient brevi.* P. 686.



283 — *He spos'd in India,
Of noble House, a Lady gay.*

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that married a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most Travellers, that pass with Allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their Labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at Home.

343 *In MAGICK he was deeply read,
As be that made the Brazen-Head;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
As ENGLISH MERLIN for his Heart.*

Roger Bacon and *Merlin*; see *Collier's Dictionary*.

368 ^a *As JOAN, &c.]* Two notorious Women; the last was known here by the Name of *Mall Cutpurse*.

378 ^b *Than th' Amazonian, &c.]* Penthesile, Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Orithya*; she carried Succours to the *Trojans*, and, after having given noble Proofs of her Bravery, was killed by *Achilles*. *Pliny* saith, it was she that invented the Battle-Ax. If any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read *Mr. Sanxon*.

385 ^c *They wou'd not suffer the stout'ft Dame,
To swear by HERCULES's Name.)*

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castrum non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tum mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.*

393 ^d *As stout, &c.]* Two formidable Women at Arms, in Romances, that were cudgelled into Love by their Gallants.

395 ^e *Of GUNDIBERT, &c.]* *Gundibert* is a feigned Name, made use of by *Sir William d' Avenant*, in his famous Epick Poem, so called; wherein you may find also

that of his Mistress. This Poem was designed by the Author to be an Imitation of the *English Drama*; it being divided into five Books, as the other is into five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this Difference, that this is delivered Narratively, the other Dialoguewise. It was ushered into the World by a large Preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which one would have thought, might have proved a sufficient Defence and Protection against snarling Criticks. Not notwithstanding which, four eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several Copies of Verses to Sir William's Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second Edition of Gundibert in 8vo. Lond. 1653.* These Verses were as wittily answered by the Author, under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of Gundibert vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damocetas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding* printed in 8vo. Lond. 1665. Vid. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

496 ¹ *What Oestrum, &c.]* Oestrum is not only Greek Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes them run about as they were mad.

525 ¹ *Wore in their Hats, &c.]* Some few Days after the King had accused the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons, great Crowds of the Rabble came down to Westminster-Hall, with printed Copies of the Protestation, tied in their Hats like Favours.

526 ¹ *When 'twas resolv'd by either House
Six Members Quarrel to espouse.*

The six Members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pyn, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Hafferig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of Plotting with the Scot

Scots, and favouring the late Tumults ; but the House voted against the Arrest of their Persons or Papers ; whereupon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to demand them ; but they, having Notice, withdrew.

578 ^{" Make that, &c.]} Abusive or Insulting had been better, but our Knight believed the learned Language more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

650 ^{" And is indeed the self-same Case}
With theirs that swore t' Et cætera's.

The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that ushered in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight-Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing Canonical Obedience ; in which they enjoined their Brethren, out of the Abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with &c.

652 ^{° Or the French League, in which Men vow'd}
To fight to the last Drop of Blood.

The holy League in France, designed and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with Difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose ; for after the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all Sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend : And as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the Way of Reformation ; so did the French in the holy League, to fight to the last Drop of Blood.

N O T E S to Part I. Canto III.

134 ^p *First Trulla starv'd, &c.]* Starving and Tailing are Terms of Art used in the Bear-Garden, and signify there only the Parting of Dogs and Bears: Though they are used Metaphorically in several other Professions, for Moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

153 ^q *Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the Circumcised Brethren.*

Pryn, Bawwick, and Burton, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the godly Party, not long after maintained their Right and Title to the Pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs, who first of all took Possession of it in their Names.

328 ^r *That old, &c.]* *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Margenus* or *Macbres*, whom he succeeded, and lived 56 Years, whereof he reigned 47. *Dido*, his Sister, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient: She married *Sicbæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

925 ^s *And as the FRENCH we conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, &c.*

Pantaloons and *Port-Cannon*, were some of the fantastick Fashions, wherein we aped the *French*.

*At quisquis Insula satus Britannicus
Sic patriam insolens faftidet suam,
Ut more fimiæ laboret fingere,
Et emulari Gallicas inepias,
Et omni Gallo ergo bunc opinor ebrium;*

Ergo



*Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse ntititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Caput.*

Thomas More.

Gallus is a River in *Pbrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celene*, and discharging itself into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but largely drank, it makes Men frantic. *Pliny, Horatius.*

1123 A learned Divine, in King *James's* Time, wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

1166 ^a *Canonical Cravat, &c.*] *Smetymnus* was a Club of five Parliamentary Holders-forth; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves expressed, in that senseless and insignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into carnal Cravats. About the Beginning of the Long Parliament, in the Year 1641, these Five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their Names; being *Stephen Maribal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurflow*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smetymnians*. They are remarkable for another pious Book, which they wrote some Time after that, intitled, *The King's Cabinet unlocked*, wherein all the chaste and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that passed betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort, are, by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turned into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answered with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a deprived Clergyman, as theirs was stuffed with Malice, Spleen, and rascally Invectives.

1249 * *So Cardinals, they say, do grope
At t'other End the new-made Pope.*

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was *John VIII. Platina* saith she was of *Englyss* Extra but born at *Mentz*; who, having disguised herself *Man*, travelled with her Paramour to *Athens*, who made such Progress in Learning, that coming to she met with few that could equal her; so that, Death of Pope *Leo IV*, she was chosen to succeed but being got with Child by one of her Domestick Travel came upon her between the *Coloffian* Theat *St. Clement's*, as she was going to the *Lateran* Cl and she died upon the Plaee, having sat two Years Month; and four Days, and was buried there w any Pomp. He owns, that, for the Shame of thi Popes decline going through this Street to the *La* and that to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is in the *Porphyry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the yo Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpose he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in that he is a *Man*, and obnoxious to the *Necessit* Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1262 *To leave your Vitilitigation, &c.*

Vitilitigation is a Word the Knight was passionat Love with, and never failed to use it upon all Occa and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the Way argued too great a Neglect of his Learning and though it means no more than a perverse Humo Wrangling.

1373 * *Mere Disparata, &c.] Disparata* are T separate and unlike, from the *Latin* Word *Disparo*.

H U D I B R A S.

P A R T II.

The ARGUMENT of THE FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being cast illegally in Prison;
Love brings his Action on the Case,
And lays it upon HUDIBRAS.
How he receives the Lady's Visit,
And cunningly solicits his Sute,
Which she defers; yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted Hole.*

C A N T O I.

1 **B**UT now, to observe a Romantick Method,
Let bloody Steel a-while be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged Sounds
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,
5 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Stile,
To let our Reader breathe a-while:

In which that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by Way of Preface,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 10 That some Men's Fancies should ne'er change,
 But make all People do, and say,
 The same Things still the self-same Way?
 Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd,
 And Knights pursuing like a Whirlwind:
 15 Others make all their Knights, in Fits
 Of Jealousy, to lose their Wits;
 Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Caprices.
 Some always thrive in their Amours,
 20 By pulling Plasters off their Sores;
 As Cripples do to get an Alms,
 Just so do they, and win their Dames.
 Some force whole Regions, in despite
 O' Geography, to change their Site:
 25 Make former Times shake Hands with latter,
 And that which was before, come after.
 But those that write in Rhime, still make
 The one Verse for the other's Sake;
 For, one for Sense, and one for Rhime,
 30 I think's sufficient at one Time.
 But we forget in what sad Plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in Body,
 And conjur'd into safe Custody:
 35 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking Latin,
 As well as Baiting, and Bear-Baiting,
 And desperate of any Course,
 To free himself by Wit or Force,
 His only Solace was, that now
 40 His dog-bolt Fortune was so low.

That

That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend ;
In which he found th' Event, no leſs
Than other Times, beside his Gueſs.

- 45 There is a tall long-sided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin Chamæleon boards
Herself on Air, and eats her Words :
Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears
- 50 Like Hanging-Sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets lift,
Made good by deep Mythologift.
With these she through the Welkin flies,
And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes ;
- 55 With Letters hung like Eastern Pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest Regions ;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation ;
And by their publick Use to bring down
- 60 The Rate of Whetſtones in the Kingdom.
About her Neck a Pacquet-Male,
Fraught with Advice, ſome fresh, ſome stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monſters brought to Bed ;
- 65 Of Hail-Stones big as Pullet's Eggs,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs ;
A Blazing-Star ſeen in the West,
By fix or ſeven Men at leaſt :
Two Trumpets ſhe does found at once,
- 70 But both of clean contrary Tones ;
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well ;

75 And therefore vulgar Authors name
The one Good, the other Evil Fame.
 This tattling Gossip knew too well,
What Mischief H U D I B R A S. befell;
 And straight the spiteful Tidings bears.

80 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
DEMOCRITUS ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see Bawds carted through the Crowd,
Or Funerals with stately Pomp
March slowly on in solemn Dump,

85 As she laugh'd out, until her Back,
As well as Sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the Sight,
And visit the distressed Knight:
 To do the Office of a Neighbour,

90 And be a Gossip at his Labour:
And from his wooden Jayl, the Stocks,
To set at large his Fetter-Locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted Mansion.

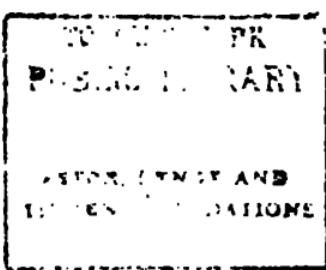
95 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood
And Usher, Implements abroad
Which Ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting Damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,

100 To find the Knight in Limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout Squire, in the Pound;
Both coupled in enchanted Tether,
By further Leg behind together:

105 For as he sat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful Dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either Side:



W. Hogarth. Inv. et Sculpsit.



And by him, in another Hole,
 Assisted RALPHO, Chock by Joul :
 She came upon him in his Wooden
 Magician's Circle, on the sudden,
 As Spirits do t' a Conjuror,
 When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a Fever,
 Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,
 To be seen by her in such a Place ;
 Which made him hang his Head, and scowl,

And wink, and goggle like an Owl :
 He felt his Brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him :
 This Place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
 And with Delinquent Spirits haunted,

That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd :
 Look, there are two of them appear,
 Like Persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts

For Spectres, Apparitions, Ghosts,
 With Saucer-Eyes, and Horns ; and some
 Have heard the Devil beat a Drum :
 But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,
 That give a wrong Account of Faces ;

That Beard and I should be acquainted,
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted ;
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if 't had lately been in Combat,
 It did belong to a worthy Knight,

Howe'er this Goblin is come by't.
 When HUDIBRAS the Lady heard,
 Discoursing thus upon his Beard,

And speak with such Respect and Honour,
Both of the Beard, and the Beard's Owner ;

145 He thought it best to set as good
A Face upon it, as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right ;
The Beard's th' identick Beard you knew,

150 The same numerically true :
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.
O Heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?
I do begin to fear 'tis you :

155 Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse,
That never spoke to Man or Beast
In Notions vulgarly express'd.
But what malignant Star, alas !

160 Has brought you both to this sad Pass ?
Quoth he, The Fortune of the War,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with Beard and Face
By you in such a homely Case.

165 Quoth she, Those need not be ashame'd
For being honourably maim'd ;
If he that is in Battle conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own Beard,
Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,

170 It does your Visage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd and lander'd,
And cut square by the Russian Standard.
A torn Beard's like a tatter'd Ensign,
That's bravest which there are most Rents in.

175 That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not so well become a Souldier's ;

PART II. CANTO I. 143

And I'm afraid they are worse handled;
 Although, i' th' Rear, your Beard the Van led:
 And those uneasy Bruises make
 10 My Heart for Company to ake,
 To see so worshipful a Friend
 I' th' Pillory set, at the wrong End.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, This Thing call'd Pain,
 Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
 15 Not bad simpliciter, nor good;
 But meerly as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign,
 As well in counterfeiting Pain
 As other gross Phænomena's,
 20 In which it oft mistakes the Case,
 But since th' immortal Intellect
 (That's free from Error and Defect,
 Whose Objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward Bruise or Maim,
 25 Which nought external can expose
 To gross material Bangs or Blows;
 It follows, we can ne'er be sure,
 Whether we Pain or not endure;
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,
 30 As by the Fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with Conceit,
 And dy'd of meer Opinion straight;
 Others, though wounded sore in Reason,
 Felt no Contusion, nor Discretion.

35 ^b A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
 That Mice (as Histories relate)
 Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
 His postick Parts, without his feeling:
 Then how is't possible a Kick
 40 Should e'er reach that Way to the Quick?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
 For one that's basted, to feel Pain,
 Because the Pangs his Bones endure,
 Contribute nothing to the Cure :

215 Yet Honour hurt is wopt to rage
 With Pain, no Med'cine can asswage.
 Quoth he, That Honour's very Squamish,
 That takes a Basting for a Blemish :
 For what's more hon'able than Scars,

220 Or Skin to Tatters rent in Wars ?
 Some have been beaten till they know
 What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' Blow ;
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
 A Shoe be Spanish or Neat's Leather ;

225 And yet have met, after long Running,
 With some whom they have taught that Cunning.
 The furthest Way about, t' o'ercome,
 In th' End does prove the nearest Home ;
 By Laws of learned Duellists,

230 They that are bruis'd with Wood or Fists,
 And think one Beating may for once
 Suffice, are Cowards and Poltroons :
 But if they dare engage t' a second,
 They're stout and gallant Fellows reckon'd.

235 Th' old Romans Freedom did bestow,
 Our Princes Worship, with a Blow :
 King PYRRHUS cur'd his splenetick
 And testy Courtiers with a Kick.
 The NEGUS, when some mighty Lord

240 Or Potentate's to be restor'd,
 And pardon'd for some great Offence,
 With which he's willing to dispence,
 First has him laid upon his Belly,
 Then beaten Back and Side, t' a Jelly ;

145 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives Thanks for the princely Blows ;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent Rib-Roasting.

The beaten Soldier proves most manful,

150 That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil ;
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his Valour's malleable :
 But he that fears a Bastinado,
 Will run away from his own Shadow :

155 And though I'm now in Durance fast,
 By our own Party basely cast,
 Ransom, Exchange, Parole refus'd,
 And worse than by the Enemy us'd ;
 In close ⁴ Catasta shut, past Hope

160 Of Wit or Valour to elope :
 As Beards, the nearer that they tend
 To th' Earth, still grow more reverend :
 And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,
 The lower we let down their Breeches :

165 I'll make this low dejected Fate
 Advance me to a greater Height.
 Quoth she, Y'have almost made me in Love
 With that which did my Pity move.
 Great Wits and Valours, like great States,

170 Do sometimes sink with their own Weights :
 Th' Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
 Like East and West, become the same :
 No Indian Prince has to his Palace
 More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

175 But if a Beating seem so brave,
 What Glories must a Whipping have ?
 Such great Atchievements cannot fail
 To cast Salt on a Woman's Tail :

For if I thought your nat'r'l Talent
 280 Of Passive Courage were so gallant,
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When *HUDIBRAS* this Language heard,
 He prick'd up's Ears, and strok'd his Beard:
 285 Thought he, this is the lucky Hour;
 Wines work, when Vines are in the Flow'r;
 This Crisis then I'll set my Rest on,
 And put her boldly to the Question.

Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,
 290 Shall be to all the World made out;
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what Spirit
 And Magnanimity I bear it;
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you:
 295 And if I fail in Love or Troth,
 Be you the Winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning Stagers
 Say, Fools for Arguments use Wagers;
 And though I prais'd your Valour, yet
 300 I did not mean to baulk your Wit;
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,
 And you b' Experiment have prov'd,
 I cannot Love where I'm Belov'd.

Quoth *HUDIBRAS*, 'Tis a Caprich
 Beyond th' Infliction of a Witch;
 So Cheats to play with those still aim,
 That do not understand the Game.
 Love in your Heart as idly burns
 310 As Fire in antique Roman Urns,
 To warm the Dead, and vainly light
 Those only that see nothing by't,

Have you not Power to entertain,
And render Love for Love again;

315 As no Man can draw in his Breath
At once, and force out Air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all Rivals else a Grutch?
What Fate can lay a greater Curse

320 Than you upon yourself would force?
For Wedlock without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key.
It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

325 For what does make it Ravishment,
But b'ing against the Mind's Consent?
A Rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a Woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us

330 To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own Fanatick Way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you, to do so too?

335 For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you;
And am by your own Doctrine taught
To practise what you call a Fault.
Quoth she, If what you say is true,

340 You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,
In Love and Preaching, that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my Pulse to move,

345 My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a Fit) to hickup:

Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's Power's too great to be withstood

350 By feeble humane Flesh and Blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The hec't'ring kill-cow HERCULES ;
Transform'd his Leager-Lion's Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him spin ;

355 Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors Gallants
To their own Sisters, and their Aunts ;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,

360 To play with Pages at Leap-Frog :
'Twas he that gave our Senate Purges,
And flux'd the House of many a Burges ;
Made those that represent the Nation
Submit, and suffer Amputation ;

365 And all the Grandees o' the Cabal
Adjourn to Tubs, at Spring and Fall.
He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane, and Little Sodom ;
Made 'em curvet, like Spanish Jenets,

370 And take the Ring at Madam —
'Twas he that made Saint FRANCIS do
More than the Devil could tempt him to,
In cold and frosty Weather grow
Enamour'd of a Wife of Snow ;

375 And though she were of rigid Temper,
With melting Flames accost, and tempt her ;
Which after in Enjoyment quenching,
He hung a Garland on his Engine.
Quoth she, If Love have these Effects,

380 Why is it not forbid our Sex ?

Why

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For Diabolical and Wicked?

And sung, as out of Tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?

5 I find, I've greater Reason for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, These sad Effects

Spring from your Heathenish Neglects
Of Love's great Pow'r, which he returns

10 Upon yourselves with equal Scorns ;
And those who worthy Lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous Appetite :
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet,

15 And from her Greatness stoop so low,
To be the Rival of a Cow :
Others to prostitute their great Hearts,
To be Baboons and Monkeys Sweet-hearts :
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow

20 By's Representative a Negro.
'Twas this made Vestal-Maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick :
Some by their Fathers, and their Brothers,
To be made Mistresses and Mothers.

25 'Tis this that proudest Dames enamours
Of Lackquies, and Valets des Chambres ;
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty Grooms ;
To slight the World, and to disparage

30 Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,
Yet fuch as I should rather bear,
Than trust Men with their Oaths, or prove
Their Faith and Secrecy in Love.

415 Says he, There is as weighty Reason
 For Secrecy in Love, as Treason.
 Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
 That at the Windore-Eye does steal in
 To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
 420 Steals out again a closer Way,
 Which whofoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
 Love is a Fire, that burns, and sparkles
 In Men, as nat'rally as in Charcoals,
 425 Which footy Chymists stop in Holes
 When out of Wood they extract Coles ;
 So Lovers should their Passions choak,
 That, tho' they burn, they may not smoak.
 'Tis like that sturdy Thief, that stole
 430 And dragg'd Beasts backwards into's Hole :
 So Love does Lovers ; and us Men
 Draws by the Tails into his Den ;
 That no Impression may discover,
 And trace, t' his Cave, the wary Lover.
 435 But if you doubt I should reveal
 What you entrust me under Seal,
 I'll prove myself as close, and virtuous,
 As your own Secretary & ALBERTUS.
 Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 440 In hiding what your Aims propose :
 Love-Passions are like Parables,
 By which Men still mean something else :
 Though Love be all the World's Pretence,
 Money's the Mythologick Sense,
 445 The real Substance of the Shadow,
 Which all address, and Courtship's made to.
 Thought he, I understand your Play,
 And how to quit you your own Way ;

PART II. CANTO I.

151

He that will win his Dame, must do
 o As Love does, when he bends his Bow :
 With one Hand thrust the Lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.
 I grant, quoth he, Wealth is a great
 Provocative to am'rous Heat :
 5 It is all Philters, and high Diet,
 That makes Love rampant, and to fly out ;
 'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
 That buds and blossoms at Fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
 o At their own Weapons, are out-done :
 That makes Knights Errant fall in Trances,
 And lay about 'em in Romances :
 'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
 That Men Divine and Sacred call :
 15 For what is Worth in any Thing,
 But so much Money as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but Riches is there known,
 Which Man can solely call his own ;
 In which, no Creature goes his half,
 70 Unless it be to ^h Squint and Laugh ?
 I do confess, with Goods and Land,
 I'd have a Wife at Second Hand ;
 And such you are : Nor is't your Person
 My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
 75 But 'tis (your better Part) your Riches,
 That my enamour'd Heart bewitches ;
 Let me your Fortune but possess,
 And settle your Person how you please,
 Or make it o'er in Trust to th' Devil,
 80 You'll find me reasonable and civil.
 Quoth she, I like this Plainness better
 Than false Mock-Passion, Speech, or Letter,

Or any Feat of Qualm or Sowning,
But Hanging of yourself, or Drowning :

485 Your only Way with me to break
Your Mind, is breaking of your Neck :
For as when Merchants break, o'erthowr
Like Nine-pins, they strike others down ;
So, that would break my Heart, which do.

490 My tempting Fortune is your own.
These are but Trifles : Ev'ry Lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater Matters undertake
For a less worthy Mistress' Sake :

495 Yet th' are the only Ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd Realities of Love ;
For he that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth HUDBRAS, This Way's too roug

500 For meer Experiment and Proof ;
It is no jesting, trivial Matter,
To swing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,
And, like a Water-Witch, try Love ;
That's to destroy, and not to prove :

505 As if a Man shoud be dissected,
To find what Part is disaffected.
Your better Way is to make over,
In Trust, your Fortune to your Lover :
Trust is a Trial ; if it break,

510 'Tis not so desp'rate as a Neck :
Beside, th' Experiment's more certain,
Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune :
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day
(Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay ;

515 Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves, in cheating Fools



PART II. CANTO I. 153.

And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain.

This is the Way I advise you to;

20 Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
Myself all th' Hazard, and you none,
Which must be done, unless some Deed
Of your's aforesaid do preceed;

25 Give but yourself one gentle Swing
For Trial, and I'll cut the String:
Or give that rev'rend Head a Maul,
Or two, or three, against a Wall,
To shew you are a Man of Mettle,

30 And I'll engage myself to settle.

Quoth he, My Head's not made of Brass,
As Friar ¹ BACON's Noddle was:
Nor (like the ¹ Indian's Skull) so tough,
That, Authors say, 'twas Musket-proof;

35 As yet on any new Adventure,
As it had need to be, to enter:
You see what Bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new Feats, be cur'd.
But if that's all you stand upon,

40 Here strike me Luck, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The Matter's not so far gone
As you suppose; Two Words t' a Bargain;
That may be done, and Time enough,
When you have given downright Proof;

45 And yet 'tis no fantastick Pique

I have to Love, nor coy Dislike:

'Tis no implicit, nice Aversion

T' your Conversation, Mein, or Person,
But a just Fear, lest you should prove

50 False, and perfidious in Love:

For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as adamantine,
As Chains of Destiny, I'll maintain :

555 True as APOLLO ever spoke,
Or ¹ Oracle from Heart of Oak ;
And if you'll give my Flame but Vent,
Now in close Hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,

560 With that one, and that other Pigsney,
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love, or you, shake off my Heart ;
The Sun, that shall no more dispence
His own, but your bright Influence :

565 I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
With True-Loves-Knots, and Flourishes ;
That shall infuse eternal Spring,
And everlasting Flourishing :
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,

570 And make it brisk Champaign become :
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot shall set
The Primrose and the Violet ;
All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odors

575 Nature her Charter shall renew,
And take all Lives of Things from you ;
The World depend upon your Eye,
And when you frown upon it, die :
Only our Loves shall still survive,

580 New Worlds, and Natures to out-live ;
And like to Heralds Moons, remain
All Crescents, without Change or Wane.
Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this
Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiss :

35 For you will find it a hard Chaptre,
 To catch me with Poetick Rapture,
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Doth shew itself, and not your Heart :
 Nor will you raise in mine Combustion,

40 By Dint of high Heroick Fustion :
 She that with Poetry is won,
 Is but a Desk to write upon ;
 And what Men say of her, they mean
 No more, than on the Thing they lean.

45 Some with Arabian Spices strive
 T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
 Or season her, as French Cooks use
 Their Haut-Goufts, Bouillies, or Ragoufts :
 Use her so barbarously ill,

50 To grind her Lips upon a Mill,
 Until the Facet Doublet doth
 Fit their Rhimes rather than her Mouth ;
 Her Mouth compar'd to an Oyster's, with
 A Row of Pearl in't, 'stead of Teeth.

55 Others make Posies of her Cheeks,
 Where red and whitest Colours mix ;
 In which the Lilly, and the Rose,
 For Indian Lake, and Ceruse goes.
 The Sun, and Moon, by her bright Eyes

60 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the Skies,
 Are but black Patches, that she wears,
 Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars :
 By which Astrologers as well,
 As those in Heav'n above, can tell

65 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-World below.
 Her Voice, the Musick of the Spheres,
 So loud, it deafens Mortals Ears ;

As wise Philosophers have thought ;
 620 And that's the Cause we hear it not.
 This has been done by some, who those,
 Th' ador'd in Rhime, would kick in Prose ;
 And in those Ribbons would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung :
 625 That have the hard Fate to write best
 Of those still that deserve it least ;
 It matters not how false, or forc'd,
 So the Best Things be said o' th' Worst ;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 630 Only the Arrow's drawn to th' Head,
 Whether it be a Swan or Goose
 They level at : So Shepherds use
 To set the same Mark off the Hip,
 Both of their sound and rotten Sheep :
 635 For Wits that carry low or wide,
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside
 The Mark, which else they ne'er come nigh
 But when they take their Aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should chuse
 640 This Way t' attack me with your Muse,
 As one cut out to pass your Tricks on,
 With Fulhams of Poetick Fiction :
 I rather hop'd I should no more
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting Score :
 645 For hard Dry-Bastings us'd to prove
 The readiest Remedies of Love,
 Next a Dry-Diet : But if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold Jail,
 In which they 're hamper'd by the Fetlock,
 650 Cannot but put y' in mind of Wedlock ;
 Wedlock, that's worse than any Hole here,
 If that may serve you for a Cooler,

PART II. CANTO I.

157

' allay your Mettle, all agog
pon a Wife, the heavier Clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler Fate,
That, for a bruis'd or broken Pate,
Has freed you from those Knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd Brow :
But if no Dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that Dragon, Marriage ;
Yet give me Quarter, and advance
To nobler Aims your Puissance :
Level at Beauty, and at Wit ;
The fairest Mark is easiest hit.

5 Quoth HUDIBRAS, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your Command :
For where does Beauty and high Wit
But in your Constellation meet ?
Quoth she, What does a Match imply,

70 But Likeness and Equality ?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' Yoke-Fellow of your Wit :
Nor take one of so mean Deserts,
To be the Partner of your Parts ;

675 A Grace, which if I could believe,
I've not the Conscience to receive.
That Conscience, quoth HUDIBRAS,
Is mis-inform'd ; I'll state the Case :
A Man may be a legal Doner

680 Of any thing, whereof he's Owner ;
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' Judgment of all Casuists :
Then Wit, and Parts, and Valour may
Be ali'ated, and made away,

685 By those that are Proprietors ;
As I may give, or sell my Horse.

Quoth she, I grant the Case is true,
 And proper, 'twixt your Horse and you;
 But whether I may take, as well
 690 As you may give away, or sell?
 Buyers you know are bid beware;
 And worse than Thieves Receivers are.
 How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
 For a Roan-Gelding, twelve Hands high,
 695 All spurr'd and switch'd, a Lock on's Hoof,
 A Sorrel Mane? Can I bring Proof,
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
 And in the open Market toll'd for? [for,
 Or should I take you for a Stray,
 700 You must be kept a Year and Day,
 (Ere I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
 And in the mean time I must pay
 For all your Provender and Hay.

705 Quoth he, It stands me much upon
 T' enervate this Objection,
 And prove myself, by Topick clear,
 No Gelding, as you would infer.
 Loss of Virility's averr'd
 710 To be the Cause of Loss of Beard,
 That does (like Embryo in the Womb)
 Abortive on the Chin become:
 This first a Woman did invent,
 In Envy of Man's Ornament,
 715 ¹ SEMIRAMIS of Babylon,
 Who first of all cut Men o' th' Stone,
 To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation
 Of Sow-geldering Operation:
 Look on this Beard, and tell me whether
 720 Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either?

Next



PART II. CANTO I. 15

Next it appears, I am no Horse ;
That I can argue and discourse ;
Have but two Legs, and ne'er a Tail.
Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;
25 For some ^m Philosophers, of late here,
Write, Men have Four Legs by Nature,
And that 'tis Custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but Two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
30 B' a Boy that lost himself in a Wood,
And ^o growing down t' a Man, was wont
With Wolves upon all Four to hunt.
As for your Reasons drawn from Tails,
We cannot say they're true, or false,
35 Till you explain yourself, and show
B' Experiment 'tis so or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join Issue on't,
I'll give you satisfactory Account ;
So you will promise, if you lose,
40 To settle all, and be my Spouse.
That never shall be done (quoth she)
To one that wants a Tail, by me :
For Tails by Nature sure were meant,
As well as Beards, for Ornament :
45 And though the Vulgar count them homely,
In Men or Beast they are so comely,
So Genteel, Almōde, and handsome,
I'll never marry Man that wants one ;
And till you can demonstrate plain,
50 You have one equal to your Mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a Horse,
E're I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of CAMBAY's daily Food
Is Asp, and Basilisk, and Toad ;

755 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,
 Each Night he stinks a Queen to Death;
 Yet I shall rather lie in's Arms
 Than your's, on any other Terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford,

760 I shall produce, upon my Word;
 And if she ever gave that Boon
 To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
 I mean, by postulate Illation,
 When you shall offer just Occasion:

765 But since y' have yet deny'd to give
 My Heart, your Pris'ner, a Reprieve,
 But made it sink down to my Heel,
 Let that at least your Pity feel;
 And for the Suff'rings of your Martyr,

770 Give its poor Entertainer Quarter;
 And by Discharge, or Main-Prize, grant
 Deliv'ry from this base Restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg
 Stuck in a Hole here like a Peg,

775 And if I knew which Way to do't
 (Your Honour safe) I'd let you out.
 That Dames by Jail-Delivery
 Of Errant Knights have been set free,

When by Enchantment they have been,

780 And sometimes for it too, laid in;
 Is that which Knights are bound to do
 By Order, Oath, and Honour too:
 For what are they renown'd, and famous else,
 But aiding of distressed Damofels?

785 But for a Lady, no ways Errant,
 To free a Knight, we have no Warrant
 In any authentical Romance,
 Or Classic Author yet of France;

And

And I'd be loth to have you break
90 An ancient Custom for a Freak,
Or Innovation introduce
In Place of Things of antique Use ;
To free your Heels by any Course,
That might b' unwholsome to your Spurs :
95 Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do ;
For 'tis a Service must be done ye,
With solemn previous Ceremony ;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
100 The Charms of those who here do lie :
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;
So from this Dungeon, there's no Way
105 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous School of Lashing,
Where Knights are kept in narrow Lists,
With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists ;
In which they for a while are Tenants,
110 And for their Ladies suffer Penance :
Whipping, that's Virtue's Governess,
Tutress of Arts and Sciences ;
That mends the gross Mistakes of Nature,
And puts new Life into dull Matter ;
115 That lays Foundation for Renown,
And all the Honours of the Gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with honourable Discharge :
Then in their Robes, the Penitentials
120 Are straight presented with Credentials,
And in their Way attended on
By Magistrates of ev'ry Town :

And

162. H U D I B R A S.

And all Respect and Charges paid,
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

825 Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,
To try the Toughness of your Back,
And suffer (as the rest have done)
The laying of a Whipping on ;
(And may you prosper in your Suit,

830 As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your Heels from Caperdewsie.
But since our Sex's Modesty
Will not allow I should be by,

835 Bring me, on Oath, a fair Account,
And Honour too, when you have done't ;
And I'll admit you to the Place,
You claim as due, in my good Grace.
If Matrimony and Hanging go

840 By Des'tny, why not Whipping too ?
What Med'cine else can cure the Fits
Of Lovers, when they lose their Wits ?
Love is a Boy by Poets stil'd,
Then spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.

845 A ⁿ Persian Emp'ror whip'd his Grannam
The Sea, his Mother VENUS came on ;
And hence some rev'rend Men approve
Of Rosemary in making Love.
As skilful Coopers hoop their Tubs

850 With Lydian, and with Phrygian Dubs ;
Why may not Whipping have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
With comely Movement, and by Art,
Raise Passion in a Lady's Heart ?

855 It is an easier Way to make
Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer Whipping,
Than swallow Toasts of Bits of Ribbin ?
Make wicked Verses, Treats, and Faces,
10 And spell Names over, with Beer-Glasses ?
Be under Vows to hang and die
Love's Sacrifice, and all a Lie ?
With China-Oranges, and Tarts,
And whining Plays, lay Baits for Hearts ?
55 Bribe Chamber-Maids with Love and Money,
To break no roguish Jests upon ye ?
For Lillies limn'd on Cheeks, and Roses,
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noses ?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
70 Do Penance in a Paper Lanthorn ?
All this you may compound for now,
By suffering what I offer you :
Which is no more than has been done
By Knights for Ladies long agone :
75 Did not the great LA MANCHA do so
For the INFANTA DEL TOBOSO ?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a Slave for Misle's Sake ?
And with Bull's Pizzle, for her Love,
80 Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove ?
Was not young FLORIO sent (to cool
His Flame for BIANCAFIORE) to School,
Where Pedant made his pathick Bum
For her Sake suffer Martyrdom ?
85 Did not a certain Lady whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordship ?
And though a Grandee of the House,
Claw'd him with fundamental Blows ;
Ty'd him stark naked to a Bed-Post,
90 And firk'd his Hide, as if sh' had rid Post ;

And

And after in the Sessions-Court,
 Where Whipping's judg'd, had Honour for't?
 This swear you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' enchanted Den,
 895 And the Magician's Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen (quoth she) then turn'd about,
 900 And bid her Squire let him out.
 But e're an Artist could be found
 To undo the Charms, another bound,
 The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
 Put down (some write) by Ladies Eyes:
 905 The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
 That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
 (Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,
 That's both her Lustre and her Shade)
 And in the Lanthorn of the Night,
 910 With shining Horns hung out her Light;
 For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
 Where all false Glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling Stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre,
 915 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
 By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
 His whipping Penance, till the Morn,
 Our Vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a Work
 920 Of such Importance in the Dark,
 With erring Haste, but rather stay,
 And do't in th' open Face of Day:
 And in the mean time, go in Quest
 Of next Retreat to take his Rest.

H U D I B R A S.

P A R T II.

The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden Fright
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty Pickle.*

C A N T O II.

1 **T**IS strange how some Men's Tempers suit
(Like Bawd and Brandy) with Dispute,
That for their own Opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast ;
5 That keep their Consciences in Cases,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases ;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument :

Make

Make True and False, Unjust and Just,
 10 Of no Use but to be discust ;
 Dispute and set a Paradox,
 Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,
 And stretch it more unmercifully, [TULLY.
 Than HELMONT, MONTAIGN, WHITE, or
 15 So th' ancient ⁿ Stoicks in their Porch,
 With fierce Dispute maintain'd their Church ;
 Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
 To prove that Virtue is a Body ;
 That ^o Bonum is an Animal,
 20 Made good with stout polemick Brawl :
 In which, some hundreds on the Place
 Were slain outright, and many a Face
 Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beard,
 To maintain what their Sect averr'd.
 25 All which the Knight and Squire in Wrath
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their Faith :
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the Sequel shall be shown.

The Sun had long since, in the Lap

30 Of THETIS, taken out his Nap,
 And like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
 From black to red began to turn :
 When HUDBRAS, whom Thoughts and Aking,
 'Twixt Sleeping kept, all Night, and Waking,
 35 Began to rub his drowsy Eyes,
 And from his Couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the Deed
 He vow'd to do, with trusty Speed.
 But first, with Knocking loud, and Bawling,
 40 He rouz'd the Squire, in Truckle lolling :
 And, after many Circumstances,
 Which vulgar Authors in Romances





Do use to spend their Time and Wits on,
 To make impertinent Description,
 5 They got (with much ado) to Horse,
 And to the Castle bent their Course,
 In which he to the Dame before
 To suffer Whipping duly swore :
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on a Work in Earnest,
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
 And with a serious Forehead plodding,
 Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said ;
 Whether it be direct infringing
 An Oath, if I should wave this Swingeing,
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
 And so b' Equivocation swear ;
 Or whether 't be a lesser Sin,
 To be forsworn, than act the Thing,
 Are deep and subtle Points, which must
 T' inform my Conscience, be discust ;
 In which to err a Tittle, may
 To Errors infinite make way :
 15 And therefore I desire to know
 Thy Judgment, e're we further go.
 Quoth RALPHO, Since you do injoin 't,
 I shall enlarge upon the Point ;
 And for my own Part, do not doubt
 70 Th' Affirmative may be made out.
 But first, to state the Case aright,
 For best Advantage of our Light ;
 And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a Sin
 To claw and curry your own Skin,
 75 Greater, or less, than to forbear,
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.

But first, o' th' first: The Inward Man,
 And Outward, like a Clan and Clan,
 Have always been at Daggers-Drawing,

80 And one another clapper-clawing :
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,
 But in a Spiritual Mystick Sense ;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
 In literal Fray, 's abominable :

85 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent Use
 With Pagans, and apostate Jews,
 To offer Sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their Idols :
 And mungrel Christians of our Times,

90 That expiate less with greater Crimes,
 And call the foul Abomination
 Contrition, and Mortification.
 Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
 With sinful Members of the Wicked ;

95 Our Vessels, that are Sanctify'd,
 Prophan'd and curry'd Back and Side ;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen Stripes, by their Example ;
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)

100 Is impious, because they did it ?
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous Sin. Now to the second,
 That Saints may claim a Dispensation
 To swear and forswear, on Occasion,

105 I doubt not, but it will appear
 With pregnant Light : The Point is clear.
 Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind ;
 Too feeble Implements to bind ;
 And hold with Deeds Proportion, so

110 As Shadows to a Substance do.

Then

PART II. CANTO II.

169.

Then when they strive for Place, 'tis fit
The weaker Vessel should submit :
Although your Church be opposite
To our's, as Black-Friars are to White,

15 In Rule and Order ; yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint ;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to :
But Saints, whom Oaths and Vows oblige,

20 Know little of their Privilege ;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some Self-Advantage of their own :
For if the Dev'l, to serve his Turn,
Can tell Truth, why the Saints should scorn,

25 When it serves their's, to swear and lye ;
I think there's little Reason why :
Else h' has a greater Pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to say.
We are not commanded to forbear

30 Indefinitely, at all to swear ;
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without Self-Interest or Gain :
For Breaking of an Oath and Lying
Is but a Kind of Self-denying,

35 A Saint-like Virtue, and from hence
Some have broke Oaths by Providence :
Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their Word :
And this the constant Rule and Practice

40 Of all our late Apostles Acts is.
Was not the Cause at first begun
With Perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But in due Time and Place they broke ?

170 .H U D I B R A S,

145 Did we not bring our Oaths in first,
Before our Plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter Models, for
The present Use of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the House,
150 Before they broke the Peace, break Vows?
For having freed us, first, from both
Th' Allegiance, and Supremacy Oath;
Did they not, next, compel the Nation,
To take, and break the Protestant?
55 To swear, and after to recant
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those, who first did frame it?
Did they not swear at first, to fight
60 For the KING's Safety, and his Right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with Horse and Foot;
But yet still had the Confidence
To swear, it was in his Defence?
65 Did they not swear to live and die
With ESSEX, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain Law,
70 In which that Swearing made a Flaw?
For Protestant Religion vow,
That did that Vowing disallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that Swearing made a Rent?
75 And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in Being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear in express Words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?

And

PART II. CANTO II.

171

And after turn'd out the whole House-full
 Of Peers, as dang'rous, and unuseful ?
 So CROMWELL with deep Oaths, and Vows,
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
 Vow'd that the Red-Coats would disband,
 Ay marry wou'd they, at their Command ;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of Door :
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That Oaths and Swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an Expedient :
 What was the Publick Faith found out for,
 But to slur Men of what they fought for ?
 The Publick Faith, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none ;
 And if that go for nothing, why
 Should Private Faith have such a Tye ?
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
 To keep the Good and Just in Awe,
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
 Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold.
 A Saint's of th' Heav'nly Realm a Peer ;
 And as no Peer is bound to swear,
 But on the Gospel of his Honour,
 Of which he may dispose, as Owner ;
 It follows, though the Thing be Forgery,
 And false, th' affirm, it is no Perjury,
 But a mere Ceremony, and a Breach
 Of nothing, but a Form of Speech ;
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,
 Than mere saluting of the Book.
 Suppose the Scriptures are of Force,
 They're but Commissions of Course,

And Saints have Freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please :

215 Or mis-interpret them by private
Instructions, to all Aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own Priviledge ?

Quakers (that, like to Lanthorns, bear
220 Their Light within 'em) will not swear ;
Their Gospel is an Accident,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no Sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's Head ;

225 (The Head and Founder of their Order,
That stirring Hats held worse than Murder.)
These thinking th' are obliged to Troth
In swearing, will not take an Oath ;
Like Mules, who, if th' have not their Will

230 To keep their own Pace, stand stock-still :
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born Consciences may do.
'Tis the Temptation of the Devil,
That makes all human Actions evil :

235 For Saints may do the same Things by
The Spirit, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's Instance do ;
And yet the Actions be contrary,

240 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on Land there is no Beast,
But in some Fish at Sea's express ;
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,
Of which the Saints have not a Spice ;

245 And yet that Thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a Sin.

PART II. CANTO II. 173

Is't not ridiculous, and Nonsense,
A Saint should be a Slave to Conscience?
That ought to be above such Fancies,
o As far as above Ordinances?
She's of the Wicked, as I guess,
B' her Looks, her Language, and her Dress:
And though, like Constables, we search,
For false Wares, one another's Church;
5 Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For Truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a Pearl for carnal, Swine.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, All this is true,
10 Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
Those Mysteries and Revelations;
And therefore Topical Evasions
Of subtle Turns and Shifts of Sence,
Serve best with th' Wicked for Pretence,
15 Such as the learned Jesuits use,
And Presbyterians for Excuse
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus: A Breach of Oath is Duple,
20 And either Way admits a Scruple,
And may be, ex parte of the Maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd Taker;
For he that strains too far a Vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow:
25 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, quatenus Oath,
As found t' all Purposes of Troth,
As broken Laws are ne'er the worse,
30 Nay, till th' are broken have no Force.



What's Justice to a Man, or Laws,
 That never comes within their Claws ?
 They have no Pow'r, but to admonish,
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,

285 Until they're broken, and then touch
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, no Engagement is allow'd
 By Men in Prison made, for good ;
 For when they're set at Liberty,

290 They're from th' Engagement too set free.
 The Rabbins write, when any Jew
 Did make to God, or Man, a Vow,
 Which afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard ;

295 Any three other Jews o' th' Nation
 Might free him from the Obligation :
 And have not two Saints Pow'r to use
 A greater Privilege than three Jews ?
 The Court of Conscience, which in Man-

300 Should be supreme and sovereign,
 Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty Court i' th' State,
 And have less Power than the lesser,
 To deal with Perjury at Pleasure ?

305 Have its Proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at Fancy of Py-Powder ?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing ex Officio ?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken Hedge,

310 And Pigs unring'd at Vif. Franc. Pledge ?
 Discover Thieves, and Bawds, Recusants,
 Priests, Witches, Eves-Droppers, and Nusance ;
 Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
 And who fill'd Pots of Ale but half-full ;

5 And have no Pow'r at all, nor Shift,
To help itself at a dead Lift ?
Why should not Conscience have Vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation ;
Have equal Power to adjourn,

6 Appoint Appearance and Return ;
And make as nice Distinction serve
To split a Case, as those that carve,
Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints ;
Why should not Tricks as slight, do Points ?

5 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn
To judge that Law that serves their Turn ?
Make their own Jealousies High-Treason,
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?
Cannot the learned Council there

6 Make Laws in any Shape appear ?
Mould 'em as Witches do their Clay,
When they make Pictures to destroy ?
And vex 'em into any Form
That fits their Purpose to do Harm ?

7 Rack 'em until they do confess,
Impeach of Treason, whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their Lives for them ?
And yet do nothing in their own Sense,

8 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience ?
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with Wrong and Right ;
And sell their Blasts of Wind as dear,
As Lapland Witches bottled Air ?

9 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe and Grudge,
The same Case sev'ral Ways adjudge ?
As Seamen, with the self-same Gale,
Will sev'ral diff'rent Courses sail.

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
 350 And overflows the level Grounds,
 Those Banks and Damms, that like a Screen
 Did keep it out, now keep it in :
 So when tyrannical Usurpation
 Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
 355 The Laws o' th' Land, that were intended
 To keep it out, are made defend it :
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry Man swear
 What makes best for him in his Answer ?
 Is not the winding up Witnesses
 - 360 And Nicking more than half the Bus'ness ?
 For Witnesses, like Watches, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;
 And where, in Conscience, they're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that Side is cast.
 365 Do not your Juries give their Verdict
 As if they felt the Cause, not heard it ?
 And as they please, make Matter of Fact
 Run all on one Side, as they're pack't ?
 Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores,
 370 To publish what he does within Dores,
 Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
 Unless his own rash Folly blab it.
 If Oaths can do a Man no Good
 In his own Bus'ness, why they shou'd
 375 In other Matters do him Hurt,
 I think there's little Reason for't.
 He that imposes an Oath, makes it ;
 Not he that for Convenience takes it :
 Then how can any Man be faid
 380 To break an Oath he never made ?
 These Reasons may perhaps look oddly
 To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly ;
 But

PART II. CANTO II.

17

But if they will not serve to clear
My Honour, I am ne'er the near.

5 Honour is like that glassy Bubble,
That finds Philosophers such Trouble,
Whose least Part crack'd, the Whole does fly,
And Wits are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth RALPH, Honour's but a Word

o To swear by, only in a Lord :
In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with, instead of Proof;
That like a Wen, looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else.

5 Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the World's Opinion still.
But as Men are not wise that run
The slightest Hazard, they may shun ;
There may a Medium be found out

o To clear to all the World the Doubt ;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By Proxy whipt, or Substitute.

Though nice and dark the Point appear,
(Quoth RALPH) it may hold up, and clear.

5 That Sinners may supply the Place
Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain Case.
Justice gives Sentence many Times
On one Man for another's Crimes.
Our Brethren of NEW ENGLAND use

o Choice Malefactors to excuse,
And hang the Guiltless in their Stead,
Of whom the Churches have less Need :
As lately't happen'd : In a Town
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,

5 That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
And mend Men's Lives, as well as Shoes.

This precious Brother having slain,
 In Times of Peace, an Indian,
 (Not out of Malice, but mere Zeal,
 420 Because he was an Infidel)
 The mighty TOTTIPOTTYMOY
 Sent to our Elders an Envoy ;
 Complaining sorely of the Breach
 Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,
 425 Against the Articles in Force
 Between both Churches, his and ours,
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his Hands, or hang th' Offender :
 But they maturely having weigh'd,
 430 They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to Teach, and Cobble)
 Resolv'd to spare him ; yet to do
 The Indian Hoghgan-Moghgan too
 435 Impartial Justice, in his Stead did
 Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
 And in your Room another whip'd ?
 For all Philosophers, but the Sceptick,
 440 Hold Whipping may be Sympathetick.
 It is enough, quoth HUDIBRAS,
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the Case ;
 And canst, in Conscience, not refuse,
 From thy own Doctrine, to raise Use :
 445 I know thou wilt not (for my Sake)
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy Back :
 Then strip thee of thy carnal Jerking,
 And give thy outward Fellow a Ferking :
 For when thy Vessel is new hoop'd,
 450 All Leaks of Sinning will be stop'd.

Quoth



PART II. CANTO II. 17

Quoth RALPHO, You mistake the Matter,
For in all Scruples of this Nature,
No Man includes himself, nor turns
The Point upon his own Concerns..

55 As no Man of his own self catches
The Itch, or amorous French Aches :
So no Man does himself convinice,
By his own Doctrine, of his Sins :
And though all cry down Self, none means

50 His own Self in a literal Sense :
Beside, it is not only Foppish,
But Vile, Idolatrous and Popish,
For one Man, out of his own Skin,
To frisk and whip another's Sin :

55 As Pedants out of School-Boys Breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain :
For we must take our Oaths upon it,

60 o You did the Deed, when I have done it.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, That's answer'd soon ;
Give us the Whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth RALPHO, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you :

5 For when with your Consent 'tis done,
The Act is really your own.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the Grain ;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to

65 o What they're averse themselves to do :
For when Disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis Interest still resolves the Doubt :
But since no Reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your Duty ;

485 For so it is, howe'er you mince it ;
 As, e're we part, I shall evince it ;
 And currie (if you stand out) whether
 You will or no, your stubborn Leather.
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy Part

490 I th' publick Work, base as thou art ?
 To higgle thus, for a few Blows,
 To gain thy Knight an opulent Spouse ;
 Whose Wealth his Bowels yearn to purchase,
 Merely for th' Interest of the Churches ?

495 And when he has it in his Claws,
 Will not be hide-bound to the Causē ;
 Nor shalt thou find him a Cormudgin,
 If thou dispatch it without grudging :
 If not, resolve before we go,

500 That you and I must pull a Crow.
 Y' had best (quoth RALPHO) as the Ancients
 Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main Chance,
 And look before you e're you leap ;
 For as you sow, y' are like to reap :
 505 And were y' as good as George a Green,
 I shall make bold to turn agen ;
 Nor am I doubtful of the Issue
 In a just Quarrel, and mine is so.
 Is't fitting for a Man of Honour

510 To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner ?
 A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's Office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave Trophies ?
 But I advise you (not for Fear,
 But for your own Sake) to forbear ;

515 And for the Churches, which may chance,
 From hence, to spring a Variance ;
 And raise among themselves new Scruples,
 Whom common Danger hardly couples.

PART II. CANTO II. 18

Remember how, in Arms and Politicks,

20 We still have worsted all your holy Tricks ;
 Trepann'd your Party with Intregue,
 And took your Grandees down a Peg ;
 New modell'd th' Army, and cashier'd
 All that to Legion SMEC adher'd ;

25 Made a mere Utensil o' your Church,
 And after left it in the Lurch ;
 A Scaffold to build up our own,
 And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,

30 And snapp'd their Cannons with a Why-not :
 (Grave Synod-Men, that were rever'd
 For solid Face, and Depth of Beard)
 Their Claffick Model prov'd a Maggot,
 Their Directory an Indian Pagod ;

35 And drown'd their Discipline like a Kitten,
 On which they'd been so long a fitting ;
 Decry'd it as a Holy Cheat,
 Grown out of Date, and obsolete,
 And all the Saints of the first Grafs,

40 As Castling Foals of Balaam's Ass.
 At this the Knight grew high in Chafe,
 And staring furiously on RALPH,
 He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,
 Like Ashes first, then red as Fire.

45 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,
 And for so many Moons lain by't ?
 And, when all other Means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale ?
 Not but they thought me worth a Ransome

50 Much more confid'able and handsome,
 But for their own Sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there ;

No

Now to be baffled by a Scoundrel,
 An upstart Sect'ry, and a Mungrel ;

555 Such as breed out of peccant Humours
 Of our own Church, like Wens, or Tumours,
 And like a Maggot in a Sore,
 Wou'd that, which gave it Life, devour ;
 It never shall be done or said :

560 With that he seiz'd upon his Blade ;
 And RALPHO too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his Basket-Hilt laid Hold,
 With equal Readines prepar'd
 To draw and stand upon his Guard :

565 When both were parted on the sudden,
 With hideous Clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all Sorts of Noise had been
 Contracted into one loud Din :
 Or that some Member to be chosen,

570 Had got the Odds above a Thousand ;
 And, by the Greatness of its Noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his Country's Choice.
 This strange Surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful Squire into a Fright ;

575 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal
 Impetuous Rancour to join Battel ;
 Both thought it was the wisest Course,
 To wave the Fight, and mount to Horse,
 And to secure, by swift Retreating,

580 Themselves from Danger of worse Beating.
 Yet neither of them wou'd disparage,
 By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their Ground,
 With Horror and Disdain wind-bound.

585 And now the Cause of all their Fear
 By slow Degrees approach'd so near,

They

PART II. CANTO II. 183

They might distinguish diff'rent Noise
 Of Horns, and Pans, and Dogs, and Boys,
 And Kettle-Drums, whose sullen Dub
 90 Sounds like the Hooping of a Tub.
 But when the Sight appear'd in View,
 They found it was an Antique Show ;
 A Triumph, that, for Pomp and State,
 Did proudest Romans emulate :
 95 For as the Aldermen of Rome
 Their Foes at Training overcome,
 And not enlarging Territory,
 (As some mistaken write in Story)
 Being mounted in their best Array,
 100 Upon a Carr, and who but they ?
 And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,
 That merry Ditties troll'd, and Ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our Town through the Burrough ;
 105 So when this Triumph drew so nigh,
 They might Particulars descry,
 They never saw two Things so pat,
 In all Respects, as this and that.
 First, He that led the Cavalcate,
 110 Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellate,
 On which he blew as strong a Levet,
 As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate ;
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge (three Ranks at once) like Sweads.
 115 Next Pans, and Kettles of all Keys,
 From Trebles down to double Base.
 And after them, upon a Nag,
 That might pass for a forehand Stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on his Staff
 120 A Smock display'd did proudly wave : .

Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffling broken-winded Tones,
 Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the Gut,

625 And make a wiler Noise than Swine
 In windy Weather, when they whine.
 Next one upon a Pair of Panniers,
 Full fraught with that, which for good Manners
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with Grains,

630 Which he dispens'd among the Swains,
 And busily upon the Crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then mounted on a horned Horse,
 One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,

635 Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword
 He held reverst, the Point turn'd downward:
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
 The Conqueror's Standard-Bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the Champion

640 A Petticoat display'd, and rampant :
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Befrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't
 Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
 The Warrior whilom overcome ;

645 Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
 Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.
 Before the Dame, and round about,

650 March'd Whifflers, and Staffiers on Foot,
 With Lackies, Grooms, Valets and Pages,
 In fit and proper Equipages ;
 Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,
 Before the proud Virago Minx,

15 That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like **NERO**'s **SPORUS**, or **Pope JOAN** ;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clamorous Shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
10 Put up their Weapons, and their Ire ;
And **HUDIBRAS**, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His Animadversions, for his Heart.

15 Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er saw so profane a Show ;
It is a Paganish Invention,
Which Heathen Writers often mention :
And he who made it, had read **GOODWIN**,

10 Or **Ross**, or **CÆLIUS RHODOGINE**,
With all the Grecian **SPEEDS** and **STOWS**,
That best describe those ancient Shows ;
And has observ'd all fit Decorums
We find describ'd by old Historians :

15 For as the Roman Conqueror,
That put an End to foreign War,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot ;
So this insulting Female Brave

10 Carries behind her here a Slave :
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
Hung out their Mantles Della Guerre,
So her proud Standard-Bearer here

5 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful Manner,
A Tyrian-Petticoat for Banner.
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor.

And

And as, in Antique Triumphs, Eggs
 690 Were born for mystical Intrigues;
 There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
 That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle;
 And still at random, as he goes,
 Among the Rabble-Rout bestows.
 695 Quoth RALPHO, You mistake the Matter;
 For all th' Antiquity you smatter,
 Is but a Riding, us'd of Course,
 When the Grey Mare's the better Horse:
 When o'er the Breeches greedy Women
 700 Fight to extend their vast Dominion;
 And in the Cause impatient Grizel
 Has drubb'd her Husband with Bull's Pizzle,
 And brought him under Covert-Baron,
 To turn her Vassal with a Murrain:
 705 When Wives their Sexes shift, like Hares,
 And ride their Husbands, like Night-Mares,
 And they in mortal Battle vanquish'd,
 Are of their Charter dis-enfranchis'd,
 And by the Right of War, like Gills,
 710 Condemn'd to Distaff, Horns, and Wheels:
 For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,
 Their Horns of Course are understood.
 Quoth HUDIBRAS, Thou still giv'st Sentence
 Impertinently, and against Sense:
 715 'Tis not the least Disparagement,
 To be defeated by th' Event,
 Nor to be beaten by main Force;
 That does not make a Man the worse,
 Although his Shoulders with Battoon
 720 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some Tune;
 A Taylor's 'Prentice has no hard
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true Yard:

But

PART II. CANTO II. 187

But to turn Tail, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day ;
Or to surrender e're th' Assault,
That's no Man's Fortune, but his Fault ;
And renders Men of Honour less
Than all th' Adversity of Success :
And only unto such this Shew
Of Horns and Petticoats is due.
There is a lesser Profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation :
For as Ovation was allow'd
For Conquest purchas'd without Blood ;
So Men decree those lesser Shows
For Vict'ry gotten without Blows,
By dint of sharp hard Words, which some
Give Battle with, and overcome ;
These mounted in a Chair-Curule,
Which Moderns call a Cuckling-Stool,
March proudly to the River's Side,
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride ;
Like Dukes of VENICE, who are said
The Adriatick Sea to wed ;
And have a gentler Wife than those
For whom the State decrees those Shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon, and Rome ;
And by the Saints should be withstood,
As Antichristian and Lewd ;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost Strugglings to prohibite.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rod
A Dog-Trot through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the Leader, and still prest,
Till they approach'd him, Breast to Breast :

The

Then HUDBRAS, with Face and Hand,
Made Signs for Silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's Proceffion
760 With Men of Orthodox Profeffion?
'Tis Ethnick and Idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned Beast aftride,
765 Like this proud Dame, who either is
A Type of her, or she of this?
Are Things of superstitious Function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel Sun-Shine?
It is an Antichristian Opera,
770 Much as'd in Midnight Times of Popery;
Of running after Self-Inventions
Of wicked and profane Intentions;
To scandalize that Sex, for Scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholding.
775 Women, who were our first Apostles,
Without whose Aid we had been lost else;
Women, that left no Stone unturn'd
In which the Cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their Children's Spoons and Whistles,
780 To purchase Swords, Carbines and Pistols;
Their Husbands Cullies, and Sweet-Hearts,
To take the Saints and Churches Parts;
Drew several gifted Brethren in,
That for the Bishops would have been,
785 And fix'd 'em constant to the Party,
With Motives powerful and hearty:
Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard Shifts
T' administer unto their Gifts
All they cou'd rap, and rend, and pilfer,
790 To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver;

Rubb'd

PART II. CANTO II. 189

Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding-forth for Parliament :
Pamper'd and edify'd their Zeal
With Marrow-Puddings many a Meal ;

5 Enabled them, with Store of Meat,
On controverted Points to eat ;
And cram'd 'em, till their Guts did ake,
With Cawdle, Custard, and Plum-Cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,

o That might advance the Cause at London ?
March'd Rank and File, with Drum and Ensign,
T' intrench the City for Defence in ?
Rais'd Rangiers with their own soft Hands,
To put the Enemy to Stands ;

5 From Ladies down to Oyster-Wenches
Labour'd like Pioneers in Trenches,
Fall'n to their Pick-Axes, and Tools,
And help'd the Men to dig like Moles ?
Have not the Handmaids of the City

o Chose of their Members a Committee,
For raisng of a Common Purse
Out of their Wages to raise Horse ?
And do they not as Triers sit,
To judge what Officers are fit ?

15 Have they — ? At that an Egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And, running down his Cheek, besmear'd,
With Orange-tawny Slime, his Beard ;
But Beard and Slime being of one Hue,

20 The Wound the less appear'd in View.
Then he that on the Panniers rode,
Let fly on th' other Side a Load ;
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In RALPH's Face another Volley.

825 The Knight was startled with the Smell,
And for his Sword began to feel :
And RALPHO, smother'd with the Stink,
Grasp'd his ; when one that bore a Link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,

830 Like Linstock, to the Horse's Touch-Hole ;
And straight another, with his Flambeau,
Gave RALPHO's o'er the Eye a damn'd Blow.
The Beasts began to kick, and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring :

835 Through which they quickly broke their Way,
And brought them off from further Fray :
And though disorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his Seat :
For quitting both their Swords and Reins,

840 They grasp'd with all their Strength the Manes,
And to avoid the Foe's Pursuit,
With spurring put their Cattle to't ;
And till all four were out of Wind
And Danger too, ne'er look'd behind.

845 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying
Their Spirits, spent with Fight and Flying,
And HUDIBRAS recruited Force
Of Lungs, for Action, or Discourse :
Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,

850 That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes :
For where no Honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd ;
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishonourable a Foe :

855 For though the Law of Arms doth bar
The Use of venom'd Shot in War ;
Yet by the nauseous Smell, and noisom,
Their Case-Shot favour strong of Poison ;

And

PART II. CANTO II. 191

And doubtless have been chew'd with Teeth
Of some that had a stinking Breath;
Else when we put it to the Push,
They had not giv'n us such a Brush:
But as those Poltroons that fling Durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;

5 So all the Honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave Retreat, without Pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped

o Much worse, to be in Triumph led;
Than which the Ancients held no State
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But if this bold Adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's Ear,

5 It may, being destin'd to assert
Her Sex's Honour, reach her Heart.
And as such homely Treats (they say)
Portend good Fortune, so this may.
" VESPASIAN being dawb'd with Durt,

o Was destin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavenger did come
To be a mighty Prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul Address
Presage in Love the same Success?

5 Then let us straight, to cleanse our Wounds,
Advance in Quest of nearest Ponds;
And after (as we first design'd)
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

H U D I B R A S.

P A R T II.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight, with various Doubts posseſſt,
To win the Lady goes in Quest
Of SIDROPHEL, the Rosy-Crucian,
To know the Deſtnies Resolution ;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop Logick,
About the Science Astrologick ;
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,
The Conjur'r's worſted by the Knight.*

C A N T O III.

D OUBTLESS the Pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat :
As Lookers-on feel most Delight,
That least perceive a Jugler's Slight ;
5 And still the leſs they understand,
The more th' admire his Slight of Hand.

Some

Some with a Noise, and greasy Light,
 Are snapt, as Men catch Larks by Night,
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
 As Nooses by the Legs catch Fowl.
 Some with a Med'cine, and Receipt,
 Are drawn to nibble at the Bait;
 And tho' it be a two-foot Trout,
 'Tis with a single Hair pull'd out.

Others believe no Voice t' an Organ
 So sweet as Lawyer's in his Bar-Gown;
 Until with subtle Cobweb-Cheats,
 Th' are catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets:
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their Purses can dispute,
 There's no End of th' immortal Suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The Cabinet-Designs of Fate;
 Apply to Wizards, to foresee
 What shall, and what shall never be;
 And, as those Vultures do forebode,
 Believe Events prove bad or good.
 A Flam more senseless than the Roguery
 Of old Aruspicy and Aug'ry,
 That out of Garbages of Cattle
 Presag'd th' Events of Truce, or Battle;
 From Flight of Birds, or Chickens pecking,
 Succes of great' Attempts would reckon:
 Though Cheats, yet more intelligible,
 Than those that with the Stars do fribble.
 This *HUDIBRAS* by Proof found true,
 As in due Time and Place we'll shew:
 For he with Beard and Face made clean,
 Being mounted on his Steed agen,

(And RALPHO got a cock-horse too
 Upon his Beast, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's House,
 To acquit himself, and pay his Vows;

45 When various Thoughts began to baffle,
 And with his inward Man to jumble.
 He thought what Danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue :
 Or if his Squire, or he should fail,

50 And not be punctual in their Tale ;
 It might at once the Ruin prove
 Both of his Honour, Faith, and Love,
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his Vow ;

55 And that he durst not now for Shame
 Appear in Court to try his Claim.
 This was the Pen'worth of his Thought,
 To pass Time, and uneasy Trot.
 Quoth he, In all my past Adventures,

60 I ne'er was set so on the Tenters ;
 Or taken tardy with Dilemma,
 That, ev'ry Way I turn, does hem me ;
 And, with inextricable Doubt,
 Besets my puzzled Wits about :

65 For tho' the Dame has been my Bail,
 To free me from enchanted Jail :
 Yet as a Dog, committed close
 For some Offence, by Chance breaks loose,
 And quits his Clog ; but all in vain,

70 He still draws after him his Chain :
 So though my Ankle she has quitted,
 My Heart continues still committed ;
 And like a bail'd and main-priz'd Lover,
 Altho' at large, I am bound over,

PART II. CANTO III. 195

And when I shall appear in Court,
To plead my Cause, and answer for't,
Unless the Judge do partial prove,
What will become of Me and Love?
For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in Circumstance miscarry;
Or if she put me to strict Proof,
And make me pull my Doublet off,
To shew, by evident Record
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word;
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her Favour?
But Faith, and Love, and Honour lost,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post.
Beside, that Stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by Argument;
And justify I have a Tail,
And that Way, too, my Proof may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
And solve the Problems of my Fate;
Or find by Necromantick Art,
How far the Dest'ries take my Part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,
I'd go no farther in this Courtship,
To hazard Soul, Estate, and Worship;
For though an Oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
'As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when Men swear in vain.

Quoth RALPH, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning Man, hight SIDROPHEL,
That deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;

To whom all People, far and near,
 110 On deep Importances repair ;
 When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,
 And Linnen slinks out of the Way ;
 When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,
 And Sows of sucking Pigs are chows'd ;
 115 When Cattle feel Indisposition,
 And need th' Opinion of Physician ;
 When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,
 And Chickens languish of the Pip ;
 When Yeast and outward Means do fail,
 120 And have no Pow'r to work on Ale ;
 When Butter does refuse to come,
 And Love proves cross and humoursome ;
 To him with Questions, and with Urine,
 They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

125 Quoth HUDBRAS, This SIDROPHEL
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the Saints have Freedom
 To go to Sorc'ers when they need 'em.
 Says RALPHO, There's no Doubt of that ;

130 Those Principles I quoted late,
 Prove that the Godly may alledge
 For any Thing their Priviledge ;
 And to the Dev'l himself may go,
 If they have Motives thereunto.

135 For, as there is a War between
 The Dev'l and them, it is no Sin,
 If they, by subtle Stratagem,
 Make use of him, as he does them.
 Has not this present Parliament

140 A ^w Ledger to the Devil sent,
 Fully impow'rd to treat about
 Finding revolted Witches out ?

PART II. CANTO III. 197

And has not he, within a Year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one Shire?

5 Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above Ground,
Whole Days and Nights, upon their Breeches,
And feeling Pain, were hang'd for Witches:
And some for putting knavish Tricks

o Upon Green Geese, and Turky-Chicks,
Or Pigs, that suddenly deceast
Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
Who after prov'd himself a Witch,
And made a Rod for his own Breech.

15 Did not the Devil appear to MARTIN
LUTHER in Germany, for certain;
And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,
But MARTIN was too politick?
Did he not help the * Dutch to purge

io At ANTWERP their Cathedral Church?
x Sing Catches to the Saints at MASCON,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
z Appear in divers Shapes to KELLY,
And speak i' th' Nun of LOUDON's Belly?

15 * Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At WOODSTOCK on a pers'nal Treaty?
b At SARUM take a Cavalier
I' th' Cause's Service Prisoner:
As WITHERS in immortal Rhime

10 Has register'd to After-Time?
Do not our great Reformers use
This SIDROPHEL to forebode News;
To write of Victories next Year,
And Castles taken yet i' th' Air?

15 Of Battles fought at Sea, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the last Eclipse?

A total Overthrow giv'n the King
 In Cornwall, Horse and Foot, next Spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold

180 Whats'e'er the close Committee would?
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause;
 The Moon for fundamental Laws;
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
 Against the Book of Common-Pray'r?

185 The Scorpion take the Protestation,
 And Bear engage for Reformation?
 Made all the Royal Stars recant,
 Compound and take the Covenant?

Quoth HUDBRAS, The Case is clear,

190 The Saints may 'mploy a Conjurer;
 As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice;
 No Argument like Matter of Fact is,
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's Principles, by what they do.

195 Then let us straight advance in Quest
 Of this profound Gymnosophist.
 And as the Fates, and he advise,
 Pursue, or wave this Enterprize.

This said, he turn'd about his Steed,

200 And eftsoons on th' Adventure rid;
 Where leave we him and RALPH a while,
 And to the Conjurer turn our Stile,
 To let our Reader understand
 What's useful of him, before-hand.

205 He had been long t'wards Mathematicks,
 Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
 Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
 And was old Dog at Physiology:
 But, as a Dog that turns the Spit,

210 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet

PART II. CANTO III. 199

To climb the Wheel, but all in vain ;
 His own Weight brings him down again ;
 And still he's in the self-same Place
 Where at his setting out he was :

5 So in the Circle of the Arts,
 Did he advance his nat'r al Parts ;
 Till falling back still, for Retreat,
 He fell to Juggle, Cant, and Cheat :
 For as those Fowls that live in Water

10 Are never wet, he did but smatter :
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His Understanding still was clear,
 Yet none a deeper Knowledge boasted,
 Since old HODG BAEON, and BOB GROSTED.

15 Th' Intelligible World he knew,
 And all, Men dream on't, to be true ;
 That in this World there's not a Wart
 That has not there a Counterpart ;
 Nor can there on the Face of Ground

20 An individual Beard be found,
 That has not, in that foreign Nation,
 A Fellow of the self-same Fashion ;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' Inferior World.

25 H' had read DEE's Prefaces before,
 The DEV'L, and EUCLID, o're and o're ;
 And all the Intrigues 'twixt him and KELLY,
 Lescus and th' EMPEROR, wou'd tell ye :
 But with the Moon was more familiar

30 Than e'er was Almanack Well-willer ;
 Her Secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there ;
 Knew when she was in the fittest Mood
 For cutting Coras, or Jetting Blood ;

245 When for anointing Scabs or Itches,
Or to the Bum applying Leeches ;
When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd,
And in what Sign best Cyder's made :
Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
250 Best to set Garlick, or sow Pease :
Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown ;
How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
Are in the Planetary Spheres ;
255 Their Airy Empire, and Command,
Their sev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land ;
What Factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, or what in private ;
With what Designs and Interests
260 Each Party manages Contests.
He made an Instrument to know
If the Moon shine at Full or no ;
That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonstrate ;
265 Tell what her D'meter t' an Inch is,
And prove that she's not made of Green-Cheese.
It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in
The Moon's a Sea Mediterranean ;
And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,
270 That stands behind him at his Breech,
But a huge Caspian Sea, or Lake
With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake ;
How large a Gulph his Tail composes,
And what a goodly Bay his Nose is ;
275 How many German Leagues by th' Scale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a Planetary Gin,
Which Rats would run their own Heads in,

PART II. CANTO III. 201

And came on Purpose to be taken,
 10 Without th' Expence of Cheese or Bacon:
 With Lute-Strings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat:
 Quote Moles and Spots on any Place
 O' th' Body, by the Index Face:
 15 Detect lost Maiden-Heads, by Sneezing,
 Or breaking Wind of Dames, or Piffing;
 Cure Warts and Corns, with Application
 Of Med'cines to th' Imagination;
 Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare
 20 With Rhimes the Tooth-Ach and Catarrh:
 Chace evil Spirits away by Dint
 Of Cickle, Horse-Shoe, Hollow-Flint;
 Spit Fire out of a Walnut-Shell,
 Which made the Roman Slaves rebel;
 25 And fire a Mine in China here,
 With Sympathetick Gun-Powder.
 He knew what's'er's to be known,
 But much more than he knew, would own:
 What Med'cine 'twas that PARACELSUS
 30 Could make a Man with, as he tells us:
 What figur'd Slates are best to make
 On watry Surface Duck or Drake;
 What Bowling-Stones, in running Race
 Upon a Board, have swiftest Pace:
 35 Whether a Pulse beat in the black
 List of a dappled Louse's Back;
 If Systole or Diaftole move
 Quickest when he's in Wrath, or Love;
 When two of them do run a Race,
 40 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace:
 How many Scores a Flea will jump,
 Of his own Length, from Head to Rump;

Which ^d SOCRATES and CHÆREPHON,
In vain, assay'd so long agon ;
315 Whether his Snout a perfect Nose is,
And not an Elephant's Proboscis ;
How many diff'rent Specieses
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeses ;
And which are next of Kin to those
320 Engender'd in a Chandler's Nose ;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in Vinegar and Wood.

A poultry Wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in Place of Zany serv'd,
325 Hight WHACHUM, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law ;
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
Wide as Meridians in Maps ;
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
330 Or cheat Men of their Words, some think.
From this, by merited Degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement rise ;
To be an Under-Conjuror,
Or Journeyman Astrologer :
335 His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own Keys unriddle,
To make them to themselves give Answers,
For which they pay the Necromancers ;
To fetch and carry Intelligence,
340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence ;
And all Discoveries disperse
Among th' whole Pack of Conjurors ;
What Cut-Purses have left with them,
For the right Owners to redeem :
345 And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themselves, and th' Art Repute :.

Draw

PART II. CANTO III. 20

Draw Figures, Schemes, and Horoscopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, Brokers Shops,
Of Thieves ascendant in the Cart ; . . .

50 And find out all by Rules of Art :
Which Way a Serving-Man, that's run
With Cloaths or Money away, is gone :
Who pick'd a Fob at Holding-forth,
And where a Watch, for half the Worth,

55 May be redeem'd ; or stolen Plate
Restor'd at consonable Rate.
Beside all this, he serv'd his Master
In Quality of Poetafter :
And Rhimes appropriate could make

60 To ev'ry Month i' th' Almanack ;
When Terms begin and end could tell,
With their Returns in Doggerel :
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts ;

65 When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will ;
When use, and when abstain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
And as in Prison mean Rogues beat

70 Hemp, for the Service of the Great ;
So WHACHUM beats his dirty Brains,
To advance his Master's Fame and Gains ;
And, like the Devil's Oracles,
Put into Dogg'rel Rhimes his Spells,

75 Which, over ev'ry Month's blank Page
I' th' Almanack, strange Bilks presage.
He would an Elegy compose
On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose ;
In Lyrick Numbers write an Ode on

His Mistress, eating a Black-Pudden : K 6

And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It pust him with poetick Rapture.
His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,

385 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,
Like ORPHEUS look'd among the Beasts ;
A Carman's Horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to Poetry ;
No Porter's Burthen pass'd along,

390 But serv'd for Burthen to his Song ;
Each Window like a Pill'ry appears,
With Heads thrust through, nail'd by the Ear
All Trades run in as to the Sight
Of Monsters, or their dear Delight

395 The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
Breeds Bus'nes for Heroick Verse,
Which none does hear but would have hu
T' have been the Theme of such a Song,
Those two together long had liv'd,

400 In Mansion prudently contriv'd ;
Where neither Tree nor House could bar
The free Detection of a Star ;
And nigh an ancient Obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by FISK,

405 On which was written, not in Words,
But Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The Worth of Astrologick Learning:
From Top of this there hung a Rope,

410 To which he fasten'd Telescope ;
The Spectacles with which the Stars
He reads in smalleſt Characters.
It happen'd as a Boy, one Night,
Did fly his Tarsel of a Kite ;





PART II. CANTO III. 26

15 The strangest long-wing'd Hawk that flies,
That, like a Bird of Paradise,
Or Herald's Martlet, has no Legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays Eggs;
His Train was six Yards long, milk-white,

20 At th' End of which there hung a Light,
Inclos'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
That far off like a Star did appear.
This SIDROPHEL by Chance espy'd,
And with Amazement staring wide,

25 Bless us! quoth he, what dreadful Wonder
Is that, appears in Heaven yonder?
A Comet, and without a Beard!
Or Star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the Scowl.

30 Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
With which, like Indian Plantations,
The Learned stock the Constellations;
Nor those that drawn for Signs have bin,
To th' Houses where the Planets inn.

35 It must be supernatural,
• Unless it be that Cannon-Ball
That, shot i' th' Air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious Height,
That learn'd Philosophers maintain,

40 It ne'er came backwards down again;
But, in the airy Region yet,
Hangs like the Body of MAHOMET:
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the Earth's round Bulk is made,

45 'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.
This said, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at Hand, in open View,

And rais'd it 'till it levell'd right
 450 Against the Glow-Worm Tail of Kite.
 Then peeping thro', Bleſſ us ! (quoth he)
 It is a Planet now I see ;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like Tobacco-Stopper,
 455 It should be Saturn : Yes, 'tis clear,
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there ?
 He's got between the Dragon's Tail,
 And farther Leg behind o' th' Whale :
 Pray Heav'n divert the fatal Omen,
 460 For 'tis a Prodigy not common ;
 And can no less than the World's End,
 Or Nature's Funeral portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' Perspective more wiffully,
 465 When by Mischance the fatal String,
 That kept the tow'ring Fowl on Wing,
 Breaking, down fell the Star : Well shot,
 Quoth WHACHUM, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it :
 470 But SIDROPHEL, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a Star fall ?
 It threatens Nature, and the Doom
 Will not be long before it come !
 475 When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
 The Day of Judgment's not far off :
 ' As lately 'twas reveal'd to SEDGWICK,
 And some of us find out by Magick.
 Then since the Time we have to live
 480 In this World's shorten'd, let us strive
 To make our best Advantage of it,
 And pay our Losses with our Profit.

PART II. CANTO III.

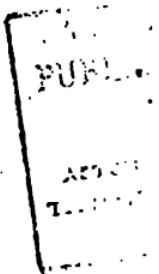
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This Feat fell out, not long before
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd Score,
 35 In Quest of SIDROPHEL advancing,
 Was now in Prospect of the Mansion :
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his Glass,
 And found far off, 'twas HUDIBRAS.

WHACHUM (quoth he) look yonder, some
 30 To try, or use our Art, are come :
 The one's the learned Knight ; seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about.
 WHACHUM advanc'd, with all Submiss'nes
 T' accost 'em, but much more their Bus'nes :
 35 He held a Stirrup while the Knight
 From Leathern Bare-Bones did alight ;
 And taking from his Hand the Bridle,
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle :
 He gave him first the Time o' th' Day,
 40 And welcom'd him, as he might say :
 He ask'd him whence he came, and whither
 Their Bus'nes lay ? Quoth RALPHO, hither.
 Did you not lose ?—Quoth RALPHO, nay ;
 Quoth WHACHUM, Sir, I meant your Way !
 45 Your Knight---Quoth RALPHO, is a Lover,
 And Pains intolerable doth suffer :
 For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
 Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth downwards.
 What Time ?---Quoth RALPHO, Sir, too long,
 50 Three Years it off and on has hung---
 Quoth he, I meant what Time o' the Day 'tis ;
 Quoth RALPHO, between Seven and Eight 'tis.
 Why then (quoth WHACHUM) my small Art
 Tells me, the Dame has a hard Heart,
 55 Or great Estate---Quoth RALPH, a Jointer,
 Which makes him have so hot a Mind e' her.

Mean while the Knight was making Water,
 Before he fell upon the Matter ;
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 520 To give him suitable Reception ;
 But kept his Bus'ness at a Bay,
 'Till WHACHUM put him in the Way ;
 Who having now, by RALPHO's Light,
 Expounded th' Errand of the Knight,
 525 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the Conjur'r's Ear,
 Which he prevented thus : What was't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these Gentlemen arriv'd ?
 530 Quoth WHACHUM, Venus you retriev'd,
 In Opposition with Mars,
 And no benigne friendly Stars
 T' allay the Effect. Quoth Wizard, So F
 In Virgo ? Ha ! quoth WHACHUM, No :
 535 Has Saturn nothing to do in it ?
 One Tenth of 's Circle to a Minute.
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse
 This Rudeness, I am fore'd to use,
 It is a Scheme and Face of Heaven,
 540 As th' Aspects are dispos'd this Even,
 I was contemplating upon,
 When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.
 Quoth HUDBRAS, If I appear
 Unseasonable in coming here
 545 At such a Time, to interrupt
 Your Speculations, which I hop'd
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.
 By no means, Sir, quoth SIDROPHEL,
 550 The Stars your Coming did foretel ;





I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your Bus'ness too.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er

5 You tell me after, on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd.

You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three Years has rid your Wit

o And Paffion, without drawing Bit :
And now your Bus'ness is to know
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, You're in the Right,
But how the Devil you come by't,

5 I can't imagine ; for the Stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a Horse ;
Nor can their Aspects (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Sheers ;

o That turns as certain as the Spheres :
But if the Devil's of your Counsel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
And 'tis on his Account I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.

5 Quoth SIDROPHEL, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' Alarm,
Your Bus'ness is but to inform ;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,

o You have a wrong Sow by the Ear ;
For I assure you, for my Part,
I only deal by Rules of Art ;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of Astrology :

210 H U D I B R A S.

585 But for the Devil, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,

I understand your Metonymy:

Your Words of second-hand Intention,

590 When Things by wrongful Names you mention,
The mystick Sense of all your Terms,
That are, indeed, but Magick Charms,
To raise the Devil, and mean one Thing,
And that is down-right Conjuring:

595 And in itself more warrantable,
Than Cheat, or Canting to a Rabble,
Or putting Tricks upon the Moon,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient Conjurers were wont.

600 To make her from her Sphere dismount,
And to their Incantations stoop;
They scorn'd to pore thro' Telescope,
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair Weather,

605 Which ev'ry Almanack can tell,
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well
As you yourself---Then, Friend, I doubt
You go the furthest Way about:
Your modern Indian Magician

610 Makes but a Hole in th' Earth to piss in,
And straight resolves all Questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosy-Crucian Way's more sure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;

615 Each of 'em has a sev'ral Gin,
To catch Intelligences in.
Some by the Nose with Fumes trepan 'em,
As DUNSTAN did the Devil's Grannum;

Others,

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Others, with Characters and Words,
 620 Catch 'em, as Men in Nets do Birds;
 And some with Symbols, Signs, and Tricks,
 Engrav'd with Planetary Nicks,
 With their own Influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their Orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
 625 Make 'em depose and answer to
 All Questions; e're they let them go.
¹ BUMBASTUS kept a Devil's Bird
 Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
 That taught him all the cunning Pranks
 630 Of past and future Mountebanks.
 KELLY did all his Feats upon
 The Devil's Looking-Glass, a Stone;
 Where playing with him at Bo-peep,
 He solv'd all Problems ne'er so deep.
 635 ¹ AGRIPPA kept a Stygian Pug,
 I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog,
 That was his Tutor, and the Cur
 Read to th' occult Philosopher,
 And taught him subt'lly to maintain
 640 All other Sciences are vain.
 To this, quoth SIDROPHELLO, Sir,
 AGRIPPA was no Conjurer,
 Nor PARACELsus, no nor BEHMEN;
 Nor was the Dog a Cacodæmon,
 645 But a true Dog that would shew Tricks
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civik
 Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil;
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 650 He went the self-same Way we go.
 As for the Rosy-Crois Philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but Sorcerers,

What

What they pretend to, is no more
Than TRISMEGISTUS did before,

655. PYTHAGORAS, old ZOROASTER,
And APOLLONIUS their Master:

To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth HU DIBRAS, Alas! what is't t' us,

660 Whether 'twas said by TRISMEGISTUS,
If it be Nonsense, false, or mystick,
Or not intelligible, or sophistick?
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's Daughter:

665 'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it:
And as he eats his Sons, just so.
He feeds upon his Daughters too:

Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald:

670 Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,
To be descended of a Race
Of ancient Kings, in a small Space;
That we should all Opinions hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

675 Quoth SIBROPHEL, It is no Part
Of Prudence, to cry down an Art;
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why.

(As ^k AVERRHOIS play'd but a mean Trick,

680 To damn our whole Art for Eccentrick)
For who knows all that Knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains,
But on their Sides, or Risings seat;
So 'tis with Knowledge's vast Height.

685 Do not the Hist'ries of all Ages
Relate miraculous Presages

PART II. CANTO III. 213

Of strange Turns in the World's Affairs,
 Foreseen b' Astrologers, Soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
 690 And some that have writ Almanacks ?
¹ The MEDIAN Emp'rор dreamt his Daughter
 Had pist all ASIA under Water,
 And that a Vine, sprung from her Haunches,
 O'erspread his Empire with its Branches :
 695 And did not Soothsayers expound it,
 As after by th' Event he found it ?
^m When CÆSAR in the Senate fell,
 Did not the Sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in Resentment of his Slaughter,
 700 Look'd pale for almost a Year after ?
ⁿ AUGUSTUS, having b' Oversight
 Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that Day,
 By Soldiers mutin'ing for Pay.
 705 Are there not Myriads of this Sort,
 Which Stories of all Times report ?
 Is it not ominous in all Countries,
 When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees ?
^o The Roman Senate, when within
 710 The City Walls an Owl was seen,
 Did cause their Clergy, with Lustrations,
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations)
 The round-fac'd Prodigy t' avert
 From doing Town or Country Hurt :
 715 And if an Owl have so much Pow'r,
 Why should not Planets have much more ?
 That in a Region far above
 Inferior Fowls of the Air move,
 And should see further, and foreknow
 720 More than their Augury below ?

Thought

Though that once serv'd the Polity
 Of mighty States to govern by ;
 And this is what we take in Hand
 By pow'rful Art to understand :

725 Which how we have perform'd, all Ages
 Can speak th' Events of our Presages.
 Have we not lately, in the Moon,
 Found a New World, to th' Old unknown ?
 Discover'd Sea and Land, COLUMBUS

730 And MAGELLAN cou'd never compass ?
 Made Mountains with our Tubes appear,
 And Cattle grazing on 'em there ?
 Quoth HUDIBRAS, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a Telescope,

735 Can find your Tricks out, and descry,
 Where you tell Truth, and where you Lye :
 For ^PANAXAGORAS, long agon,
 Saw Hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon ;
 And held the Sun was but a Piece

740 Of red-hot Ir'n, as big as Greece ;
 Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of Stone,
 Because the Sun had voided one ;
 And, rather than he would recant,
 Th' Opinion, suffer'd Banishment.

745 But what, alas ! is it to us,
 Whether i' th' Moon Men thus or thus
 Do eat their Porridge, cut their Corns,
 Or whether they have Tails or Horns ?
 What Trade from thence can you advance,

750 But what we nearer have from France ?
 What can our Travellers bring Home,
 That is not to be learnt at Rome ?
 What Politicks, or strange Opinions,
 That are not in our own Dominions ?

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155 What Science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our native Regions?
Are Sweating-Lanthorns, or Screen-Fans,
60 Made better there, than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' Guittar there a newer Way?
Can they make Plays there, that shall fit
The publick Humour, with less Wit?
65 Write witty Dances, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious Blows?
Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger Perriwig,
Shew in his Gait, or Face, more Tricks
70 Than our own Native Lunaticks?
But if w' out-do him here at Home,
What Good of your Design can come?
As Wind i' th' Hypocondres pent,
Is but a Blast if downward sent;
75 But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their just and useful End,
Although they promise strange and great
80 Discoveries of Things far fet,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,
And favour strongly of the Ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'r'l Cause,
Why on a Sign no Painter draws
85 The Full-Moon ever, but the Half;
Resolve that with your JACOB's Staff;
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
And Dogs howl when she shines in Water;

And

And I shall freely give my Vote,
790 You may know something more remote?
At this deep SIDROPHEL look'd wise,
And staring round with Owl-like Eyes,
He put his Face into a Posture
Of Sapience, and began to bluster:
795 For having three Times shook his Head
To stir his Wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next Ignorance, but Owls and Geese;
Those consecrated Geese in Orders,
800 That to the Capitol were Warders;
And being then upon Patrol,
With Noise alone beat off the Gaul:
Or those Athenian Sceptick Owls,
That will not credit their own Souls;
805 Or any Science understand,
Beyond the Reach of Eye or Hand:
But meas'ring all Things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Those wholesale Criticks, that in Coffee-
810 Houses cry down all Philosophy,
And will not know upon what Ground
In Nature, we our Doctrine found,
Altho' with pregnant Evidence
We can demonstrate it to Sense,
815 As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the Stars only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finders
820 And Lovers solacing behind Doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of Matrimony under Hedges?

Or Witches simpling, and on Gibbets
 Cutting from Malefactors Snippets ?

5 Or from the Pillory Tips of Ears
 Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers ?
 Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said, or done ?
 Is there a Constellation there,

10 That was not born, and bred up here ?
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior Concern.
 Were they not, during all their Lives,
 Most of 'em Pyrates, Whores, and Thieves,

15 And is it like they have not still
 In their old Practices some Skill ?
 Is there a Planet that by Birth
 Does not derive its House from Earth ;
 And therefore probably must know -

o What is, and hath been done below :
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram ?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make BERENICE's Periwig ?

5 Whose Liv'ry does the Coachman wear ?
 Or who made Cassiopeia's Chair ?
 And therefore, as they came from hence,
 With us may hold Intelligence.
 PLATO deny'd, the World can be

o Govern'd without Geometree,
 (For Money b'ing the common Scale
 Of Things by Measure, Weight, and Tale ;
 In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
 'Tis both the Balance and the Weight :)

5 Then much less can it be without
 Divine Astrology made out ;

L

That

That puts the other down in Worth,
As far as Heav'n's above the Earth.
These Reasons (quoth the Knight) I gran

860 Are something more significant
Than any that the Learned use
Upon this Subject to produce ;
And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish, and keep up your Factory.

865 ¹ Th' Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting, and his Rise :
Twice has he risen in the West,
As many times set in the East ;
But whether that be true, or no,

870 The Dev'l any of you know.
² Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,
And kept by Circulation up ;
And, were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground :

875 As sage EMPEDOCLES of old,
And from him modern Authors hold,
³ PLATO believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.

Some MERCURY, some VENUS seat

880 Above the Sun himself in Height.
⁴ The learned SCALIGER complain'd
'Gainst what COPERNICUS maintain'd,
That, in twelve hundred Years and odd,
The Sun left its ancient Road,

885 And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand Miles from home :
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame
To vent such Fopperies abroad,

890 Deferv'd to have his Rump well claw'd :

Wh

PART II. CANTO III. 219

Which Monsieur BODIN hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the Rod much more,
That durst upon a Truth give doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.

25 *CARDAN believ'd, great States depend
Upon the Tip o' th' Bear's Tail's End ;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty Empires up and down :
Which others say must needs be false,
30 Because you true Bears have no Tails.
Some say the Zodiack Constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above a Sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram :
35 Affirm the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,
The Watry with the Fiery rang'd :
Then how can their Effects still hold
To be the same they were of old ?
This, though the Art were true, would make
40 Our modern Soothsayers mistake :
And in one Cause they tell more Lyes,
In Figures and Nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers,
In so many hundred thousand Years ;
5 Beside their Nonsense in translating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englisch
The Quarter-Days by skilful Linguist :
And yet with Canting, Sleight, and Cheat,
55 'Twill serve their Turn to do their Feat :
Make Fools believe in their foreseeing
Of Things before they are in Being ;
To swallow Gudgeons e're th' are catch'd ;
And count their Chickens, e're th' are hatch'd ;

925 Make them the Constellations prompt,
 And give 'em back their own Accomp' ;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best Price for't, or best believes.
 Some Towns, and Cities, some for Brevity

930 Have cast the versal World's Nativity ;
 And make the Infant-Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden Fates
 Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats :
 935 Some Running-Nags, and Fighting-Cocks,
 Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox
 Some take a Measure of the Lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives ;
 Make Opposition, Trine and Quartile,
 940 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;
 As if the Planet's first Aspect
 The tender Infant did infect
 In Soul and Body, and instill
 All future Good, and future Ill :
 945 Which, in their dark Fatalities lurking,
 At destin'd Periods fall a working ;
 And break out, like the hidden Seeds
 Of long Diseases, into Deeds,
 In Friendships, Enmities, and Strife,

950 And all th' Emergencies of Life :
 No sooner does he peep into
 The World, but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick
 That cures or kills a Man that's sick ;
 955 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a Star
 Between a Man of Peace and War ;

PART II. CANTO III. 221

A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,
60 A huffing Officer, and a Slave ;
A crafty Lawyer, and a Pickpocket,
A great Philosopher, and a Blockhead ;
A formal Preacher, and a Player,
A learn'd Physician, and Manslayer.

65 As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old Age, Diseases, and Ill-luck,
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice ;
And draw, with the first Air they breathe,

70 Battle, and Murder, sudden Death.
Are not these fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here amongst the Rabble,
For staple Goods and warrantable ?

75 * Like Money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other World to be restor'd ?
Quoth SIDROPHEL, to let you know
You wrong the Art, and Artists too,
Since Arguments are lost on those

80 That do our Principles oppose ;
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonstrate to your Sense once more,
And draw a Figure that shall tell you,
What you perhaps forget befel you,

85 By way of Horary Inspection,
Which some account our worst Erection.
With that he Circles draws, and Squares,
With Cyphers, Astral Characters :
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,

90 Although set down Hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, this Scheme of th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in Fight you met

At Kingston with a May-pole Idol,
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side
 995 And though you overcame the Bear, [well,
 The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
 Where sturdy Butchers broke your Noddle,
 And handled you like a Fop-Doodle.

Quoth HUDBRAS, I now perceive
 1000 You are no Conjurer, by your Leave:
 That y'aultry Story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm, make appear;
 1005 WHACHUM shall justifyt t' your Face,
 And prove he was upon the Place:
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's Part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchmen by my Art;
 He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
 1010 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a Blockhead,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' Houfe.

Quoth HUDBRAS, I do believe
 That Argument's demonstrative;
 1015 RALPHO, bear Witness, and go fetch us
 A Constable to seize the Wretches:
 For though th' are both false Knaves and
 Impostors, Jugglers, Counterfeits, [Cheats,
 I'll make them serve for Perpendiculars,
 1020 As true as e'er were us'd by Bricklayers.
 They're guilty by their own Confessions
 Of Felony, and at the Sessions
 Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,
 That the ² Vibration of this Pendulum
 1025 Shall make all Taylors Yards of one
 Unanimous Opinion:

A Thing

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PART II. CANTO III. 223

A Thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by Proof.

Quoth SIDROPHEL, I do not doubt
 30 To find Friends that will bear me out :
 Nor have I hazarded my Art,
 And Neck, so long on the State's Part,
 To be expos'd i' th' End to suffer
 By such a Braggadocio Huffer.

35 Huffer, quoth HUDIBRAS, this Sword
 Shall down thy false Throat cram that Word.
 RALPHO, make Haste, and call an Officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian Sophister :
 Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
 40 Lest he and WHACHUM run away.

But SIDROPHEL, who, from the Aspect
 Of HUDIBRAS, did now erect
 A Figure worse portenting far,
 Than that of a malignant Star,
 45 Believ'd it now the fittest Moment,
 To shun the Danger that might come on't,
 While HUDIBRAS was all alone,
 And he and WHACHUM, two to one :
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd by Chance
 50 Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
 That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,
 And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd ;
 He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass,
 To make his Way through HUDIBRAS.

55 WHACHUM had got a Fire Fork,
 With which he vow'd to do his Work.
 But HUDIBRAS was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his Guard :
 He put by SIDROPHELLO's Thrust,
 60 And in right manfully he rusl'd ;

The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.

WHACHUM his Sea-Coal Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his Back to fly;

1065 But HUDIBRAS gave him a Twitch
As quick as Light'ning in the Breech;
Just in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,
As wise Philosophers have judg'd,
Because a Kick, in that Place, more
1070 Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, the Stars determine
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know, foretell?

1075 By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Dispose,
To be redeem'd by Fine or Blows:
But who his Honour wou'd defile,
1080 To take, or sell, two Lives so vile?
I'll give you Quarter; but your Pillage,
The conq'ring Warrior's Crop and Tillage,
Which with his Sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the Law of Arms allows.

1085 This said in Haste, in Haste he fell
To rummaging of SIDROPHEL;
First, he expounded both his Pockets,
And found a Watch, with Rings and Locket
Which had been left with him t'ereft

1090 A Figure for, and so detect;
A Copper-Plate, with Almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,
Of BOOKER's, LILLY's, SARAH JIMMER:
And Blank-Schemes, to discover Nimmers;

A Moo

PART II. CANTO III. 225

5 A Moon-Dial, with Napier's Bones,
And sev'ral Constellation-Stones,
Engrav'd in Planetary Hours,
That over Mortals had strange Powers
To make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,
10 And stab or poison to evade ;
In Wit or Wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in Love.
WHACHUM had neither Cross nor Pile,
His Plunder was not worth the while ;
15 All which the Conqu'ror did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But SIDROPHEL, as full of Tricks
As Rota-men of Politicks,
Streight cast about to over-reach
20 Th' unwary Conq'ror with a Fetch,
And make him glad at least to quit
His Victory, and fly the Pit,
* Before the secular Prince of Darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass :
25 And as a Fox with hot Pursuit,
Chac'd thro' a Warren, casts about
To save his Credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung :
And, while the Dogs run underneath,
30 Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning ; but a Train
Of Atoms justling in his Brain,
As learn'd Philosophers give out :
So SIDROPHELLO cast about,
35 And fell to's wonted Trade again,
To feign himself in Earnest slain :
First stretch'd out one Leg, then another,
And seeming in his Breath to smother

3130 A broken Sigh ; quoth he, where am I,
 Alive, or dead ; or which way came I
 Through so immense a Space so soon ?
 But now I thought myself in th' Moon ;
 And that a Monster, with huge Whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's.

3135 My Body through and through had drill'd,
 And WHACHUM by my Side had kill'd,
 Had cross-examin'd both our Hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,

3140 And feel the Place I am run through :
 And there lies WHACHUM by my Side
 Stone dead, and in his own Blood dy'd :
 Oh ! Oh ! with that he fetch'd a Groan,
 And fell again into a Swoon,

3145 Shut both his Eyes, and stop'd his Breath,
 And, to the Life, out-acted Death ;
 That HUDBRAS, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as Herring.
 He held it now no longer safe,

3150 To tarry the Return of RALPH,
 But rather leave him in the Lurch :
 Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
 Refus'd to give himself one Firk
 To carry on the Publick Work :

3155 Despis'd our Synod-Men, like Dirt,
 And made their Discipline his Sport ;
 Divulg'd the Secrets of their Classes,
 And their Conventions prov'd high Places ;
 Disparag'd their Tythe-Pigs, as Pagan,

3160 And set at nought their Cheese and Bacon ;
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend Parsons, to my Beard :

For all which Scandals, to be quit
 At once, this Juncture falls out fit.

65 I'll make him henceforth to beware,
 And tempt my Fury, if he dare:
 He must at least hold up his Hand,
 By twelve Freeholders to be scann'd;
 Who, by their Skill in Palinitry,

70 Will quickly read his Destiny;
 And make him glad to read his Lesson,
 Or take a Turn for' at the Session:
 Unless his Light and Gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sur.;

75 For, if he shape with Whipping now,
 'Tis more than he can hope to do:
 And that will disengage my Conscience
 Of th' Obligation, in his own Sense:
 I'll make him now by Force abide

80 What he by gentle Means deny'd,
 To give my Honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in th' Action.
 This being resolv'd, th' equal and
 And Conduct he approach'd his Steed,

85 And with Activity unwont,
 Assay'd the lofty Beast to mount;
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his Palfry,
 To get from th' Enemy, and RALPH free:
 Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,

90 And beat, at least three Lengths, the Wind.

T H E

NOTES to Part II. Canto I.

^a **B**UT now ^a to observe, &c.] The Beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on Purpose in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneids* in the very same Manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to satisfy the Curiosity of those, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be mea-
sur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

^b 205 *A Saxon Duke*, &c.] This History of the Duke of *Saxony* is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop, his Countryman, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

^c 237 *King Pyrrhus*, &c.] *Pyrrhus*. King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur*. L. 7. C. 11.

^d 259 *In close* ^d *Catasta* *but*, &c.] *Catasta* is but a Pair of Stocks in *English*. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar Word (especially of pauly Signification) and therefore some of our modern Authors are fain to import foreign Werds from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

^e 371 * The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints were of the same Sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry; and as in the one they rendered the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lyes, and sottish Way of describing them; so they have abused the Piety of some very devout Persons, by *imposing*

PART II. CANTO I. 229

imposing such Stories upon them, as this upon Saint Francis.

393 *This made the beauteous ^f Queen, &c.]* The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough; only this may be observed, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to father it; as appears by the Name, perhaps, because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

438 *As your own Secretary, &c.] Albertus Magnus* was a Swedish Bishop, who wrote a very learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum.*

470 *Unless it be to ^h squint, &c.]* Pliny in his *Natural History* affirms, that *Uni animalium hominum oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pætorum.* Lib. 2.

532 *As Friar ⁱ Bacon's Noddle was, &c.]* The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known; and, considering the Times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great Philosopher of his Name has delivered up of a Ring, that being tied in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the Middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly, against the Sides of the Divining Cup, the same Thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

533 *^k American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own Words, Ut Digits perforari possunt.*

556 *Or ^l Oracle, &c.] Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, Ubi Nemus erat Jovis sacrum, Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæi templum fuisse narratur.*

715 *¹ Semiramis, Queen of *Affyria*, is said to be the first that invented *Eunuchs.* Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima.* Am. Marcel. L. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a Lady, of her Constitution, who is said to have received Horses into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) but that perhaps may be the

the Reason why she after thought Men not worth the while.

725 *For some^m Philosophers, &c.]* Sir K. D. in his Book of Bodies; who has this Story of the *German Bay*, which he endeavours to make good, by several natural Reasons; by which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the Probability of it.

845 *Aⁿ Persian Emp'ror, &c.]* Xerxes, who used to whip the Seas and Wind. *In Corum atque Eurum solitus sevire Flagellis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

NOTES to Part II. Canto II.

15 ⁿ *So th' ancient Stoicks, &c.]* *In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus mille Quadrinerti triginta Civis interfecti sunt.* Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old *Virtuoso's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than modern, who seldom improve higher than Cussing and Kicking.

19 ^o *Bonum* is such a kind of Animal, as our modern *Virtuosi* from *Don Quixote* will have Windmills under Sail to be. The same Authors are of Opinion, that all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat; but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

413 ^p *In a Town, &c.]* The History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good Credit, who were upon the Place when it was done.

548 ^q *Have been exchang'd, &c.]* The Knight was kept Prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several Exchanges propos'd, but none excepted of, was at last released for a Barrel of Ale, as he often used upon all Occasions to declare.

678 ^r *Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot, &c.]* ————— Et

—*Et sibi Consul
Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.*

683 ^o *Hung out, &c.] Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra prætorium poni, quasi admonitio, & indicium futuræ pugnæ.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 ^t *Next Links, &c.]* That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches before them (by Day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Pertinace.* Lips. in Tacit. p. 16.

879 ^u *Vespasian being dawb'd, &c.]* C. Cæsar succensus, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Lutus jussit oppleri, congesto per milites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton. in Vespas. C. 5.

NOTES to Part II. Canto III.

140 *A w Ledger, &c.]* The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused 60 to be hanged within the Compass of one Year; and among the rest, the old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

159 *Did he not help the ^z Dutch, &c.]* In the Beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Antwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much Mischief in a small Time, that *Strada* writes, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161 ^y *Sing Catches, &c.]* This Devil at *Mafcon* delivered all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the *Huguenots*, and foretold them many Things which afterwards

wards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

163 ^a *Appear'd in divers, &c.]* The History of Dr. *Dee*, and the Devil, published by *Mer. Casaubon, Isaac Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all those Passages; in which the Stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penned by one and the same Person. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Observations upon the *French* Book, written upon that Occasion.

165 ^a *Meet with, &c.]* A Committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's House in *Woodstock-Park*, were terrified with several Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

167 ^b *At Sarum, &c.]* *Wibers* has a long Story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a single Pane of Glass.

224 *Since old^c Hodge Bacon, &c.]* *Roger Bacon*, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the Reign of our *Edward I.* and, for some little Skill he had in the Mathematics, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjuror, and had the fottish Story of the *Brazen Head* fathcred upon him, by the ignorant Monks of those Days. *Robert Grosbead* was Bishop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen. III.* He was a learned Man for those Times, and for that Reason suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror; for which Crime being degraded by *Pope Innocent IV.* and summoned to appear at *Rome*, he appealed to the Tribunal of *Christ*; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

313 *Whicb^d Socrates, &c.]* *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy of the *Clouds*, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, measuring

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furing the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

404 ^a *Was rais'd by him, &c.*] This *Fisk* was a late famous Astrologer, who flourished about the Time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnson*.

436 ^b *Unless it be, &c.*] This Experiment was tried by some foreign *Virtuoso's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank against the *Zenith*, and having fired it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does not hang in the Air.

477 ^c *As lately 'twas, &c.*] This *Sedgwick* had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards called by the Name of *Doom/day Sedgwick*.

609 ^d *Your modern Indian, &c.*] This compendious new Way of Magick is affirmed by *Monsieur Le Blanc* (in his *Travels*) to be used in the *East-Indies*.

627 ^e *Bumbastus kept, &c.*] *Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small Devil Prisoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the Reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink: Howsoever, it was to better Purpose than *Hannibal* carried Poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

635 ^f *Agrippa kept, &c.*] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the

Dog

Dog from the Asperion; in which he has shewn a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.

679 ^{As} ^k Averrhois, &c.] Averrhois *Astronomiam propter Excentricos contempsit*. Phil. Melancthon in *Elem. Phil.* p. 781.

691 ¹ *The Median Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter, &c.]* Astyages, King of Media, had this Dream of his Daughter Mandane, and the Interpretation from the Magi; wherefore he married her to a Persian of a mean Quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and translated the Empire from the Medes to the Persians. Herodot. l. 1.

697 ^m *When Cæsar, &c.]* Fiunt aliquando prodigijs, & longiores Salis Defectus, quales oculis Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Palare continuo. Plin.

701 ⁿ *Augustus, having, &c.]* Divus Augustus levare sibi prodidit calceum præposture indutum, quo die seditione Militum prope afflictus est. Idem. l. 2.

709 ^o *The Roman Senate, &c.]* Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem lustrabant.

737 ^P *For Anaxagoras, &c.]* Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esse, & Peloponneso majorem: Lunam Habitacula in se habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fortur dixisse Cælum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Damnatus & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie Solem candentem luminam esse dixisset. Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

855 ^q *Tb' Egyptians say, &c.]* Egyptiæ decem millia Annorum & amplius recensent; & observatum est in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Ortuum & Occasuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, & bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

871 ^r *Some bold the Heavens, &c.]* Causa quare Cælum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus. Comment in L. 2. Aristot. de Cælo.

877 ^f *Plato believ'd, &c.]* Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Gunnin in Cosmog. L. 1. p. 11.

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881 * *The learned Scaliger, &c.] Copernicus in Libris Revolutionem, deinde Reinboldus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida Terris esse propriorem, quam Ptolemaei aetate duodecima partibus, i. e. uno & triginta terrae semidiametris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.*

895 * *Cardan believ'd, &c.] Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Halices seu Majoris Ursæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem p. 325.*

913 * *Than th' old Chaldean, &c.] Chaldei jaſtant se quadringenta septuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse. Cicero.*

975 * *Like Money, &c.] Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri. Patricius, Tom. 2. p. 9.*

1001 * *That poultry Story, &c.] There was a notorious Idiot (that is here described by the Name and Character of *Whacbum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himself, and yet made a Shift to stand on the Pillory, for forging other Men's Hands, as his Fellow *Whacbum* no doubt deserved; in whose abominable Doggrel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a *French Mountebank* at *Brentford Fair*, is as properly described.*

1024 * *That the ² Vibration, &c.] The Device of the Vibration of a Pendulum was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by swinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star, how long the Vibration would last, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time compute the exact Length of any String that must necessarily vibrate into so much Space of Time; so that if a Man should ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Satin*, or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all Mankind learn a*

new.

new Way to measure Things no more by the Yard, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

1113 *Before the Secular, &c.]* As the Devil is the ritual Prince of Darknes, so is the Constable the Sec who governs in the Night with as great Authorit his Colleague; but far more imperiously.

An Heroical
P I S T L E
O F
H U D I B R A S to S I D R O P H E L .

Ecce iterum Crispinus —

WELL! SIDROPHEL, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without trepanning of your Skull,
As often as the Moon's at Full:
'Tis not amiss, e're y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate Med'cine more:
For where your Cafe can be no worfe,
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest Course.
Is't possible that you, whose Ears
Are of the Tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal Reason) either
For Merit, or Extent of Leather,
With WILLIAM PRYN's, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf against a Noise
So roaring as the publick Voice?
That speaks your Virtues free, and loud,
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,
As loud as one that sings his Part
T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,
Or

238 An HEROICAL EPISTLE of

Or your new nick'd-nam'd old Invention
To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine ;
(As if the Vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound)

25 And 'cause your Folly's now no News,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such Matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature ;
When Folly as it grows in Years,

30 The more extravagant appears ;
For who but you could be possest
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,
That neither all Men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,

35 Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholesome Sense, and Nurture ;
But (like a Reprobate) what Course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse ?
Can no Transfusion of the Blood,

40 That makes Fool's cattle, do you good ?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a Way, at least,
To make yourself a better Beast ?

45 Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying sound from rotten Eggs ;
Your sev'ral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees ;
Your Arts of fluxing them for Claps,

50 And purging their infected Saps ;
Recov'ring Shankers, Crystallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rinds,
Have no Effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate ?

But

HUDIBRAS to SIDROPHEL. 239

5 But still it must be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Punishment ;
And, like your whimsy'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to course you without Law ;
As if the Art you have so long

10 Profess'd, of making old Dogs young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too,
Can you, that understand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,

15 Resolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with B's and A's ;
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With solid bending of your Brows ;
All Arts and Sciences advance,

20 With screwing of your Countenance,
And, with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abstrusest Learning pry ;
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than those that have been bred up in't ;

25 And yet have no Art, true or false,
To help your own bad Naturals ?
But still, the more you strive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder :
For Fools are known by looking wise,

30 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' College
A quart~~er~~ Share (at most) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Y' assume a Pow'r as absolute

35 To judge, and censure, and control,
As if you were the sole Sir Poll ;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to :

You'll

238 An HEROICAL EPISTLE of

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As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
And saucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to:

You'll

With all th' Appurtenances, over,
 40 But he relaps'd again t' a Lover :
 As he was always wont to do,
 When h' had discomfited a Foe ;
 And us'd the only antique ^b Philters,
 Deriv'd from old heroick Tilters.

45 But now triumphant, and victorious,
 He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
 For such a Conqueror to meddle
 With Petty Constable, or Beadle :
 Or fly for Refuge to the Hostess

50 Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, Justice :
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause
 To th' ^c ordeal Trial of the Laws ;
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot Irons have past bare-handed ;

55 And, if they cannot read one Verse
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He therefore judging it below him,
 To tempt a Shame the Devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for Bail

60 And Mainprize for him to the Gaol,
 To answer, with his Vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall ;
 And thought it now the fitteſt Juncture
 To give the Lady a Rencounter,

65 T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
 And Conquest o'er the fierce Magician :
 Describe the Manner of the Fray,
 And shew the Spoils he brought away ;
 His bloody Scourging aggravate,

70 The Number of the Blows, and Weight ;
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain Belief, h' had done the Deed.

Whid

PART III. CANTO I. 245

Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his Soul, to swear ;

75 But rather than produce his Back,
 To set his Conscience on the Rack ;
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,
 And all things else, upon his Part,

30 Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,
 Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
 And Person, up to his Embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights :

35 And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
 To put them into amorous Twitters ;
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn to yield,
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd :
 But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,

40 They durst not woo one Combat more,
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by Blows their Lovers felt.
 So ⁴ Spanish Heroes, with their Lances,
 At once wound Bulls, and Ladies Fancies :

45 And he acquires the noblest Spouse
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows ;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Wh' have quelled so vast a Buffalo ?

Mean while, the Squire was on his Way,

o The Knight's late Orders to obey :
 Who sent him for a strong Detachment
 Of Beadles, Constables, and Watchmen,
 T' attack the Cunning-man for Plunder
 Committed falsly on his Lumber ;

55 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The Enemy, had done the Fact,

Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
 Of Gimcracks, Whims, and Jiggumbobs,
 Which he by Hook, or Crook, had gather'd
 110 And for his own Inventions father'd:
 And when they should, at Gaol delivery,
 Unriddle one another's Thievery,
 Both might have Evidence enough,
 To render neither Halter-proof:
 115 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be necessary:
 But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
 And leave them for the Knights, his Better:
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul Play
 120 He would have offer'd him that Day,
 To make him curry his own Hide,
 Which no Beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible Evasion,
 But of the riding Dispensation.
 125 And therefore much about the Hour,
 The Knight (for Reasons told before)
 Resolv'd to leave them to the Fury
 Of Justice and an unpack'd Jury;
 The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
 130 And serve him in the self-same Trim;
 T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
 And what he meant to carry on;
 What Project 'twas he went about,
 When SIDROPHEL and he fell out:
 135 His firm and stedfast Resolution,
 To swear her to an Execution;
 To pawn his ^{the} inward Ears to marry her,
 And bribe the Devil himself to carry her,
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 140 Their Party-Saints to represent,



PART III. CANTO I. 24

Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
 In any prosperous Arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other Cousin-German Saint.

45 But, e're the Knight could do his Part,
 The Squire had got so much the Start,
 H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
 And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
 Just as he finish'd his Report,

50 The Knight alighted in the Court ;
 And having ty'd his Beast t' a Pale,
 And taking Time for both to stale,
 He put his Band and Beard in Order,
 The sprucer, to accost, and board her.

55 And now began t' approach the Door,
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' Informer out of Sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight :
 With whom encount'ring, after Longees

60 Of humble and submissive Congees,
 And all due Ceremonies paid,
 He strok'd his Beard, and thus he said :
 Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye :

65 And now am come, to bring your Ear
 A Present, you'll be glad to hear ;
 At least I hope so ; the Thing's done,
 Or: may I never see the Sun :
 For which I humbly now demand

70 Performance, at your gentle Hand :
 And that you'll please to do your Part,
 As I have done mine, to my Smart.
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,
 As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

175 But she who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Mystery, of what he mean'd :
And therefore wish'd him to expound
180 His dark Expressions, less profound.
 Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin :
185 And, for those meritorious Lashes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
 Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce ;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
190 To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And, for my Sake and Service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a Scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make Love.
195 Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y' are honester, than I could guess.
 Quoth he, if you suspect my Troth,
200 I cannot prove it but by Oath :
And if you make a Question on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't :
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the best Security.
205 Quoth she, some say, the Soul's secure
Against Distress, and Forfeiture ;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt ;

And

PART III. CANTO I.

249

And to be summon'd to appear
 o In th' other World's illegal here.
 And therefore few make any Account,
 Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
 For most Men carry Things so even
 Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,
 5 Without the least Offence to either
 They freely deal in all together ;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This World, for both, or both for it :
 And when they pawn, and damn their Souls,
 o They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.
 For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,
 They may be accountable in all :
 For when there is that Intercourse,
 Between divine and human Pow'rs,
 5 That all that we determine here,
 Commands Obedience every where ;
 When Penalties may be commuted
 For Fines, or Ears, and executed ;
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 o As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage past :
 For Oaths are th' only Tests and Seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false :
 And there's no other Way to try
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.
 5 (Quoth she) what is it you would swear ?
 There's no believing till I hear :
 For, till they're understood, all Tales
 (Like Nonsense) are not true, nor false.
 (Quoth he) when I resolv'd t' obey
 o What you commanded th' other Day,
 And to perform my Exercise,
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes :

T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,
I went to do't upon the Place.

245 But as the Castle is enchanted
By SIDROPHEL the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly Time to lay

250 My Weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable Noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
I'm ready with th' infernal Whip,

255 That shall divest thy Ribs from Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' hast broken perfidiously thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,

260 Where th' hadst so great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to flee:
Unless thou presently make haste;
Time is, Time was: And thero it ceas'd,

265 With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was less
Than th' other dismal Apprehension
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore, snatching up the Rod,

270 I laid upon my Back a Load;
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,

275 I felt the Blows, still ply'd as fast,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,

In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,
 And chaste contemplative Bardashing :
 When facing hastily about,

30 To stand upon my Guard and Scout,
 I found th' infernal Cunning-man,
 And th' Under-witch, his CALIBAN,
 With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward Quarters storm'd.

35 In Haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,
 And gave their hellish Rage a Stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
 Courageously on SIDROPHIL :
 Who, now transform'd himself t' a Bear,

40 Began to roar aloud, and tear,
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My Weapon down his Throat to run ;
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,

45 Div'd under Water in a Pond,
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him, but, as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,

50 His Under-sorcerer t' engage.
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My Sword with feeble Blood and vile ;
 I judged it better from a Quick-
 Set Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,

55 With which, I furiously laid on ;
 Till in a harsh and doleful Tone
 It roar'd, O hold for Pity, Sir ;
 I am too great a Sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,

60 o But conjur'd into a worse Caprich :

Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,
 Old Houses in the Night to haunt,
 For Opportunities t' improve
 Designs of Thievery or Love ;

15 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
 All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
 Kill Pigs and Geese with powder'd Glafs,
 And make it for Inchantment pass ;
 With Cow-Itch meazole like a Leper,

20 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper ;
 Make Leachers, and their Punks with Dewtry,
 Commit phantaſtical Advowtry ;
 Bewitch ⁴ Hermetick-men to run
 Stark staring mad with Manicon ;

25 Believe mechanick Virtuosi
 Can raise 'em Mountains in ¹ POTOSI ;
 And, fillier than the antick Fools,
 Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :
 Seek out for Plants with Signatures,

30 To Quack of univerſal Cures :
 With Figures ground on Panes of Glafs.
 Make People on their Heads to pass :
 And mighty Heaps of Coin increase,
 Reflected from a ſingle Piece :

35 To draw in Fools, whose nat'ral Itches
 Incline perpetually to Witches ;
 And keep me in continual Fears,
 And Danger of my Neck and Ears :
 When leſs delinquent have been scourg'd,

.0 And Hemp on Wooden Anvils forg'd,
 Which others for Cravats have worn
 About their Necks, and took a Turn.
 I pity'd the ſad Punishment
 The wretched Caitiff underwent,

And

PART III. CANTO I.

253

5 And held my drubbing of his Bones
 Too great an Honour for Poltrones ;
 For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
 From paltry and unequal Foes,
 Who when they flash, and cut to pieces,

o Do all with civilest Addresses :
 Their Horses never give a Blow,
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him
 About the Witch with many a Question,

5 Quoth he, for many Years he drove
 A kind of Broking-trade in Love ;
 Employ'd in all th' Intrigues, and Trust
 Of feeble, speculative Lust :
 Procures to th' Extravagancy,

o And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
 By those the Devil had forsook,
 As Things below him to provoke :
 But b'ing a Virtuoso, able
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

5 He held his Talent most adroit,
 For any mystical Exploit ;
 As others of his Tribe had done,
 And rais'd their Prices three to one :
 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds

o Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds.
 But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
 Is not so flight a Thing to get ;
 For those that do his Bus'ness best,
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest ;

5 Before so meriting a Person
 Cou'd get a Grant, but in Reversion,
 He serv'd two Prenticeships, and longer,
 I' th' Myst'ry of a Lady-monger.

For

For (as some write) a Witch's Ghast,
 380 As soon as from the Body loos'd,
 Becomes a Puny-Imp itself,
 And is another's Witch's Elf.
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in LANCASHIRE,
 385 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand Feats,
 And practis'd all mechanick Cheats :
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes
 390 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes,
 Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
 Or Pharaoh's Wizards could their Switches ;
 And all with whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.
 395 Witnes myself, whom h' has abus'd,
 And to this beastly Shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on Beans and Pease,
 He crams in nasty Crevices,
 And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
 400 To make me relish for Disserts,
 And one by one with Shame and Fear,
 Lick up the candy'd Provender.
 Beside - - - But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other Feats h' had done,
 405 The Lady stopt his full Career,
 And told him now 'twas Time to hear :
 If half those Things (said she) be true, - - -
 (They're all, quoth he, I swear by you)
 Why then (said she) that SIDROPHEL
 410 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell ;
 Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag,
 And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,

PART III. CANTO I.

25

In Quest of you came hither Post,
Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most ;

415 Who told me all you swear and say,
Quite contrary another Way ;
Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you should carry me or no ;
And would have hired him and his Imps,

420 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' engage the Devil on your Side,
And steal (like PROSERPINE) your Bride,
But he disdaining to embrace
So filthy a Design and base,

425 You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin ;
Surprized him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had Time to mount his Guard ;
And left him dead upon the Ground,

430 With many a Bruise and desperate Wound :
Swore you had broke and robb'd his House,
And stole his Talismanique Louse,
And all his new-found old Inventions,
With flat felonious Intentions :

435 Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he brought them for, and paid :
His Flea, his Morpion, and Punese,
H' had gotten for his proper Ease,
And all in perfect Minutes made,

440 By th' ablest Artist of the Trade :
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
He has been eaten up almost ;
And altogether might amount
To many Hundreds on Account :

445 For which h' had got sufficient Warrant
To seize the Malefactors Errant,

Without

Without Capacity of Bail,
 But of a Cart's, or Horse's Tail ;
 And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,

450 To serve for Pendulums to Watches ;
 Which, modern Virtuoso's say,
 Incline to hanging every Way.
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true
 That, e're he went in Quest of you,

455 He set a Figure to discover
 If you were fled to RYE or DOVER ;
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Yourselves and me, you fled this Way ;
 And that he was upon Pursuit,

460 To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd he had Intelligence,
 Of all that past before and since :
 And found, that e're you came to him,
 Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,

465 About a Case of tender Conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own Sense :
 Till RALPHO, by his Light and Grace,
 Had clear'd all Scruples in the Case :
 And prov'd that you might swear and own

470 Whatever's by the Wicked done,
 For which, most basely to requite
 The Service of his Gifts and Light,
 You strove t' oblige him by main Force,
 To scourge his Ribs instead of yours ;

475 But that he stood upon his Guard,
 And all your Vapouring out-dar'd ;
 For which, between you both, the Feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 480 Turn'd th' Outside of his Eyes to white,

85

19

4

(A)

(As Men of inward Light are wont
 To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
 He wonder'd how she came to know,
 What he had done, and meant to do:
 35 Held up his Affidavit-Hand,
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
 Cast towards the Door a ghastly Look,
 In dread of SIDROPHEL, and spoke:
 Madam, if but one Word be true
 40 Of all the Wizard has told you,
 Or but one single Circumstance
 In all th' Apocryphal Romance:
 May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down
 This Vessel, that is all your own;
 45 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.
 You have provided well, quoth she,
 (I thank you) for yourself and me;
 And shewn your Presbyterian Wits
 50 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.
 A most compendious Way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
 And Heaven and Hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 55 Why then (quoth he) may Hell surprize ---
 That Trick (said she) will not pass twice:
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
 But there's a better Way of clearing [ing;
 60 What you would prove, than downright Swear-
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,
 The Blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for Satisfaction
 Of nicest Scruples in the Action.

And

515 And if you can produce those Knobs,
 Although they are but the Witch's Dubs,
 I'll pass them all upon Account,
 As if your natural Self had don't.
 Provided that they pass th' Opinion

520 Of able Juries of old Women;
 Who us'd to judge all Matter of Facts
 For Bellies, may do so for Backs.
 Madam (quoth he) your Love's a Million,
 To do is less than to be willing,

525 As I am, were it in my Power,
 T' obey, what you command and more:
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you as much, as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a Care

530 To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
 For Wounds in those that are all Heart,
 Are dangerous in any Part.
 I find (quoth she) my Goods and Chattels
 Are like to prove but mere drawn Battels;

535 For still the longer we contend,
 We are but farther off the End.
 But granting now we should agree,
 What is it you expect from me?
 Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word

540 You past in Heaven on Record,
 Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
 Are everlastingly enroll'd.
 And if 'tis counted Treason here
 To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

545 Quoth she, there are no Bargains driv'n,
 Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,
 And that's the Reason, as some guess,
 There is no Heav'n in Marriages;

Two Things that naturally pres.
 550 Too narrowly, to be at' Ease,
 Their Bus'ness there is only Love,
 Which Marriage is not like t' improve,
 Love, that's too generous t' abide
 To be against its Nature ty'd:

555 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd;
 And like the Soul, it's Harbourer,
 Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
 Disdains against its Will to stay,

560 But struggles out, and flies away:
 And therefore never can comply
 To endure the matrimonial Tie,
 That binds the Female and the Male,
 Where th' one is but the other's Bail;

565 Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,
 Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.
 Of which the true and faithfull'st Lover
 Gives best Security, to suffer.
 Marriage is but a Beast, some say,

570 That carries double in foul Way;
 And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
 It should so suddenly be tir'd:
 A Bargain at a Venture made,
 Between two Partners in a Trade;

575 (For what's inferr'd by t' have, and t' hold,
 But something past away, and sold ?)
 That as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all Things else as low:
 And at the best is but a Mart

580 Between the one and th' other Part,
 That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
 Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;

And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but Losers out of Purse.

585 For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at six and seven?
To pafs themselves away, and turn
590 Their Children's Tenants e're they're born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
595 Though got b' implicit Generation,
And gen'ral Club of all the Nation:
For which she's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the Island, with four Seas:
Exacts the Tribute of her Dower,
600 In ready Insolence and Power:
And makes him pafs away to have
And hold to her, himself, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery, and Tilling;
605 While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to justify,
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were thoe obedient
610 Old Vassals, to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldest Hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckled.
615 A Law that most unjustly yokes
All Johns of Stiles, to Joans of Nokes,

Without

PART III. CANTO I. 261

Without Distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality ;
Admits no Power of Revocation,

20 Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past, for better or worse :
Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,

25 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead
Their spiritual Judges of Divorces ; [Horses
While nothing else but Rem in Re,
Can set the proudest Wretches free :
A Slavery, beyond enduring,

30 But that 'tis of their own procuring :
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply ;
So Men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,

35 And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break them after to break loose.
As some whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themselves, by Art.
Like ¹ Indian Widows, gone to Bed

40 In flaming Curtains to the Dead ;
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want Excuse
For all the Stratagems they use

45 To gain the Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the amorous Rock and Cheat.
For as the Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one ;

50 So Love does, and has ever done.

And

And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
 Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,
 655 That after burns with Cold as much
 As Ir'n in GREENLAND does the Touch;
 Melts in the Furnace of Desire,
 Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
 And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
 660 Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
 For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
 The smallest Sparkle of an Eye
 Gives Fire to his Artillery;
 665 And off the loud Oaths go, but while
 They're in the very Act, recoil.
 Hence 'tis, so few dare take their Chance
 Without a sep'rate Maintenance:
 And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
 670 Trust none again, 'till th' have made over.
 Or if they do, before th' marry,
 The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
 And e're they venture o'er a Stream,
 Know how to size themselves, and them.
 675 Whence witti'ft Ladies always choose
 To undertake the heaviest Goose.
 For now the World is grown so wary,
 That few of either Sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on Tick t' Amours,
 680 The Crois and Pile for bett'r or worse:
 A Mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable.
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,

85 In Soul and Body two unite,
 To make up oae Hermaphrodite :
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,
 Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches,

10 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
 More petulant Extravagances,
 Than Poets make 'em in Romances.
 Though when their Heroes 'spouse the Dames,
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames :

15 For then their late Attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd Wine ;
 And all their caterwauling Tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous Piques :
 Which the Ancients wisely signify'd,

20 By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride :
 For Jealousy is but a kind
 Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
 The natural Effects of Love,
 As other Flames and Aches prove :

25 But all the Mischief is, the Doubt
 On whose Account they first broke out.
 For though a Chineeses go to Bed,
 And lie in, in their Ladies stead,
 And for the Pains they took before,

30 Are nurs'd, and pamper'd to do more :
 Our Green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in Labour of a Clap ;
 Both lay the Child to one another :
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,

35 'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,
 Or who imported the French Goods.
 But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both ingag'd before to own,

And

And are not with their Bodies bound
 720 To worship, only when they're sound.
 Both give and take their equal Shares.
 Of all they suffer by false Wares:
 A Fate no Lover can divert
 With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.

725 For 'tis in vain to think to guesse
 At Women by Appearances;
 That paint and patch their Imperfections
 Of intellectual Complexions:
 And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes

730 As artificial as their Faces;
 Wear, under Vizard-Masks, their Talents
 And Mother-wits, before their Gallants;
 Until they're hamper'd in the Noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose:

735 When all the Flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready, with the Bride,
 That with her Wedding-Clothes undresses
 Her Complaisance, and Gentilesse:
 Tries all her Arts, to take upon her

740 The Government, from th' easy Owner:
 Until the Wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
 Find all his having and his holding,
 Redue'd t' eternal Noife and Scolding;

745 The conjugal Petard, that tears
 Down all Portcullices of Ears,
 And makes the Volley of one Tongue
 For all their leatherne Shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with Noise, and Nails,

750 The Female Silkworms ride the Males,
 • Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
 Like Sirens with their charming Notes:

SWE

PART III. CANTO I. 265

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,
Or those enchanting Murmurs made

5 By th' Husband ^P Mandrake, and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These Reasons are but Strains
Of wanton over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,

10 Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had this better Half, his Bride,
Carv'd from the Original, his Side,

15 T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex ;
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen
The Pains, and Labour of increasing,
By changing them for other Cares,

20 As by his dry'd-up Paps appears.
His Body, that stupendous Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape, and Symmetry exact,

25 Of which the Left and Female Side
Is, to the manly Right, a Bride,
Both join'd together with such Art,
That nothing else but Death can part.
Those heav'ly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,

30 And Face, that all the World surprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies tawny :
Those ravishing, and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,

35 That in a mathematick Line,
Like those in other Heavens, join.

N

OR

Of which if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much, to look upon.
 And so would that sweet Bud, your Lip,

790 Without the other's Fellowship.
 Our noblest Senses act by Pairs,
 Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears.
 Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
 To wait upon the Soul design'd;

795 But those that serve the Body alone,
 Are single, and confin'd to one.
 The ⁴ World is but two Parts, that meet,
 And close at th' equinoctial Fit;
 And so are all the Works of Nature,

800 Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter;
 Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
 Or smallest Blade of Grafs, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How intirely Marriage is her Care,

805 The only Method that she uses,
 In all the Wonders she produces.
 And those that take their Rules from her,
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
 For what secures the civil Life

810 But Pawns of Children, and a Wife?
 That lie, like Hostages, at Stake
 To pay for all, Men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry.

815 So universal all Mankind
 In nothing else, is of one Mind..
 For in what stupid Age, or Nation,
 Was Marriage ever out of Fashion?
 Unless among the ⁵ Amazons,

820 Or cloister'd Friars, and vestal Nuns;

PART III. CANTO I. 267

Or Stoicks, who to bar the Freaks
And loose Excesses of the Sex,
Prepost'rouly wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.

25 Though Men would find such mortal Fewds
In sharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more Charge of Lives,
Than they're supply'd with now, by Wives ;
Until they graze, and wear their Clothes,

30 As Beasts do, of their native Growths :
For simple wearing of their Horns
Will not suffice to serve their Turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it ?

35 Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Estates of Peers,

40 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their Heirs ;
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes ?
What Crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest Monarchs did not marry ?

45 And with their Consorts consummate
Their weightiest Interests of State ?
For all the Amours of Princes are
But Guarantees of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,

50 The Rage of Empires to disarm ?
Make Blood and Desolation cease,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Contests for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage ?

855 Nor does the genial Bed provide
 Less for th' Int'rests of the Bride :
 Who else had not the least Pretence
 T' as much, as due Benevolence ;
 Could no more Title take upon her

860 To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
 Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
 And Feme-Covorts t' all Mankind.
 All Women would be of one Piece,
 The virtuous Matron, and the Miss ;

865 The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
 The same with those in LEWKNER's Lane,
 But for the Difference Marriage makes
 'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes :
 Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,

870 The Sex's Paradise on Earth ;
 A Privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their Mothers yield ;
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon Heaven at the Door.

875 And if th' indulgent Law allows
 A greater Freedom to the Spouse ;
 The Reason is, because the Wife
 Runs greater Hazards of her Life ;
 Is trusted with the Form and Matter

880 Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.
 Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
 She frames the wond'rous Fabrick of :
 Who therefore, in a Streight, may freely
 Demand the Clergy of her Belly,

885 And make it save her the same Way,
 It seldom misses to betray.
 Unless both Parties wisely enter
 Into the Liturgy Indenture.

End

PART III. CANTO I. 269

And though some Fits of small Contest
10 Sometimes fall out among the best ;
That is no more than ev'ry Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.

15 For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the Post ;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,

20 They're still as kind and constant Friends ;
And to relieve their Weariness,
By turns give one another Ease :
So all those false Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,

25 And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love :
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In Time must either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,

30 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour :
Like Musick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis understood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns :

35 And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stolen.
Then why should more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,

40 And Curses are a Kind of Pray'rs :
Too slight Alloys, for all those grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.

For nothing else has Pow'r to settle
 Th' Interests of Love perpetual ;

925 An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart
 Become another's Counter-part,
 And passes Fines on Faith and Love
 Inroll'd, and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery Knots of Vows,

930 Which nothing else but Death can loose.
 And what Security's too strong,
 To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,
 That to its Friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has :

935 And like an Anchorite gives over
 This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover ?
 I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that Course, and find it true :
 But Millions whom the same does sentence

940 To Heav'n, b' another Way, Repentance.
 Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,
 Though all they hit, they turn to Lovers :
 And all the weighty Consequents
 Depend upon more blind Events,

945 Than Gamesters, when they play a Set
 With greatest Cunning at Piquet,
 Put out with Caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do Lovers, when they're fast

950 In one another's Arms embrac't,
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a Prize, away ?
 To change the Property of Selves,
 As fucking Children are by Elves ?

955 And if they use their Persons so,
 What will they to their Fortunes do ?

Their Fortunes ! the perpetual Aims
 Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.
 For when the Money's on the Book,
 50 And, All my Worldly Goods---but spoke :
 (The formal Livery and Seisin
 That puts a Lover in Possession)
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
 The Bride a Flam, that's superseded.
 55 To that their Faith is still made good,
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,
 We have nothing left, we can call ours :
 Our Money's now become the Miss,
 60 Of all your Lives and Services :
 And we forsaken, and postpon'd,
 But Bawds to what before we own'd ;
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 65 Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
 (As we had been) for new Amours.
 For what did ever Heiress yet,
 By being born to Lordships, get ?
 When the more Lady sh' is of Manours,
 70 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
 Pays for their Projects and Designs,
 And for her own Destruction fines :
 And does but tempt them with her Riches,
 To use her, as the Dev'l does Witches ;
 75 Who takes it for a special Grace,
 To be their Cully for a Space,
 That, when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels
 For ever may become his Vassals :
 So she, bewitch'd by Rooks, and Spirits,
 80 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits ;

Is bought and sold, like stolen Goods;
 By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds :
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the Thief himself away.

995 These are the everlasting Fruits
 Of all your passionate Love-Suits,
 Th' Effects of all your amorous Fancies,
 To Portions, and Inheritances ;
 Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition
 1000 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition ;
 To which you make Address and Courtship,
 And with your Bodies strive to worship,
 That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
 Of Love too, for the Mother's Sake.

1005 For these you play at Purposes,
 And love your Love's with A's and B's :
 For these, at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
 And play for Love and Money too ;
 Strive who shall be the ablest Man

1010 At right Gallanting of a Fan :
 And who the most genteelly bred ;
 At sucking of a Vizard-Bead ;
 How best t' accost us, in all Quarters,
 T' our Question-and-Command, new Garters ;

1015 And solidly discourse upon
 All Sorts of Dresses, Pro and Con.
 For there's no Mystery nor Trade,
 But in the Art of Love is made.

10. 0 And when you have more Debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day,
 And no Way possible to do't
 But Love and Oaths, and restless Suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
 Of all your cully'd, past Amours :

A&



PART III. CANTO I. 273

15 Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain,
Which others Influences long since
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins :
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,

30 And like to be, without our Aid.
Lord ! what an am'rous thing is Want !
How Debts and Mortgages enchant !
What Graces must that Lady have,
That can from Executions save !

35 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
And null Decree, and Exigent !
What magical Attracts, and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias !
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,

40 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge !
These are the highest Excellencies
Of all your true or false Pretences.
And you would damn yourselves, and swear
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,

45 Grown fat and pursy by retail
Of Pots of Beer, and bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your Turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn ;
Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,

50 Relent, and melt to your Desire,
And like a Candle in the Socket,
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.
By this Time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a Knocking at the Gate,

55 Laid on in Haste with such a Powder,
The Blows grew louder still and louder,
Which HUDBRAS, as if th' had been
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,

— Expounding by his inward Light,
 1060 Or rather more prophetick Fright,
 To be the Wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the Lurch,
 Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout ;
 But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt.

1065 For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
 With too much, or too little Valour.
 His Heart laid on, as if he try'd
 To force a Passage through his Side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,

1070 But in a Fury to fly at 'em ;
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a Cranny to creep out.
 But she who saw in what a Taking
 The Knight was by his furious Quaking,

1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no Rite
 Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,
 But to secure you out of Danger,
 Will here myself stand Sentinel,

1080 To guard this Pass, 'gainst SIDROPHEL.
 Women, you know, do seldom fail,
 To make the stoutest Men turn Tail :
 And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
 Upon the desp'ratest Attacks.

1085 At this the Knight grew resolute
 As IRONSIDE and HARDIKNUTE ;
 His Fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.
 But she besought him to convey

1090 His Courage rather out o' th' Way,
 And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a Door :

PART III. CANTO I.

That if the Enemy shou'd enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

195 Mean while they knock'd against the D
As fierce as at the Gate before ;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former Fright.
He thought it desperate to stay

200 Till th' Enemy had forc'd his Way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The Lady, for a fresh Reserve.
His Duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute ;

205 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away :
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the Dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,

210 Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Pafs,
To stand upon his Guard, and Face :
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricado'd,

215 Insconc'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a Table ;
Where he lay down in Ambush close,
T' expect th' Arrival of his Foes.
Few Minutes he had lain perdue,

220 To guard his desp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful Shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout ;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' Enemy had storm'd,

225 And after ent'ring SIDROPHEL,
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.

He therefore sent out all his Sensea,
 To bring him in Intelligences ;
 Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
 1130 Mistake, for falling in a Trance ;
 But those that trade in Geomancy,
 Affirm to be the strength of Faney :
 In which the ² Lapland Magi deal,
 And Things incredible reveal.

1135 Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
 And storm'd the Out-works of his Fortress,
 And as another of the same
 Degree and Party, in Arms and Fame,
 That in the same Cause had engag'd ;

1140 And war with equal Conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His Head a Span beyond his Post,
 B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers
 Was dragg'd thro' a Window by th' Ears ;

1145 So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,
 And by the other End pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
 They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,

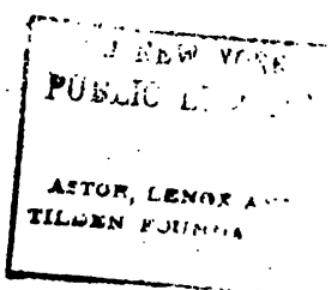
1150 By giving or by taking Quarter :
 They stoutly on his Quarters laid,
 Until his Scouts came in t' his Aid.
 For when a Man is past his Sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,

1155 But twinging him by th' Ears or Nose,
 Or laying on of heavy Blows :
 And if that will not do the Deed,
 To ' burning with Hot-irons proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,

1160 But on his Neck a sturdy Elf

Clap'd,





PART III. CANTO I. 277

Clap'd, in a Trice, his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
15 Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethren's Privilege (against
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent,
20 For just Revenge and Punishment;
Which thou haft now no Way to lessen,
But by an open, free Confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
25 What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away? ---
To spirit her to Matrimony?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
30 That made m' apply t' your croney Witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience:
Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth Part of what I earn'd.
35 Didst thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldst th' have us'd her, and her Money?
First turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
40 To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed,
T' have put, on Purpose, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's making over
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.

What

1195 What made thee pick and chuse her out,
T' employ their Sorceries about?
That, which makes Gamesters play with those
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,

1200 As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?
I see you take me for an Ass:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd pass
Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof;

1205 Whose Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for Candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful Lyes,
1210 Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble Credit to believe:
A Trick of following their Leaders,
To entertain their gentle Readers.

1215 And we have now no other Way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beside the Danger of Offence,

1220 The fatal Enemy of Sense.
Why did thou chuse that cursed Sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is in the thriving'ft Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in:

1225 In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the easiest to be learn'd:
For no Degrees, unless th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy'.

PART III. CANTO I. 279

A Gift that is not only able
o To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out :
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their Hands should slip, and come too near ;

5 For no Sin else among the Saints
Is taught so tenderly against.
 What made thee break thy plighted Vows ?
 That which makes others break a House,
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before

o Endure the Plague of being poor.
 Quoth he, I see you have more Tricks
 Than all our doating Politicks,
 That are grown old, and out of Fashion,
 Compar'd with your new Reformation :

5 That we must come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.
 Quoth he, If you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an arrant Chouse,

o If y' were but at a Meeting-House.
 'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
 Because, w' have let 'em out by th' Year.
 Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wond'rous Things they will engage in :

5 That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell :
So are you like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
o Thy Scholar, in this Mystery ;
And therefore first desire to know
Some Principles, on which you go.

What

What makes a Knav a Child of God,
And one of us?----A Livelihood.

1265 What renders beating out of Brains,
And Murther, Godliness?----Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience?---'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest Touch;
But breaking out, dispatches more
1270 Than th' epidemical'ft Plague-Sore.

What makes y' incroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others?----To be paid.

What's Orthodox and true believing
Against a Conscience?---A good Living.

1275 What makes rebelling against Kings
A good old Cause?----Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About two Hundred Pounds a Year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
1280 Prove false again?---Two Hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty?---Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution?
B'ing out of Power, and Contribution.

1285 What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves?
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it Orthodox?---Our own.

What makes Morality a Crime,
1290 The most notorious of the Time;
Morality, which both the Saints,
And Wicked too, cry out against?
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:

1295 And therefore no true Saint allows,
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:

For Saints can need no Conscience,
 That with Morality dispense ;
 As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted

o In Nature only, and not imputed :
 But why the Wicked should do so,
 We neither know, or care to do.
 What's Liberty or Conscience,
 I' th' natural and genuine Sense ?

5 'Tis to restore, with more Security,
 Rebellion to its ancient Purity :
 And Christian Liberty reduce
 To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
 For a large Conscience is all one,

o And signifies the same with none.
 It is enough (quoth he) for once,
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones :
 NICK MACHIAVEL had ne'er a Trick,
 (Though he gave his Name to our Old Nick,)

5 But was below the least of these,
 That pafs i' th' World, for Holiness.
 This said, the Furies, and the Light
 In th' Instant vanish'd out of Sight ;
 And left him in the Dark alone,

o With stinks of Brimstone and his own.
 The Queen of Night, whose large Command
 Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,
 And over moist and crazy Brains,
 In high Spring-tides, at Midnight reigns,

5 Was now declining to the West,
 To go to Bed, and take her Rest :
 When HUDBRAS, whose stubborn Blows
 Deny'd his Bones that soft Repose,
 Lay still expecting worse and more,

o Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor :

And

And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the Shapes, that Fear or Wizards
 Do make the Devil wear for Vizards,

1335 And pricking up his Ears, to heark
 If he cou'd hear too in the Dark ;
 Was first invaded with a Groan,
 And after in a feeble Tone,
 These trembling Words, Unhappy Wretch,

1340 What haft thou gotten by this Fetch ;
 Or all thy Tricks, in this new Trade,
 Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade ?
 By fauntring still on some Adventure,
 And growing to thy Horse a * Centaure ?

1345 To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs ?
 For still th' haft had the worst on't yet,
 As well in Conquest as Defeat :
 Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,

1350 To rest the Body and the Mind : ✓
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the Words, explain'd
 As meant to him, this Reprimand,

1355 Because the Character did hit,
 Point-blank upon his Case so fit ;
 Believ'd it was some drolling Spright
 That staid upon the Guard that Night,
 And one of those h' had seen and felt

1360 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.
 When, after a short Pause and Groan,
 The doleful Spirit thus went on :
 This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
 Pell-mell together by the Ears.



5 And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
 To lie in Limbo, in the Stocks ;
 And from the Pinnacle of Glory
 Fall headlong into Purgatory :
 (Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,

10 o That on my late Disasters rallies)
 Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more Heroick-minded ;
 And at a Riding handled worse,
 With Treats more slovenly and course :

5 Engag'd with Fiends in stubborn Wars,
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers :
 And when th' hadst bravely won the Day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away.
 (I see, thought he, this shameless Elf

10 o Would fain steal me too from myself,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done)
 And now but vent'ring to betray,
 Hail met with Vengeance the same Way.

15 Thought he, how does the Devil know
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
 His Office of Intelligence,
 His Oracles, are ceas'd long since ;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,

10 o But what some treacherous Spy acquaints.
 This is some pettifogging Fiend,
 Some under Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the Second-hand ;

15 And now would pass for Spirit Po,
 And all Men's dark Concerns foreknow.
 I think I need not fear him for't ;
 These rallying Devils do no Hurt.

With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
 1400 And hastily cry'd, What art ?
 A Wretch (quoth he) whom want of Grace
 Has brought to this unhappy Place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
 Thus far I'm sure, th' art in the right :
 1405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
 Better than thou hast gues'd of me.
 Thou art some poultry, black-guard Spright,
 Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night ;
 Thou haft no Work to do in th' House,

1410 Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes :
 Without the raising of which Sum,
 You dare not be so troublesome,
 To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their Work to do.

1415 This is your Bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,
 And your Diversion, dull dry Bobbing,
 T' entice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
 And wash them clean in Ditches for't.
 Of which Conceit you are so proud,

1420 At ev'ry Jest you laugh aloud,
 As now you have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your Raillery.

Sir (quoth the Voice) y' are no such ^b Soph
 As you wou'd have the World judge of ye.

1425 If you design to weigh our Talents,
 I' the Standard of your own false Balance,
 Or think it poffible to know
 Us Ghosts, as well as we do you :
 We who have been the everlasting

1430 Companions of your Drubs and Bafting,
 And never left you in Contest,
 With Male or Female, Man or Beast,

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all Adventures, as your 'Squire.

5 Quoth he, that may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew.
For none cou'd have betray'd us worse,
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token

o To your Low-Country Hogen-Mogen,
To whose infernal Shores I hope
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,

5 I am afraid it is as true,
What th' ill-affected fay of you.
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your cloven Paws.

Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true I grant,

o We made and took the Covenant:
But that no more concerns the Cause,
Than other Perjuries do the Laws,
Which when they have prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.

5 And that's the Reason Cov'nanters
Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
These Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects

o Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
Spun out o' th' Entrails of their Heads.

Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be said of you;

5 Whose Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
 You, who are not content alone

1470 With Tricks to put the Devil down,
 But must have Armies rais'd to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake :
 As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,
 Were th' only Engines to save Souls.

1475 While he, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
 By Force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
 To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design

1480 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine :
 In which you all his Arts out-do,
 And prove yourselves his Betters too.
 Hence 'tis Possessions do less Evil
 Than mere Temptations of the Devil,

1485 Which all the horrid'ft Actions done,
 Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon ;
 Because, unless they help the Elf,
 He can do little of himself ;
 And therefore where he's best posses'd,

1490 Acts most against his Interest ;
 Surprises none but those wh' have Priests
 To turn him out, and Exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual Provision,
 And Magazines of Ammunition :

1495 With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
 Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixels :
 The Tools of working our Salvation
 By mere mechanick Operation.
 With holy Water, like a Sluice,

1500 To overflow all Avenues.

But those wh' are utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprize,
 Although his falsest Enemies ;

5 But is content to be their Drudge,
 And on their Errands glad to trudge :
 For where are all your Forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours ?
 Who are but Jailors of the Holes

o And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls :
 Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys,
 T' your Mittimus Anathemas :
 And never boggle to restore
 The Members you deliver o're

5 Upon Demand with fairer Justice
 Than all your covenanting Trustees :
 Unless to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular Pow'rs,
 And pass their Souls, as some demise

o The same Estate in Mortgage twice :
 When to a legal ^c Utlegation
 You turn your Excommunication,
 And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
^f Distain on Soul and Body too.

5 Thought he, 'tis no mean Part of civil
 State Prudence, to cajole the Devil ;
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that Intercourse

o Has pass'd between your Friends and ours :
 That as you trust us, in our Way,
 To raise your Members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,

Or

1535 Or frightened with our Oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a Story :
 Have us'd all Means to propagate
 Your mighty Interests of State,
 Laid out our spiritual Gifts to further

1540 Your great Designs of Rage and Murder,
 For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
 We onl' have made that Title good.
 And if it were but in our Power,
 We should not scruple to do more,

1545 And not be half a Soul behind
 Of all Dissenters of Mankind.
 Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in Return
 Of all those kind good Offices,

1550 I'll free you out of this Distress,
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no Time to tell you here.
 The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone :

1555 And if I leave you here till Day,
 You'll find it hard to get away.
 With that the Spirit grop'd about,
 To find th' enchanted Hero out,
 And try'd with Haste to lift him up :

1560 But found his forlorn Hope, his Crup,
 Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted Foes.
 He thought to drag him by the Heels,
 Like Gresham Carts, with Legs for Wheels

1565 But Fear, that soonest cures those Sores,
 In Danger of Relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with it's Aid,
 And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd :

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 'o But both made ready to dislodge :
 The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
 Upon the Vehicle, his Back ;
 And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
 With some few Rubs against the Wall.

'5 Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
 And th' Avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
 And in a Moment gain'd the Pass ;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
 lo Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders ;
 And cautiously began to scout,
 To find their Fellow-cattle out.
 Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
 E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,

'5 Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,
 But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
 Nor Pistols at the Saddle-Bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no Time to stay,

o And let the Night too steal away ;
 But in a Trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare Ridge, bolt upright.
 And groping out for RALPHO's Jade,
 He found the Saddle too was stray'd :

5 And in the Place a Lump of Soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;
 And turning to the Gate the Rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on a main.
 While HUDIBRAS, with equal haste,

o On both Sides laid about as fast,
 And spurr'd as Jockies use to break,
 Or Padders to secure, a Neck.

290

H U D I B R A S.

Where let us leave 'em for a Time,
And to their Churches turn our Rhyme ;
1605 To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

H U

I U D I B R A S.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND CANTO.

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,
About their carnal Interests ;
To share their sacrilegious Preys,
According to the Rates of Grace ;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When CROMWELL left them in a Storm :
Till in th' Effigy of RUMPS, the Rabble
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, an Insect Breeze
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founders of his House;

5 From whose corrupted Flesh, that Breed
 Of Vermin did at first proceed.
 So e're the Storm of War broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various Rout
 Of petulant capricious Sects,

10 The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
 That first run all Religion down,
 And after ev'ry Swarm its own.
 For as the Persian ^b Magi once,
 Upon their Mothers got their Sons,

15 That were incapable t' enjoy
 That Empire any other Way :
 So PRESBYTER begot the other
 Upon the good old Cause, his Mother,
 Then bore them like the Devil's Dam,

20 Whose Son and Husband are the same.
 And yet no nat'r al Tie of Blood,
 Nor Int'rest for the common Good,
 Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,
 Get Quarter for each other's Beard.

25 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
 But only by the Ears engag'd :
 Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
 And play together when they've none.
 As by their truest Characters,

30 Their constant Actions, plainly appears.
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of Zeal and Plunder, to grow slack ;
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to be out of Seasong

35 For now there was no more to purchase
 O' th' King's Revenue, and the Churches,
 But all divided, shar'd and gone,
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on.

PART III. CANTO II. 293

Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd ;
Like Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd against the Hue-and-Cry.

5 For PRESBYTER and INDEPENDANT
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant ;
Laid out their apostolick Functions,
On carnal Orders and Injunctions ;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces

50 On Outlawries and Scire facias ;
At Michael's Term had many a Trial,
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where Thousands fell, in Shape of Fees,
Into the bottomless Abyss.

55 For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,
They came to share their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to possess
His Church and State Joint-Purchases,
In which the ablest Saint, and best,

60 Was nam'd in Trust by all the rest,
To pay their Money ; and, instead
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the Deed ;
He strait converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds, and holy Shifts ;

65 And settled all the other Shares
Upon his outward Man and's Heirs :
Held all they claim'd, as forfeit Lands
Deliver'd up into his Hands,
And pass'd upon his Conscience,

70 By Pre-entail of Providence ;
Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Estates,

But by their spiritual Attaints
 Degraded from the Right of Saints.

75 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
 With Law and Conscience to fall on :
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' Utter Barrister of ^k SWANSWICK ;
 Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold

80 As Men with Sand-bags did of old ;
 That brought the Lawyers in more Fees
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees :
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' Case, receiv'd the Overthrow ;

85 Or both Sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first.

Poor PRESBYTER was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate

90 From all Affairs of Church and State,
 Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
 And glad to turn Itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from Town to Town,
 And those he had taught up, teach down,

95 And make those Uses serve agen,
 Against the new-enlighten'd Men :
 As fit, as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the CAVALIER :
 Damn ANABAPTIST and FANATIC,

100 As pat as Popish, and Prelatic ;
 And with as little Variation,
 To serve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
 The good old Cause, which some believe
 To be the Dev'l that tempted EVE

105 With Knowledge, and does still invite
 The World to Mischief with new Light,

Had

Had Store of Money in her Purse,
 When he took her for bett'r or worse ;
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,
 110 And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The INDEPENDENTS (whose first Station
 Was in the Rear of Reformation,
 A mongrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,
 That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once :

115 And in the Saddle of one Steed
 The Saracen and Christian rid :
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual Order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder :)
 No sooner got the Start to lurch

120 Both Disciplines, of War and Church,
 And Providence enough to run
 The chief Commanders of 'em down,
 But carry'd on the War against
 The common Enemy o' th' Saints,

125 And in a while prevail'd so far,
 To win of them the Game of War,
 And be at Liberty once more
 T' attack themselves, as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,

130 T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves at Home :
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

135 Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
 And all Things, but their Laws and Hate.
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the Spoil of all th' had ransackt,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,

140 Religion and the Government,

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the War had spar'd :
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.

145 For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
 As ¹ Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin,

Both Parties join'd to do their best,
 To damn the publick Interest :
 And herded only in Consults,

150 To put by one another's Bolts ;

T' out-cant the ^m Babylonian Labourers,
 At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
 And tug at both Ends of the Saw,
 To tear down Government and Law.

155 For as two Cheats, that play one Game,

Are both defeated of their Aim ;
 So those who play a Game of State,
 And only cavil in Debate,

Although there's nothing lost nor won,

160 The publick Bus'ness is undone,

Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer Way to Ruin.

This, when the ROYALISTS perceiv'd,
 (Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,

165 And own'd the Right they had paid down
 So dearly for, The Church and Crown,) Th' united constanter, and sided

The more, the more their Foes divided.
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,

170 And by the Fate of War run down ;

Their Duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated ;

For Loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the Game ;

75 True as the Dial to the Sun,
 Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in Evil,
 Their Adversaries, and the Devil,
 Began once more, to shew them Play,
 10 And hopes, at least, to have a Day ;
 They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
 And unfrequented Solitudes :
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,
 T' appoint new-rising Rendezvouzes,
 15 And with a Pertinacity unmatch'd,
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd.
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,
 But up another Party started :
 And, as if Nature too, in haste
 20 To furnish our Supplies as fast,
 Before her Time had turn'd Destruction
 T' a new and numerous Production ;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 25 That, like the Christian Faith, increast
 The more, the more they were supprest :
 Whom neither Chains, nor Transportation,
 Proscription, Sale, or Confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate Events
 30 Of former try'd Experiments,
 Nor Wounds, cou'd terrify, nor Mangling,
 To leave off Loyalty and Dangling,
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
 35 From staking Life and Fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown :
 But kept the Title of their Cause
 From Forfeiture, like Claims in Laws ;

210 And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
 Can ever settle on the Nation :
 Until in spight of Force and Treason,
 They put their Loy'lty in Possession :
 And by their Constancy and Faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.

215 Tois'd in a furious Hurricane,
 Did OLIVER give up his Reign ;
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
 As mortal Men and Miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian Ferry :

220 Until he was retriev'd by STERRY,
 Who in a false erroneous Dream
 Mistook the New Jerusalem,
 Prophanely for th' Apocryphal
 • False Heaven at the End o' th' Hall ;

225 Whither it was decreed by Fate
 His precious Reliques to translate.
 So ROMULUS was seen before
 B' as orthodox a P Senator ;
 From whose divine Illumination

230 He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his ⁴ Son and Heir apparent
 Succeeded, though a lame Vicegerent ;
 Who first laid by the Parliament,
 The only Crutch on which he leant ;

235 And then sunk underneath the State,
 That rode him above Horseman's Weight.

And now the Saints began their Reign,
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,

240 To see an Empire all of Kings,
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian Awe
 Of Justice, Government, and Law,

PART III. CANTO II. 299

And free t' erect what spiritual Cantons
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-Towns,

5 To edify upon the Ruins
Of ' JOHN of LEYDEN's old Out-goings ;
Who for a Weather-cock hung up,
Upon their Mother Church's Top ;
Was made a Type, by Providence,

o Of all their Revelations since ;
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,
Who equally mistook their Measures :
For when they came to shape the Model,
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;

5 But found their Light and Gifts more wide —
From fadging, than th' Unsancify'd ;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove Hand to Fist against another,
And still the maddest, and most crack't,

o Were found the busiest to transact ;
For though most Hands dispatch apace,
And make light Work (the Proverb says ;)
Yet many diff'rent Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;

15 And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,
As slowest Insects have most Legs.
Some were for setting up a King,
But all the rest for no such Thing,
— Unless King JESUS : Others tamper'd [BERT ;

o For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and I.A.M.—
Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety ;
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres
Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,

5 That swore, to any human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance :

Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant :
 Others for pulling down th' High-places
 280 Of Synods and Provincial Classes,
 That us'd to make such hostile Inroads
 Upon the Saints, like bloody NIMRODS :
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' Expiration of th' Excise ;
 285 And some against th' Egyptian Bondage
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage :
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,
 And rectifying Bakers Loaves :
 And some for finding out Expedients
 290 Against the Slav'ry of Obedience.
 Some were for Gospel Ministers,
 And some for red-coat Seculars,
 As Men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield the one, and th' other Sword.
 295 Some were for carrying on the Work
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk ;
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The Camisado of Surplices,
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 300 And turn'd to th' outward Man the inward ;
 More proper for the cloudy Night
 Of Popery, than Gospel Light.
 Others were for abolishing
 That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,
 305 With which th' unsanctify'd Bridegroom
 Is marry'd only to a Thumb ;
 (As wife as ringing of a Pig,
 That us'd to break up Ground, and dig)
 The Bride to nothing but her Will,
 310 That nulls the After-Marriage still.

Some

Some were for th' utter Extirpation
 Of Linsey Woolfy in the Nation ;
 And some against all idolizing
 The Cross in Shop-Books, or Baptizing :

5 Others, to make all Things recant
 The Christian or Surname of Saint ;
 And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
 The holy Title to renounce.

Some 'against a third Estate of Souls,
 o And bringing down the Price of Coals :
 Some for abolishing Black-Pudding,
 And eating nothing with the Blood in ;
 To abrogate them Roots and Branches ;
 While others were for eating Haunches

5 Of Warriors, and now and then
 The Flesh of Kings and mighty Men ;
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With Rods of Ir'n, by secret ones :
 For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells

o For hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells :
 Things that the Legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked sore afear'd of.

The Quacks of Government (who fate
 At th' unregarded Helm of State,

5 And understood this wild Confusion
 Of fatal Madness, and Delusion
 Must, sooner than a Prodigy,
 Portend Destruction to be nigh,)
 Consider'd timely, how t' withdraw,

o And save their Wind-pipes from the Law ;
 For one Rencounter at the Bar
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in War ;
 And therefore met in Consultation
 To cant and quack upon the Nation ;

Net

345 Not for the sickly Patient's Sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take :
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,
 More wise than fumbling Arteries :
 Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
 350 And from the Grave recover----Gain.
 'Mong these there was a Politician,
 With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,
 And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the Whores of Babylon :
 355 So politick, as if one Eye
 Upon the other were a Spy,
 That to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink :
 And in his dark pragmatick Way
 360 As busy as a Child at Play.
 H' had seen three Governments run down,
 And had a Hand in ev'ry one ;
 Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall :
 365 For by trepanning th' old to ruin,
 He made his Int'rest with the new one ;
 Play'd true and faithful, though against
 His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
 For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion
 370 Transform'd t' a feeble State-Camelion,
 By giving Aim from Side to Side,
 He never fail'd to save his Tide,
 But got the Start of ev'ry State,
 And at a Change, ne'er came too late ;
 375 Cou'd turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
 As many Ways as in a Lath ;
 By turning, wriggle, like a Screw,
 Int' hight Trout, and out, for New.

PART III. CANTO II. 303

For when h' had happily incur'd,
 10 Instead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
 And pass'd upon a Government,
 He play'd his Trick, and out he went :
 But being out, and out of Hopes
 To mount this Ladder (more) of Ropes ;

5 Wou'd strive to raise himself upon
 The publick Ruin, and his own.
 So little did he understand
 The desp'rate Feats he took in Hand.
 For when h' had got himself a Name

10 For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game ;
 Had forc'd his Neck into a Noose,
 To shew his Play at Fast and Loose ;
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.

15 So right his Judgment was cut fit,
 And made a Tally to his Wit,
 And both together most profound
 At Deeds of Darkness under Ground :
 As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,

20 By Vermin impotent and blind.
 By all these Arts, and many more,
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our State-Artificer forefaw
 Which way the World began to draw.

25 For as old Sinners have all Points
 Of th' Compass in their Bones and Joints ;
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
 And better than by NAPIER's Bones,

30 Feel in their own the Age of Moons :
 So guilty Sinners in a State,
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,

And

And in their Consciences feel Pain
Some Days before a Show'r of Rain.

415 He therefore wisely cast about
All ways he cou'd, t' insure his Throat ;
And hither came t' observe and smoke
What Courses other Riskers took ;
And to the utmost do his best
420 To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,
As busy, and perverse a Brother,
An Haberdasher of small Wares,
In Politicks, and State-Affairs :

425 More Jew than Rabbi ACHITOPHEL,
And better gifted to rebel :
For when h' had taught his Tribe to 'spouse
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,

430 But try'd another, and went further ;
So suddenly addicted still
To's only Principle, his Will,
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor Force of Argument could move :

435 Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Could render half a Grain less stubborn.
For he at any Time would hang,
For th' Opportunity t' harangue :
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,

440 Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle :
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust ;
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease :

445 And with its everlasting Clack,
Set all Men's Ears upon the Rack.

No

No sooner cou'd a Hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,
 And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,

o When he engag'd in Controversy.
 Not by the Force of carnal Reason,
 But indefatigable teasing ;
 With Vollies of eternal Babble,
 And Clamour, more unanswerable.

5 For though his Topicks, frail and weak,
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
 Against the desp'rateft Assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble Want of Sense,

o With greater Heat and Confidence.
 As Bones of Hectors when they differ,
 The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer,
 Yet when his Profit moderated,
 The Fury of his Heat abated :

15 For nothing but his Interest
 Cou'd lay his Devil of Contest :
 It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curse,
 T' espouse the Cause, for bett'r or worse,
 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,

o And Soul, and Body, worship'd it :
 But when he found the sullen Trapes,
 Posless'd with th' Devil, Worms, and Claps ;
 The Trojan Mare in Foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish Tricks,

5 Though squeamish in her outward Woman,
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common :
 He still resolv'd to mend the Matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater :
 And still the skittisher and looser

o Her Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.

For Fools are stubborn in their Way,
 As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay :
 And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

485 These two, with others, being met,
 And close in Consultation set ;

After a discontented Pause,
 And not without sufficient Cause,
 The Orator we nam'd of late,

490 Less troubled with the Pangs of State,
 Than with his own Impatience,
 To give himself first Audience,
 After he had a While look'd wise,
 At last broke Silence, and the Ice.

495 Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last Out-goings brought about,
 More than to see the Characters
 Of real Jealousies and Fears

Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,

500 Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead :
 Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden Change of Weather,
 Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
 And Revolutions in their Corps : .

505 And, since our Workings-out are cross'd,
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.

Was it to run away, we meant,

When, taking of the Covenant,

The lamest Cripples of the Brothers

510 Took Oaths, to run before all others ;
 But in their own Sense, only swore
 To strive to run away before ;
 And now would prove, that Words and Oath
 Engage us to renounce them both ?

PART III. CANTO II. 307

15 'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,
Between a Right, and Mungrel-Church :
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an End on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last

20 Expedient, — (I mean ^x Marg'ret's Fast)
When Providence had been suborn'd,
What Answ're was to be return'd.
Else why should Tumults fright us now,
We have so many Times gone through ?

25 And understand as well to tame,
As when they serve our Turns, t' inflame.
Have prov'd how inconsiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd,

30 With Drums, and Rattles, like a Child ;
But never prov'd so prosperous,
As when they were led on by us :
For all our scouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition :

35 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became strong Motives to Devotion :
(As carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
Turn pious Converts, and reform)
When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,

40 Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
Made Bills to pass the grand Committee :
When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
Gave Chace to Rochets, and white Sleeves,

45 And made the Church, and State, and Laws
Submit t' old Iron, and the Cause.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,

550 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our Need ;
 Tumults, by which the Mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us ;
 The Hollow-hearted, Disaffected,
 And close Malignant are detected :

555 555 Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
 For Pledges to secure our own ;
 And freely sacrifice their Ears
 T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.
 And yet for all these Providences

560 560 W' are offer'd, if we had our Senses,
 We idly sit like stupid Blockheads,
 Our Hands committed to our Pockets ;
 And nothing but our Tongues at large,
 (To get the Wretches a Discharge.

565 565 Like Men condemn'd to Thunder-Bolts,
 Who, e're the Blow, become mere Dots :
 Or Fools besotted with their Crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes.
 And neither have the Hearts to stay,

570 570 Nor Wit enough to run away :
 Who, if we cou'd resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together ;
 No mean or trivial Solaces
 To Partners in extreme Distress ;

575 575 Who use to lessen their Despairs,
 By parting them int' equal Shares ;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the Weight the easier :
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,

580 580 The more he took his Turn among.
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had Courage left, or Wit :

Who

PART III. CANTO II.

309

Who, when our Fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest Course ;
 585 Have Time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best Defence, Despair :
 Despair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
 Have been atchiev'd in greatest Straits,
 And horrid'ſt Dangers safely wav'd,
 590 By being courageouſly out-brav'd ;
 As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
 And Poisons by themſelves expell'd :
 And ſo they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we ſhou'd be, Men ;
 595 And not ſo dully desperate,
 To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate :
 As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
 Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 600 And ſetting up Exaugns of Saints,
 That fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
 To be excus'd the Efficace.
 For ſpiritual Men are too transcendent,
 That mount their Banks, for independent,
 605 To hang like ⁷ МАНОМЕТ in th' Air,
 Or St. IGNATIUS at his Prayer,
 By pure Geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon Church or State :
 Difdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
 610 And ſince Obedience is better
 (The Scripture says) than Sacrifice,
 Presume the leſſ on't will ſuffice ;
 And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt Stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,
 615 Or any Opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals : .

But

But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Question,
 Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
 620 As WHITTINGTON explain'd the Bells ;
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem.
 But look so big and over-grown,
 They scorn their Edifiers t' own,
 625 Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
 Their Tones, and sanctify'd Expressions ;
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like Charity, on those that want ;
 And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
 630 T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes ;
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse
 Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach, the House of Commons Way ?
 635 Where had they all their gifted Phrases,
 But from our CALAMYS and CASES ?
 Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of NYE, or OWEN ?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,
 640 But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD :
 And had they not begun the War,
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :
 For Saints in Peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;
 645 Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water,
 In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter ;
 Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,
 Without the Power of Sacrilege.
 And though they've Tricks to cast their Sins,
 650 As easy as ² Serpents do their Skins,

That

That in a While grow out agen,
 In Péace they turn mere carnal Men,
 And from the most refin'd of Saints,
 As ^a naturally grow Miscreants,

55 As Barnacles turn SOLAND Geese
 In th' Islands of the ORCADES.
 Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
 For their conforming to the Wicked ;
 With whom the greatest Difference

50 Lies more in Words, and Shew, than Sense.
 For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
 Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;
 So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
 Proud ^b CERBERUS, wears three Heads as well :

55 And, if the World has any Troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest Harm,
 Their spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the over-heated Sots

60 In Fevers still, like other Goats ;
 For though the Whore bends Hereticks
 With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;
 Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer :

65 Sill setting off their spiritual Goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious Feuds.
 For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear, and rant,
 And Independents to profess

70 The Doctrine of Dependences ;
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones :
 And not content with endless Quarrels
 Against the Wicked and their Morals,

The

685 The ^c GIBELLINES, for want of GUELFS,
 Divert their Rage upon themselves.
 For now the War is not between
 The Brethren, and the Men of Sin ;
 But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood

690 Of one another's Brotherhood ;
 Where neither Side can lay Pretence
 To Liberty of Conscience,
 Or zealous Suff'ring for the Cause,
 To gain one Groat's-worth of Applause :

695 For though endur'd with Resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
 Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward Bones,
 And eat the Flesh of Bretheren,

700 Instead of Kings, and mighty Men ?
 When Fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater Elves ?
 When BELL's at union with the DRAGON,
 And BAAL-PEOR Friends with DAGON ;

705 When savage Bears agree with Bears,
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
 And not atone their fatal Wrath,
 When common Danger threatens both ?
 Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,

710 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold ?
 And Saints whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,
 No Notice of the Danger take ?
 But though no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
 Can pacify phanatick Zeal ;

715 Whd wou'd not gues there might be Hopes,
 The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,
 Before their Eyes, might reconcile
 Their Animosities a while ?

At least until th' had a clear Stage,
 20 And equal Freedom to engage,
 Without the Danger of Surprize
 By both our common Enemies ?
 This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
 Who understand their Workings out ;
 25 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,
 Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense
 As spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
 Of Miracle can ne'er restore.
 We, whom at first they set up under,
 30 In Revelation only of Plunder,
 Who since have had so many Trials
 Of their encroaching Self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with Design
 To out-reform, and undermine ;
 35 Took all our Interests and Commands
 Perfidiously, out of our Hands ;
 Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
 Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 40 Like younger Sons of Father BELIAL.
 And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong,
 Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun :
 45 But true and faithfully obey'd,
 And neither preach'd them Hurt, nor pray'd ;
 Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
 50 To find us Pillories, and Cart's-Tails,
 Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;

That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps,
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,

755 And burnt our Vessels, like a new
Seal'd Peck, or Bushel, for b'ing true;
But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cause, against all others.
Dissaining equally to yield

760 One Syllable, of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
But outward Things, and outward Men;
Our inward Men, and constant Frame
Of Spirit, still were near the same.

765 And till they first began to cant,
And sprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually

770 Against the common Enemy.
Although 'twas ours, and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a RIMMON:
And yet for all this Gospel Union,
And outward Shew of Church-Communion,

775 They'd ne'er admit us to our Shares,
Of ruling Church or State-Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But shar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown,

780 We had so painfully preach'd down:
And forc'd us, though against the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but Justice to restore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;

785 And when 'twas held forth in our Way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:



W

PART III. CANTO II. 315.

Who, for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our temporal Salvation ;
And put our Vessels in a way,

10 Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this Providence about ;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King ;

15 What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
And therefore may pretend t' a Share,
At least in carrying on th' Affair :
But whether that be so, or not,

20 W' haye done enough to have it thought ;
And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
And easier pass't upon Account :
For if it be but half deny'd.
'Tis half as good as justify'd.

25 The World is nat'rally averse
To all the Truth, it fees or hears ;
But swallows Nonsense, and a Lie
With Greediness and Gluttony ;
And though it have the Pique, and long,

30 'Tis still for something in the wrong :
As Women long, when they're with Child,
For Things extravagant and wild ;
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome,
But seldom any Thing that's wholesome ;

35 And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;
And what they're confidently told,
By no Sense else can be controul'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the Means

40 Once more, to hedge-in Providence.

For as Relapses make Diseases
 More desp'rate than their first Accesses ;
 If we but get again in Pow'r,
 Our Work is easier than before ;

825 And we more ready and expert
 I' th' Mystery, to do our Part.
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first War to create, than make :
 And when of nothing 'twas begun ;

830 Rais'd Funds as strange to carry 't on :
 Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
 With Plots and Projects of our own :
 And if we did such Feats at first,
 What can we now w'are better vers'd ?

835 Who have a freer Latitude,
 Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd :
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest Terms, our Discipline ;
 To which it was reveal'd long since,

840 We were ordain'd by Providence :
 When ⁴ three Saints Ears, our Predecessor
 The Cause's primitive Confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the Nation stood
 In just so many Years of Blood :

845 That, multiply'd by Six, exprest
 The perfect Number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the Men,
 To bring this Work about agen ;
 And those who laid the first Foundation,

850 Compleat the thorough Reformation :
 For who have Gifts to carry on
 So great a Work, but we alone ?
 What Churches have such able Pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Master

Poff

PART III. CANTO II. 317

- 5 Poffeſ'd with absolute Dominions
O'er Brethren's Purſes, and Opinions ?
And truſted with the double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes ;
Who, when the Cause is in Distress,
- 10 Can furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in Banker's Hands,
To be dispos'd at their Commands :
And daily increase and multiply,
With Doctrine, Use, and Uſury :
- 15 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All others Heads of Cattle are ;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as high, and low Conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue Ribbands, down
- 20 To all blue Aprons in the Town :
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab ;
All Guts and Belly, like a Crab.
- 25 Our Party's great, and better ty'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any Side :
Has one conſiderable Improvement,
To double fortify the Cov'nant :
I mean our Covenant to purſue
- 30 Delinquents Titles, and the Churches :
That paſs in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
Among ouरſelves, for current Land :
And riſe or fall, like Indian Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions.
- 35 Our best Reſerve for Reformation,
When new Out-goings give Occaſion :
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' affeſt :

And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
 890 Will once more try th' Expedient :
 Who can already muster Friends,
 To serve for Members, to our Ends,
 That represent no Part o' th' Nation,
 But ^c Fisher's-Folly Congregation ;
 895 Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
 And sit like Geese, to hatch our Eggs ;
 Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,
 Can order Matters under-hand,
 900 To put all Bus'ness to a Stand :
 Lay publick Bills aside for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the Great and Necessary,
 With Trifles to contest and vary ;
 905 And make the Nation represent,
 And serve for us, in Parliament :
 Cut out more Work than can be done
 In ^f PLATO's Year, but finish none ;
 Unless it be the Bulls of LENTHAL,
 910 That always pass'd for fundamental ;
 Can set up Grandee against Grandee,
 To squander Time away, and bandy ;
 Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges,
 To one another's Privileges ;
 915 And rather than compound the Quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable Peril
 Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope
 And Consolation of our Hope :
 Who, though we do not play the Game,
 920 Assist as much by giving Aim.
 Can introduce our ancient Arts,
 For Heads of Factions t' act their Parts ;

Know

PART III. CANTO II. 319

Know what a leading Voice is worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;

15 How much a casting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump, of Ay, or No ;
And by adjusting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that so much Study cost,

30 And now's in Danger to be lost,
Unless our ancient Virtuoso's,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the Courses that we took
To carry things by Hook, or Crook ;

35 And practis'd down from Forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door :
Besides the Herds of Boutefcus,
We set on Work, without the House ;
When ev'ry Knight, and Citizen,

40 Kept legislative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabble's Sense ;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houses
With politick important Buzzes :

45 Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Designs without the Walls ;
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our present Use.
Agree upon the Plot o' th' Farce,

50 And ev'ry one his Part rehearse.
Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to say :
What Repartees, and smart Reflections,
Shall be return'd to all Objections :

55 And who shall break the Master-Jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest :

Help Pamphlets out, with safe Editions,
 Of proper Slanders and Seditions :
 And Treason for a Token send,

960 By Letter to a Country Friend ;
 Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit
 That Men, like Burglary, commit ;
 Wit falser than a Padder's Face,
 That all its Owner does, betrays ;

965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when
 He's in his Calling to be seen.
 Disperse the Dung on barren Earth,
 To bring new Weeds of Discord forth ;
 Be sure to keep up Congregations,

970 In spight of Laws and Proclamations :
 For Chiarlatans can do no Good,
 Until they're mounted in a Crowd ;
 And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't ;

975 As long as Confessors are sure
 Of double Pay for all th' endure ;
 And what they earn in Persecution,
 Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
 Whence some Tub-Holders-forth have made

980 In Powd'ring-Tubs their richest Trade :
 And, while they kept their Shops in Prifon,
 Have found their Prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least Regret.
 For all the Christian Blood, w' have let ;

985 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain
 Our Title to do so again :
 That needs not cost one Dram of Sense,
 But pertinacious Impudence.
 Our Constancy t' our Principles,

990 In Time will wear out all Things else :

Like

PART III. CANTO II. 321

Like marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
 With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kisses :
 While those who turn and wind their Oaths,
 Have swell'd and funk, like other Froths.

195 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
 Before from World to World they swung :
 As they had turn'd from Side to Side,
 And as the Changlings liv'd they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient States-monger

200 Could now contain himself no longer ;
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques,
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks,
 With smart Remarks, of leering Faces,
 And Annotations of Grimaces,

205 After h' had administer'd a Dose
 Of Snuff-Mundungus to his Nose,
 And powder'd th' Inside of his Skull,
 Instead of th' outward Jobbernal,
 He shook it with a scornful Look

210 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :
 In dressing a Calves Head, although
 The Tongue and Brains together go,
 Both keep so great a Distance here,
 'Tis strange, if ever they come near ;

215 For who did ever play his Gambols,
 With such insufferable Rambles ?
 To make the bringing in the KING,
 And keeping of him out, one Thing ?
 Which none could do but those that swore

220 T' as point-blank Nonsense heretofore :
 That to defend, was to invade,
 And to assassinate, to aid :
 Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a Doubt)

1025 No Pow'r is able to restore
And bring him in, but on your Score :
A spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your Uses.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is said

1030 To cure the Wounds the Vermin made ;
And Weapons drest with Salves, restore
And heal the Hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good Nature as the Salve,

1035 Or Virtue in them as the Vermin,
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis Pity you should mis
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' eternal Obligation

1040 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful Nation,
Be us'd s' unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just Reward,
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,
To rage just so far, but no further :

1045 And setting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State :
And not be allow'd the fitteſt Men

1050 To take the Charge of both agen :
Especially, that have the Grace
Of self-denying, gifted Face ;
Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,

1055 On those you painfully trepann'd,
And sprinkled in at second Hand :
As we have been, to share the Guilt
Of Christian Blood, devoutly spilt ;

PART III. CANTO II. 323

For so our Ignorance was flamm'd
 60 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd:
 Till finding your old Foe, the Hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon,
 And win your Necks upon the Set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet;

65 (For he had drawn your Ears before,
 And nick'd them on the self-same Score)
 We threw the Box and Dice away,
 Before y' had lost us, at foul Play;
 And brought you down to rook, and lye,

70 And fancy only, on the By;
 Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty Poles;
 And rescu'd all your outward Traitors
 From hanging up, like Aligators:

75 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd
 Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one Rope behind.
 Those were your Motives to divide,

80 And scruple, on the other Side,
 To turn your zealous Frauds, and Force,
 To Fits of Conscience, and Remorse:
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again:

85 For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
 Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls
 Are but apocryphal, and false,
 To charge us with the Consequences

90 Of all your native Insolences;
 That to your own imperious Wills
 Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels

Corrupted the Old Testament,
To serve the New for Precedent :
 1095 T' amend it's Errors and Defects,
With Murder, and Rebellion-texts :
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book to sow upon ;
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
 1100 Held Christian Doctrine forth, and Use ;
As Mahomet (your Chief) began
To mix them in the Alchoran :
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion ;
 1105 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And gifted mortifying Groans ;
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind :
Fill'd Bedlam with Predestination,
 1110 And Knights's-bridge with Illumination :
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody-Bones, or LUNSFORD.
While Women, great with Child, miscarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd.
 1115 Transform'd all Wives to DALILAHs,
Whose Husbands were not for the Cause :
And turn'd the Men to ten-horn'd Cattle,
Because they came not out to Battle :
Made Taylor's 'Prentices turn Heroes,
 1120 For Fear of being transform'd to MEROZ ;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole Herds of Beasts like Orpheus :
 1125 Inchant the King's, and Church's Lands,
T' obey, and follow your Commands ;

And



PART III. CANTO II.

325

And settle on a new Freehold,
As MARCLY-HILL had done of old.
Could turn the Covenant, and translate
1130 The Gospel into Spoons, and Plate :
Exound upon all Merchants Cashes,
And open th' intricatest Places :
Could catechize a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches orthodox ;
1135 Until the Cause became a DAMON,
And PYTHIAS the wicked Mammon.
And yet in spight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms ;
And raise more Devils in the Rout,
1140 Than e'er y' were able to cast out ;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Fools,
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;
Who though but gifted at your Feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.
1145 By whom you have been so oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all Command,
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,
Of all your Dispensations worm'd,
1150 Out-Providenc'd, and out-reform'd ;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all Things but the People's Hate ;
And spirited out of th' Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments,
1155 By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places ;
All which you bore with Resolution,
Charg'd on th' Accompt of Persecution ;
And though most righteously opprest,
1160 Against your Wills, still acquiesc'd ;

And

And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuffed Treason, nor Misprision.
 That is, because you never durst ;
 For had you preach'd, and pray'd your worst,
 1165 Alas ! you were no longer able
 To raise your Posse of the Rabble :
 One single red-coat Sentinel
 Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell ;
 And, with his Squirt-fire, could disperse
 1170 Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd and Verse.
 We knew too well those Tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your Powers ;
 Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,
 To your disposing of Out-goings :
 1175 Or to your ordering Providence,
 One Farthing's-worth of Consequence.
 For had you Pow'r to undermine,
 Or Wit to carry a Design,
 Or Correspondence to trepan,
 1180 Inveigle, or betray one Man ;
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your Zeal to use the Means ;
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out :
 1185 Brave Undertakers to restore,
 That cou'd not keep yourselves in Pow'r :
 T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,
 That wanted Wit to keep your own.
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
 1190 To wrong ye) done your Parts in both,
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
 For 'twas your zealous Want of Sense,
 And sanctify'd Impertinence ;

Your

PART III. CANTO II. 327

95 Your carrying Busines in a Huddle,
 That forc'd our Rulers to new-model ;
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out ;
 To Reformado, one and all,

100 T' your great & Croysado-general.
 Your greedy Slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r,
 That sprung the Game you were to set,
 Before y' had Time to draw the Net :

105 Your Spight to see the Churches Lands
 Divided into other Hands,
 And all your sacrilegious Ventures
 Laid out in Tickets, and Debentures ;
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,

110 By under Churches in the Town ;
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,
 Nor th' Independent's spreading Growths.
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you ;

115 Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
 Their Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots ;
 That thrive more by your zealous Piques,
 Than all their own rash Politicks.
 And this Way you may claim a Share,

120 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair,
 Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From PHARAOH, and his Brick-kilns loose ;
 And Flies and Mange, that set them free
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery,

125 Were likelier to do the Feat,
 In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit :
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation ?

That

That is, the King's and Churches Lands
 1230 Were sequester'd int' other Hands :
 For only then, and not before,
 Your Eyes were open'd to restore.
 And when the Work was carrying on,
 Who croſs'd it, but yourselves alone ?

1235 As by a World of Hints appears,
 All plain, and extant as your Ears.
 But first, o' th' first : The Isle of WIGHT
 Will rise up, if you ſhould deny't ;
 Where HENDERSON, and th' other Masses,

1240 Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Cafes :
 To paſſ for deep and learned Scholars,
 Although but paltry ^h Ob and Sollers :
 As if th' unfeafonable Fools
 Had been a Coursing in the Schools ;

1245 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his Daughter.
 For when they charg'd him with the Guilt
 Of all the Blood that had been ſpilt ;
 They did not mean he wrought th' Effuſion,

1250 In Person, like ¹ Sir PRIDE, or HUGHSON :
 But only thofe, who first begun
 The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
 And who could thofe be but the Saints,
 Thofe Reformation Termagants ?

1255 But e're this paſſ'd, the wife Debate
 Spent ſo much Time, it grew too late ;
 For OLIVER had gotten Ground,
 T' incloſe him with his Warriors round :
 Had brought his Providence about,

1260 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.
 Nor had the UXBRIDGE Bus'ness leſs
 Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishneſſ ;

When

PART III. CANTO II.

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When from a scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,

65 Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
So when the Scots, your constant Cronies,

70 Th' Espousers of your Cause, and Monies,
Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many Ways been soundly paid :
Came in at last for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends :

75 You basely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what Utensils y' have been,

80 To bring the King's Concernments in :
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you :
And if he take you into Trust,
Will find you most exactly just :

85 Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.
Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,

90 Than those who dully act one Part ;
Or those who turn from Side to Side,
More guilty, than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wise Man's Home,
And so are Governments to some,

95 Who change them for the same Intrigues,
That Statesmen use in breaking Leagues :

While

While others in old Faiths, and Troths,
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd Cloths :
 And nastier, in an old Opinion,
 1300 Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which Way soever the Game goes :
 And whether Parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd. or else hedg'd in.
 1305 While Pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n Delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right,
 And when the Times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may we, if w' have but Sense
 1310 To use the necessary Means ;
 And not your usual Stratagems
 On one another, Lights, and Dreams.
 To stand on Terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give :

1315 Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
 'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,
 And dream of pulling Churches down :
 Before w' are sure to prop our own :
 Your constant Method of Proceeding,
 1320 Without the carnal Means of heeding :
 Who, 'twixt your inward Sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again ;
 1325 The only Way that's left us now,
 But all the Difficulty's, How ?
 'Tis true, w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
 That all Mankind falls down before ;
 Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
 1330 Is the last Reason of all Things :

And

PART III. CANTO II.

331

And therefore need not doubt our Play
 Has all Advantages that Way :
 As long as Men have Faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well ;

1335 Whose half-starv'd Pride and Avarice,
 One Church and State will not suffice,
 T' expose to Sale, beside the Wages
 Of storing Plagues to After-ages.

Nor is our Money les our own,
 1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down :
 For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
 If we are brought in Play upon't :
 Or but, by casting Knaves, get in,
 What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?

1345 We know the Arts we us'd before,
 In Peace and War, and something more.
 And by th' unfortunate Events,
 Can mend our next Experiments :
 For when w' are taken into Trust,

1350 How easy are the Wifcst chouft ?
 Who see but th' Outsidcs of our Feats,
 And not their secret Springs, and Weights :
 And while they're busy at their Ease,
 Can carry what Designs we please.

1355 How easy is it 't to serve for Agents,
 To prosecute our old Engagements ?
 To keep the good old Cause on Foot ;
 And present Power from taking Root ?
 Inflame them both with false Alarms

1360 Of Plots and Parties taking Arms :
 To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
 From healing up of Side to Side.
 Profess the passionat'st Concerns,
 For both their Interests, by Turns.

The

1365 The only Way t' improve our own,
 By dealing faithfully with none :
 (As Bowls run true, by being made
 On Purpose false, and to be fway'd)
 For if we should be true to either,

1370 'T would turn us out of both together ;
 And therefore have no other Means
 To stand upon our own Defence,
 But keeping up our ancient Party
 In Vigour, confident and hearty :

1375 To reconcile our late Dissenters,
 Our Brethren, though by other Venters ;
 Unite them, and their different Maggots,
 As long and short Sticks are in Faggots,
 And make them join again as close,

1380 As when they first began t' espouse ;
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;
 To join in Marriage, and Commerce,
 And only among themselves converse,

1385 And all that are not of their Mind,
 Make Enemies to all Mankind :
 Take all Religions in, and stickle
 From Conclave down to Conventicle ;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,

1390 According to the Light in Being.
 Sometimes for Liberty of Conscience,
 And spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense :
 But in another quite contrary,
 As Dispensations chance to vary :

1395 And stand for, as the Times will bear it,
 All Contradictions of the Spirit :
 Protect their Emissaries, empower'd
 To preach Sedition, and the Word :

1400 And when they're hamper'd by the Laws,
 Release the Lab'lers for the Cause ;
 And turn the Persecution back
 On those that made the first Attack ,
 To keep them equally in Awe ,
 From breaking, or maintaining Law :

1405 And when they have their Fits too soon ,
 Before the Full-Tides of the Moon ;
 Put off their Zeal, t' a fitter Season
 For sowing Faction in, and Treason ;
 And keep them hooded, and their Churches ,
 1410 Like Hawks from bating on their Perches .
 That when the blessed Time shall come
 Of quitting BABYLON, and ROME ,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth Monarchy once more .

1415 Mean while be better arm'd to fence
 Against Revolts of Providence :
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind Sides of it, as they happen :
 For if Success could make us Saints ,

1420 Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants :
 A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd .
 These are the Courses we must run ,
 Spight of our Hearts, or be undone :

1425 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks ,
 Before we have secur'd our Necks .
 But do our Work, as out of Sight ,
 As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :
 All Licence of the People own ,

1430 In Opposition to the Crown .
 And for the Crown as fiercely side ,
 The Head and Body to divide .

The End of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind :

1435 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies, that happen ;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as Men in Want :
As some of us, in Trusts, have made

1440 The one Hand with the other trade :
Gain'd vastly by their joint Endeavour,
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver ;
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as fly, retail'd.

1445 For Gain has wonderful Effects
T' improve the Factory of Sects :
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great DIANA of the EPHESIANS :
Whence turning of Religion's made

1450 The Means to turn, and wind a Trade.
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course ;
And draw in Store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce :

1455 For all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather ;
To nab the Itches of their Sects,
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis, Hypocrify as well

1460 Will serve t' improve a Church, as ZEAL :
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.
Let Busines, like ill Watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow :

1465 For Things in Order are put out
So easy, Ease itself will do ;

But when the Feat's design'd and meant,
 What Miracle can bar th' Event?
 For 'tis more easy to betray,
 ¶70 Than ruin any other Way.
 All possible Occasions start,
 The weighty'st Matters to divert;
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
 And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle.

¶75 But in Affairs of less Import,
 That neither do us Good nor Hurt;
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
 And seem as scrupulously just,
 ¶80 To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.
 But still be careful to cry down
 All publick Actions, though our own:
 The least Miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the State:
 ¶85 Express the horrid'st Detestation,
 And pity the distracted Nation.
 Tell Stories scandalous and false,
 I' th' proper Language of Cabals,
 Where all a subtle Statesman says,
 ¶90 Is half in Words, and half in Face;
 (As Spaniards talk in Dialogues
 Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
 Entrust it under solemn Vows
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
 ¶95 To be retail'd again in Whispers,
 For th' easy Credulous to disperse.
 Thus far the Statesman---When a Shout,
 Heard at a Distance, put him out;
 And strait another, all agast,
 500 Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste:

Who

Who star'd about, as pale as Death,
And, for a while, as out of Breath :
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by Fits.

1505 That ^k beastly Rabble,---that came down
From all the Garrets--in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,--in vast Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills--and rusty Arms,
To cry the Cause--up, heretofore,

1510 And bawl the BISHOPS--out of Door ;
Are now drawn up--In greater Shoals,
To roast--and broil us on the Coals,
And all the Grandees--of our Members
Are carbonading--on the Embers ;

1515 Knights, Citizens, and Burghesses----
Held forth by Rumps---of Pigs and Geese,
That serve for Characters----and Badges
To represent their Personages :
Each Bonefire is a Funeral Pile,

1520 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry Representative
Have vow'd to roast----and broil alive :
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate.

1525 For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are grilly'd all at TEMPLE-BAR :
Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows.
Made up of Rags, to personate

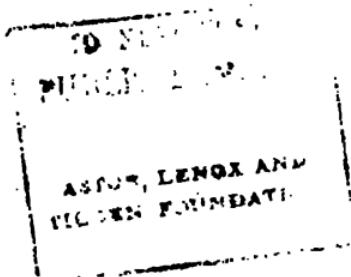
1530 Respective Officers of State ;
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in Law, and executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready listed under ¹DUN,

That

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PART III. CANTO II. 337

5 That worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows :
The activ'st Member of the Five,
As well as the most primitive :
Who for his faithful Service then,
o Is chosen for a Fifth agen :
(For since the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's lifted in't)
This Worthy, as the World will say,
Is paid in Specie, his own Way ;

5 For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A cropp'd malignant Baker gave 'em :
And to the largest Bone-fire riding,

o They've roasted a Cook already, and PRIDE in :
On whom, in Equipage and State,
His scarecrow Fellow-members wait,
And march in Order, two and two,
As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;

5 Each in a tatter'd Talisman,
Like Vermin in Effigie slain.
But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
Those Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beast,
Set up by Popish Engineers,

o As by the Crackers plainly appears ;
For none but Jesuits, have a Mission
To preach the Faith with Ammunition,
And propagate the Church with Powder ;
Their Founder was a blown-up a Soldier.

5 These spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores ;
Since first they fail'd in their Designs,
To take in Heav'n by springing Mines,

Q

And

And with unanswerable Barrels
 1570 Of Gunpowder, dispute their Quarrels :
 Now take a Course more practicable,
 By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
 And blow us up, in th' open Streets,
 Disguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites ;
 1575 More like to ruin, and confound,
 Than all their Doctrines under Ground.
 Nor have they chosen Rumps amiss,
 For Symbols of State-Mysteries ;
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
 1580 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the Few ;
 Who 'cause they're wasted to the Stumps,
 Are represented best by Rumps.
 But Jesuits have deeper Reaches
 In all their politick Far-fetches :
 1585 And from the Coptick Priest, * Kircherus,
 Found out this mystick Way to jeer us.
 For, as th' * Ægyptians us'd by Bees
 T' express their antick PTOLOMIES ;
 And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
 1590 Held forth Authority and Pow'r :
 Because these subtil Animals
 Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails ;
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd State :
 1595 They thought all Governments were best
 By Hieroglyphick Rumps express'd.
 For, as in Bodies natural,
 The Rump's the Fundament of all ;
 Sq, in a Common-wealth, or Realm,
 1600 The Government is call'd the Helm ;
 With which, like Vessels under Sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the Tail.

Tb

The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer
 Their Courses with, through Sea and Air ;

15 To whom the Rudder of the Rump, is
 The same Thing with the Stern and Compass.
 This shews how perfectly the Rump,
 And Common-wealth in Nature jump.
 For as a Fly that goes to Bed,

10 Rafts with his Tail above his Head ;
 So in this mungrel State of ours,
 The Rabble are the supreme Powers ;
 That hors'd us on their Backs, to show us
 A jadish Trick at last, and throw us.

15 The learned Rabbins of the Jews
 Write there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
 I' th' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,
 No Force in Nature can do Hurt to ;
 And therefore at the last great Day,

10 All th' other Members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a Seed
 All Sorts of Vegetals proceed ;
 From whence the learned Sons of Art,
 Os Sacrum, justly stile that Part.

5 Then what can better represent,
 Than this Rump-Bone, the Parliament ;
 That, after several rude Ejections,
 And as prodigious Resurrections,
 With new Reversions of nine Lives,

10 Starts up, and like a Cat revives ?
 But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
 And th' House, as well as Members fir'd ;
 Consum'd in Kennels by the Rout,
 With which they other Fires put out :

15 Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
 And paultry, private Wretchedness ;

Worse than the Devil, to Privation,
 Beyond all Hopes of Restauration :
 And parted like the Body and Soul,
 1640 From all Dominion and Controul.

We, who cou'd lately with a Look,
 Enact, establish, or revoke ;
 Whose arbitrary Nods gave Law,
 And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe ;
 1645 Before the Bluster of whose Huff,
 All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off ;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
 Down to the Foot-man and Valet ;
 Had more bent Knees than Chapel-mats,
 1650 And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For Ruin's just as low as high ;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The Horror that attends our Fall ;
 1655 For some of us have Scores more large
 Than Heads and Quarters can discharge ;
 And others, who by restless Scraping,
 With publick Frauds, and private Rapine,
 Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,
 1660 Would gladly lay down all, at laſt ;
 And to be but undone, entaiſ
 Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;
 And blesſ the Dev'l to let them Farms
 Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms,
 1665 This ſaid, a near, and louder Shout
 Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout,
 Who now begun t' out-run their Fear,
 As Horses do from whom they bear :
 But crowded on with ſo much hafe,
 1670 Until th' had block'd the Paſſage fast,

And

PART III. CANTO II. 341

* And barricado'd it with Haunches
Of outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,
And rather save a crippled Piece

15 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,
Than have them grillied on the Embers ;
Still pressing on with heavy Packs
Of one another on their Backs :
The Van-guard could no longer bear

20 The Charges of the forlorn Rere,
But, born down headlong by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot :
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble :

35 And Fear, that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuscan Running-Horse,

40 Whose Jockey-Rider is all Spurs.

H U D I B R A S.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight
To quit th' enchanted Bow'r by Night ;
He plods to turn his amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and prosecute :
Repairs to Counsel, to advise
'But managing the Enterprise ;
But first resolves to try by Letter,
And one more fair Address, to get her.*

C A N T O . III.

WHO wou'd believe what strange Bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of Fears ;
That spring, like Fern, that infect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed ?

PART III. CANTO III. 343

5 And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful Feats
Than Hags, with all their ⁹ Imps and Teats ;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
10 Than all their Nurseries of Elves.
For Fear does Things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which ;
Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences ;
15 As ' Rosicrucian Virtuoso's
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by Fear ;
That makes 'em in the Dark see Visions,
20 And hag themselves with Apparitions ;
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest Objects best :
Do Things, not contrary, alone,
To th' Course of Nature, but its own ;
25 The Courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant :
For Men as resolute appear,
With too much, as too little Fear ;
And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
30 Will run away from Death by dying :
Or turn again to stand it out ;
And those they fled, like Lions, rout.
This *HUDIBRAS* had prov'd too true,
Who by the Furies left perdue,
35 And haunted with Detachments, sent
From ¹ Marshal Legion's Regiment,
Was by a Fiend, as Counterfeit,
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a Cheat ;

When nothing but himself, and Fear,
 40 Was both the Imps and Conjurér :
 As, by the Rules o' th' Virtuosi,
 It follows in due Form of Poesie.

 Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
 We left our Champion on his Flight,

45 At Blindman's Buff, to grope his Way,
 In equal Fear of Night and Day,
 Who took his dark and desp'rare Course,
 He knew no better than his Horse ;
 And by an unkown Devil led,

50 (He knew as little whither) fled.
 He never was in greater Need,
 Nor less Capacity of Speed ;
 Disabled, both in Man and Beast,
 To fly and run away, his best ;

55 To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
 From equal falling on his Rere,
 And though with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
 The further, and the nearer Side :
 (As Seamen ride with all their Force,

60 And tug as if they row'd the Horse ;
 And when the Hackney fails most swift,
 Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
 So though he posted e'er so fast,
 His Fear was greater than his Hast :

65 For Fear, though fleeter than the Wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the Morn began t' appear,
 And shift t' another Scene his Fear ;
 He found his new officious Shade,

70 That came so timely to his Aid,
 And forc'd him from the Foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd itself to RALPHO's Shape,

7

8

9

80

PART III. CANTO III. 345

So like in Person, Garb, and Pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

75 For RALPHO had no sooner told
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of Sight,
 To entertain the approaching Knight :
 And while he gave himself Diversion,

80 T' accommodate his Beast and Person,
 And put his Beard into a Posture
 At best Advantage to accost her ;
 She order'd th' Antimasquerade
 (For his Reception) aforesaid :

85 But when the Ceremony was done,
 The Lights put out, and Furies gone ;
 And HUDIBRAS, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as RALPHO guess't ;
 The wretched Caitiff all alone,

90 (As he believ'd) began to moan,
 And tell his Story to himself ;
 The Knight mistook him for an Elf :
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at RALPH's outward Man ;

95 And thought, because they oft agreed
 T' appear in one another's Stead,
 And act the Saint's and Devil's Part,
 With undistinguishable Art ;
 They might have done so now, perhaps,

100 And put on one another's Shapes ;
 And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
 What Art ? My 'Squire, or that bold Sprite
 That took his Place and Shape to Night ?

105 Some busy independent Pug,
 Retainer to his Synagogue ?

Alas ! quothe he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom Friends, as you suppose ;
 But RALPH himself, your trusty 'Squire,

110 Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' Mire,
 And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you ;
 And, though a Prisoner of War,
 Have brought you safe, where you now are ;

115 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant Presbyterian Way. {stranger,
 That's stranger (quothe the Knight) and
 Who gave thee Notice of my Danger ?
 Quoth he, th' infernal Conjuror

120 Pursu'd, and took me Prisoner ;
 And knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along to find you out.
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did :

125 And though they lay to him the Pageant,
 I did not see him, nor his Agent ;
 Who play'd their Sorceries out of Sight,
 T' avoid a fiercer, second Fight.
 But didst thou see no Devil's then ?

130 Not one (quoth he) but carnal Men,
 A little worse than Fiends in Hell,
 And that She-Devil JEZABEL ;
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with Derision,
 To see them take your Deposition.

135 What then (quoth HUDIBRAS) was he,
 That play'd the Dev'l to examine me ?
 A rallying Weaver in the Town,
 That did it in a Parson's Gown :
 Whom all the Parish take for gifted,

140 But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it.

In which you told them all your Feats,
 Your conscientious Frauds and Cheats;
 Deny'd your Whipping, and confes't
 The naked Truth of all the rest,

45 More plainly than the^{re} rev'rend Writer,
 That to our Churches veil'd his Miter.
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgell'd me to under-write:

What made thee; when they all were gone,

50 And none, but thou and I alone,
 To act the Devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my hellish Fear?

Quoth he; I knew your constant Rate,
 And Frame of Sprit too obstinate,

55 To be by me prevail'd upon
 With any Motives of my own:
 And therefore strove to counterfeit
 The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit;
 The Devil, that is your constant Crony,

60 That only can prevail upon ye:
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
 Th' had left the Enemy behind,

65 And saw no farther Harm remain,
 But feeble Wearinfs and Pain;
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,
 Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day;
 And by declining of the Road,

70 They had, by Chance, their Rere made good,
 He ventur'd to dismjs his Fear,
 That Parting's wont to rent and tear,
 And give the desperat'ft Attack
 To Danger still behind its Back.

175 For having paus'd to recollect,
 And on his past Succes reflect,
 T' examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how they came to fly,
 And when no Devil had appear'd,

180 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd ;
 It put him in so fierce a Rage,
 He once resolv'd to re-ingage ;
 Toss'd like a Foot-Ball back again,
 With Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.

185 Quoth he, it was thy Cowardise,
 That made me from this Leaguer rise ;
 And when I had half reduc'd the Place,
 To quit it infamously base.
 Was better cover'd by the new

190 Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew :
 To slight my new Acquests, and run
 Victoriously, from Battles won.
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost ;

195 To make me put myself to Flight,
 And conqu'ring run away by Night ;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do.
 To mount me in the Dark by Force,

200 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,
 Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
 Without my Arms and Equipage ;
 Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal Fight renew :

205 And, to preserve thy outward Man,
 Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.
 All this, quothe RALPH, I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you.

You,

PART III. CANTO III. 349

You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs
210 Than Wretches feel in Pow'd'ring-Tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd Carroches, worse
Than managing a Woodea-Horse :
Dragg'd out through straiter Holes by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for Perjurers.

215 Who, though th' Attempt had prev'd in vain,
Had had no Reason to complain ;
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranfome ;
And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones

220 From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we disabled, and unhors'd,
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight,
And no Way left but hasty Flight,

225 Which, though as desp'rate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you Freedom to condemn 't.
But were our Bones in fit Condition
To reinforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,

230 To think of falling on again :
No martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice ;
Nor cast Design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their Losing-Cards.

235 Beside, our Bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest ;
And for a-while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable.
And therefore I, with Reason, chose

240 This Stratagem, t' amuse our Foes ;
To make an honourable Retreat,
And wave a total sure Defeat :

350. H U D I B R A S.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

245 Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct, in the martial Art ;
By which some glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive ;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while

250 They seem to draw off and recoil ;
Is held the gallantest Course, and bravest
To great Exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' Expence of Time and Pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains ;

255 And in the End prevails as certain
As those that never trust to Fortune ;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the stoutest Resolution ;
As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,

260 And, only trembling, overthrow.
If "th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,
That only fav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?

265 Or fight indanger'd to be lost,
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this Means, when a Battle's won,
The War's as far from being done :
For those that save themselves, and fly,

270 Go Halves, at least, i' th' Victory ;
And sometime, when the Loss is small,
And Danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets ;

275 And when, for furious Haste to run,
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,

Wave

PART III. CANTO III. 353

Have don't with Bonefires, and at Home
 Made Squibs and Crackers overcome :
 To set the Rabble on a Flame,

280 And keep their Governors from Blame,
 Disperse the News the Pulpit tells,
 Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells ;
 And though reduc'd to that Extream,
 They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;

285 Yet, with religious Blasphemy,
 By flattering Heaven with a Lye,
 And for their Beating giving Thanks,
 Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks ;
 For those who run from th' Enemy,

290 Engage them equally to fly ;
 And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
 Those win the Day, that win the Race ;
 And that which would not pass in Fights,
 Has done the Feat with easy Flights ;

295 Recover'd many a desp'reate Campaign
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign,
 Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
 With Brandy-Wine, and Aqua-vitæ ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome

300 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum ;
 Whom the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
 To Victory necessitate ;
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return :

305 Or else their Sultan Populaces
 Still strangle all their routed Basfa's.

Quoth HUDIBRAS, I understand
 What Fights thou mean'ft at Sea and Land,
 And who those were that run away,

310 And yet gave out th' had won the Day ;

Although

352 H U D I B R A S

Although the Rabble sou'd them for 't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our modern Way of Was
Is grown more politick by far,

315 But not so resolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving Battle,
Unless it be to Herds of Cattle;
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,

320 The whole Design o' the Expedition;
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one Way;

325 To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death;
And those atchieve the high'ft Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no Fear of Wounds, nor Maim-

330 All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine; [ing]
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Desigu,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine:
But have no Need, nor Use of Courage,
Unless it be for Glory, or Forage:

335 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one Side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rere;
And forc'd, with terrible Resistance,

340 To keep hereafter at a Distance,
To pick-out Ground to incamp upon,
Where Store of largest Rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful Barriers,
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors;

Where

PART III. CANTO III. 353

- 5 Where both from Side to Side may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep :
For Men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted ;
And therefore post themselves in Bogs,
- o As th' ancient ^x Mice attack'd the Frogs ;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their strict Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold ?
But who bears Hunger best, and Cold ?
- 5 And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at Starving :
And he that routs most Pigs and Cows,
The formidablest Man of Prowess.
So th' Emperor CALIGULA,
- o That triumph'd o'er the British Sea,
Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,
And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirasiers ;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muscles ;
- 5 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops ;
Not like their ancient Way of War,
To wait on his triumphal Carr :
But when he went to dine or sup,
- o More bravely eat his Captives up ;
And left all War, by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth RALPH, By all that you have said,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,

- 5 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,
Than take this out-of-fashion'd Course ;
To hope, by Stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging Battle to subdue her :

Thought

Or by their Controversies lessen
 The Dignity of their Profession ;
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
 450 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and Side ;
 And though w' are all as near of Kindred
 As th' outward Man is to the inward ;
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest Fingle-fangle ;
 455 While Lawyers have more sober Sense,
 Than to argue at their own Expence,
 But make their best Advantages
 Of others Quarrels, like the Swiss :
 And out of foreign Controversies,
 460 By aiding both Sides, fill their Purses ;
 But have no Int'rest in the Cause
 For which th' ingage, and wage the Laws ;
 Nor further Prospect than their Pay,
 Whether they lose or win the Day.
 465 And though th' abounded in all Ages,
 With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages ;
 Though all their Busines be Dispute,
 Which Way they canvas ev'ry Suit ;
 Th' have no Disputes about their Art,
 470 Nor in Polemicks controvert :
 While all Professions else are found
 With nothing but Disputes t' abound :
 Divines of all Sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians ;
 475 The Galenist, and Paracelsian,
 Condemn the Way each other deals in :
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
 480 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes.

And



And Heralds sticke, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,
T' expose their Trade to Disputation ;

15 Or make the busy Rabble Judges
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges ;
In which whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profession's sure to pay.
Beside, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats,

10 Dare undertake to do their Feats ;
When in all other Sciences
They swarm, like Insects, and increase.
For what Bigot durst ever draw,
By inward Light, a Deed in Law ?

15 Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Answer to a Declaration ?
For those that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools :
And if you follow their Advice,

10 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies ;
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

15 The Knight, who us'd with Tricks and
To edify, by RALPHO's Gifts, [Shifts
But in Appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All Plagiary's constant Course

o Of sinking, when they take a Purse)
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by Disguise :
And after stubborn Contradiction,
To counterfeit his own Conviction,

And

515 And by Transiſion, fall upon
The Resolution, as his own.
Quoth he, this Gambol thou adviſest,
Is of all others the upwiſest ;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
520 There's nothing fillier, or vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' Expence ;
To act against myſelf, and traverſe
My Suit, and Title to her Favours :
525 And if ſhe ſhou'd, which Heav'n forbids,
O'erthrew me, as the Fidler did ;
What After-course have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake ?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
530 And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottish Chowſe,
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning-Men,
To help him to his Goods agen ;
535 When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain :
And yet I have no other Way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main Force,
540 Is now in vain ; by fair Means, worse :
But worſt of all, to give her over,
'Till ſhe's as desp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until th' are never to be won.
545 But ſince I have no other Course,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse ;
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill ;

Which

Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 550 For Reasons to himself best known :
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For SIDROPHEL resolves to sue :
 Whom I must answer, or begin
 Inevitably first with him.

555 For I've receiv'd Advertisement,
 By Times enough, of his Intent ;
 And knowing, he that first complains,
 Th' Advantage of the Busines gains :
 For Courts of Justice understand

560 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand ;
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other, nothing till he swear :
 Is freely admitted to all Grace,
 And lawful Favour, by his Place :

565 And for his bringing Custom in,
 Has all Advantages to win.
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky Opportunity,
 Will go to Council, to advise

570 Which Way t' encounter, or surprize,
 And after long Consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' Occasion ;
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As Counsellor, and Justice too :

575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,
 A Lawyer fit for such a Case,
 An ² old dull Sot, who told the Clock,
 For many Years at Bridewell-dock,
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-Hall,

580 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all ;
 Where, in all Governments and Times,
 H' had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
 And

And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,
By hind'ring Justice, or maintaining :

585 To many a Whore give Priviledge,
And whipp'd, for want of Quarteridge ;
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent :
And many a trusty Pimp, and Croney

590 To Puddle-dock, for want of Money :
Engag'd the Constable to seize
All those that would not break the Peace ;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords,

595 And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,
For being sober at ill Hours ;
That in the Morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made ^b Monsters fine, and Puppet-Plays

600 For Leave to practise in their Ways ;
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share
With th' Headborough, and Scavenger ;
And made the Dirt i' th' Streets compound
For taking up the publick Ground :

605 The Kennel, and the King's Highway,
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,
And Cage, to those that gave him most ;
Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,

610 And for false Weights on Chandelers ;
Made Victuallers, and Vinters fine
For arbitrary Ale and Wine.
But was a kind and constant Friend
To all that regularly offend :

615 As Residential Bawds,
And Brokers, that receive stol'n Goods ;

That



AMERICAN AND
TILSEN FOUNDATIONS

p.36a.



p.36.

That cheat in lawfule Mysteries,
 And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees :
 But was implacable, and awkward
 10 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
 To this brave Man the Knight repairs
 For Council in his Law-Affairs ;
 And found him mounted in his Pew,
 With Books and Money plac'd for Shew,
 15 Like Nest-Eggs to make Clients lay,
 And for his false Opinion pay :
 To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat to put his Case :
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
 20 As th' other courteously strain'd ;
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.
 Quoth he, there is one SIDROPHEL,
 Whom I have cudgell'd---Very well.
 25 And now he brags t' have beaten me ;---
 Better and better still, quoth he :
 And vows to stick me to a Wall,
 Where-e'er he meets me---Best of all.
 'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath
 30 That I robb'd him---Well done, in Troth.
 When h' has confess'd he stole my Cloak,
 And pick'd my Fob, and what he took ;
 Which was the Cause that made me bang him,
 And take my Goods again---Marry hang him.
 35 Now whether I should before-hand
 Swear he robb'd me ?---I understand.
 Or bring my Action of Conversion
 And Trover for my Goods ?---Ah. Whorson.
 Or if 'tis better to indite,
 40 And bring him to his Trial ;---Right ;

Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' State against him ?---True.

Or whether he that is Defendant,
In this Case, has the better End on't ;

655 Who putting in a new Cross-Bill,
May traverse th' Action ?---Better still.

Then there's a Lady too,---Aye marry,---
That's easily prov'd accessory ;

A Widow, who, by solemn Vows

660 Contracted to me for my Spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her Word,
And has abetted all.---Good Lord !

Suborn'd th' aforesaid SIDROPHEL,
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell ;

665 Who put m' into a horrid Fear,
Fear of my Life,---Make that appear.

Made an Assault with Fiends and Men
Upon my Body---Good agen :

And kept me in a deadly Fright,

670 And false Imprisonment, all Night :
Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse,
And stole my Saddle,---Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage.

675 Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good, and fair a Battery
As Heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest Man alive to claim.

For if th' have us'd you, as you say ;

680 Marry, quoth I, God give you Joy ;
I wou'd it were my Case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe :
I would so trounce her, and her Purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;

PART III. CANTO III. 363

35 For Matrimony and Hanging here
Both go by Destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As Cross I win, and Pile you lose ;
And if I durst, I would advance

30 As much in ready Maintenance,
As upon any Case I've known,
But we that practise dare not own ;
The Law severely contrabands
Our taking Bus'ness off Men's Hands ;

35 'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point-blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,
And crops them till there is not Leather,
To stick a Pin in, left of either ;
For which some do the Summer-Sault,

40 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may swear at any Rate,
Things not in Nature, for the State :
For in all Courts of Justice here
A Witness is not said to swear,

45 But make an Oath ; that is in plain Terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Because 'tis to my Purpose pat---)
For Justice, though she's painted blind,

50 Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,
Like Charity ; else Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a Slight
Convey Men's Interest and Right,

55 From Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as Hocus Pocus :
Plays fast and loose, makes Men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Higgins Doctius.

Thea

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
 720 Or but recover her for your Wife ;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other Matters pass,
 The Bus'ness to the Law's alone,
 The Proof is all it looks upon :

725 And you can want no Witnesses
 To swear to any Thing you please,
 That hardly get their meer Expences
 By th' Labour of their Consciences ;
 Or letting out to hire their Ears.

730 To Affidavit-Customers :
 At inconsiderable Values
 To serve for Jury-Men, or Tales,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest Matters,
 Of Trustees, and Administrators.

735 For that, quoth he, let me alone ;
 W' have Store of such, and all our own ;
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
 The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
 740 By weighing all Advantages,
 Your surest Way is first to pitch
 On a BONGEY, for a Water-Witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
 Y' have Time enough to deal with her.

745 In th' Int'rim, spare for no Trepans
 To draw her Neck into the Banes :
 Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
 And bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quilletts,
 With Trains t' inveigle, and surprize

750 Her heedless Answers, and Replies :
 And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs ;

PART III. CANTO III. 365

And make an Artist understand
To copy out her Seal, or Hand ;
Or find void Places in the Paper
To steal in something to intrap her ;
Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
Spight of her Heart, she has indow'd ye :
Retain all Sorts of Witnesses,

10 That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees ;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd Knights, their Hosts ;
Or wait for Customers between
The Pillars-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn :

15 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
And Affidavit-Men ne'er fail
T' expose to Sale all Sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears and Cloaths,
Their only necessary Tools,

20 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys,
I shall be ready at your Service.
I would not give, quoth **HUDIBRAS**,
A Straw to understand a Case,

25 Without the admirable Skill
To wind, and manage it at Will ;
To vere, and tack, and steer a Cause
Against the Weather-gage of Laws ;
And ring the Changes upon Cases,

30 As plain as Noses upon Faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
I long to practise your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice ;

35 To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did :

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
 720 Or but recover her for your Wife ;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other Matters pass,
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755 Or find void Places in the Paper
To steal in something to intrap her ;
Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
Spight of her Heart, she has indow'd ye :
Retain all Sorts of Witnesses,
760 That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees ;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd Knights, their Hosts ;
Or wait for Customers between
The Pillars-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn :
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And Affidavit-Men ne'er fail
T' expose to Sale all Sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears and Cloaths,
Their only necessary Tools,
770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys,
I shall be ready at your Service.
I would not give, quoth **HUDIBRAS**,
A Straw to understand a **Cafe**,
775 Without the admirable Skill
To wind, and manage it at Will ;
To vere, and tack, and steer a Cause
Against the Weather-gage of Laws ;
And ring the Changes upon Cases,
780 As plain as Noses upon Faces,
As you have well instruced me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
I long to practise your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice ;
785 To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did :

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
 720 Or but recover her for your Wife ;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other Matters pass,
 The Bus'ness to the Law's alone,
 The Proof is all it looks upon :
 725 And you can want no Witnesses
 To swear to any Thing you please,
 That hardly get their meer Expences
 By th' Labour of their Consciences ;
 Or letting out to hire their Ears.
 730 To Affidavit-Customers :
 At inconsiderable Values
 To serve for Jury-Men, or Tales,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest Matters,
 Of Trustees, and Administrators.
 735 For that, quoth he, let me alone ;
 W' have Store of such, and all our own ;
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
 The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
 That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
 740 By weighing all Advantages,
 Your surest Way is first to pitch
 On a BONGEY, for a Water-Witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the Conjuror,
 Y' have Time enough to deal with her.
 745 In th' Int'rim, spare for no Trepans
 To draw her Neck into the Banes :
 Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
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 With Trains t' inveigle, and surprize
 750 Her heedless Answers, and Replies :
 And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs ;

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To steal in something to intrap her ;
Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
Spite of her Heart, she has indow'd ye :
Retain all Sorts of Witnesses,

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Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
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780 As plain as Noses upon Faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
I long to practise your Advice,
And try the subtle Artifice ;

785 To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did :

For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

An Heroical
E P I S T L E
O F
H U D I B R A S to his L A D Y.

I Who was once as great as CÆSAR,
Am now reduc'd to NEBUCHADNEZZAR;
And from as fam'd a Conqueror
As ever took Degree in War,
5 Or did his Exercise in Battle,
By you turn'd out to Grass with Cattle:
For since I am deny'd Access
To all my earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the Paradise
10 Of your good Graces, and fair Eyes;
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting Banishment;
Where all the Hopes I had t' have won
Your Heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
15 Yet if you were not so severe
To pass your Doom before you hear,
You'd

You'd find, upon my just Defence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
 That once I made a Vow to you,

20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ;
 But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, though delay'd :
 Or, if it were, it is no Fault,
 So heinous as you'd have it thought ;

25 To undergo the Loss of Ears,
 Like vulgar Hackney Perjurers :
 For there's a Diff'rence in the Case,
 Between the Noble, and the Base ;
 Who always are observ'd t' have don't

30 Upon as different an Account :
 The one for great and weighty Cause,
 To salve in Honour ugly Flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who are nicest of their Honour :

35 The other for base Gain and Pay,
 Forswear, and perjure by the Day ;
 And make th' Exposing and Retailing
 Their Souls and Consciences, a Calling.

It is no Scandal, nor Aspersion

40 Upon a Great, and Noble Person,
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd Trick, To keep his Word,
 Though 'tis Perfidiousness and Shame,
 In meaner Men, to do the same :

45 For to be able to forget,
 Is found more useful to the Great,
 Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,
 To make 'em pafs for wond'rous wife.
 But though the Law, on Perjurers,

50 Inflicts the Forfeiture of Ears ;

370 AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF

Then how can any Thing offend,
120 In order to so great an End ?
Or Heav'n itself a Sin ^f resent,
That for it's own Supply was meant ?
That merits, in a kind Mistake,
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.
125 Or if it did not, but the Cause
Were left to th' Injury of Laws,
What Tyranny can disapprove
There should be Equity in Love ?
For Laws that are inanimate,
130 And feel no Sense of Love, or Hate,
That have no Passion of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon ;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals as strict :
135 But to have Power to forgive,
Is Empire, and Prerogative ;
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then since so few do what they ought,
140 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant Fault ;
For why should he who made Addreſs,
All humble Ways, without Success,
And met with nothing in Return,
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
145 Not strive by Wit to counter-mine,
And bravely carry his Design ?
He who was us'd so unlike a Soldier
Blown up with Philters of Love-powder ?
And after letting Blood, and Purging,
150 Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging :
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd by Goblins in the Night ;

Insu'

Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude Invasion of his Beard ;

5 And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled :
Attack'd by despicable Foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar Blows ;
And, after all, to be debarr'd

10 So much as standing on his Guard :
When Horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have Leave to kick for being kick'd ?
Or why should you, whose Mother-Wits
Are furnish'd with all Perquisits ;

15 That with your Breeding Teeth begin,
And nursing Babies, that lie in ;
B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our cully Sex, and we use none ?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,

20 Against your Stratagems t' oppose,
Or Oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down ?
You wound like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye :

25 Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.
As Pyrates all false Colours wear
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner ;
So Women to surprize us spread

30 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red ;
Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the Picts ;
And raise more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers less subtle Books ;

35 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues,
In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Perriwigs,

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Then how can any Thing offend,
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Than their old Grandmothers, the Picts ;
And raise more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers less subtle Books ;

85 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues,
In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Perriwigs,

With greater Art, and Cunning rear'd,
 Than PHILIP NYE's Thanksgiving Beard,
 Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain

190 Those to adore 'em they disdain ;
 And only draw 'em in, to clog
 With idle Names a Catalogue.

A Lover is, the more he's brave
 T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave ;

195 And whatsoever she commands,
 Becomes a Favour from her Hands ;
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust, or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her
 200 T' Adventures, he would else forbear,
 Who with his Honour can withstand,
 Since Force is greater than Command ?
 And when Necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust, or bad :

205 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
 Of Love, our great Ally, and yours,
 Join'd Forces not to be withstood
 By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood ;
 All I have done, unjust or ill,

210 Was in Obedience to your Will ;
 And all the Blame that can be due,
 Falls to your Cruelty and you.
 Nor are those Scandals I confess,
 Against my Will and Interest,

215 More than is daily done of Course,
 By all Men, when they're under Force.
 When some, upon the Rack, confess
 What th' Hangman, and their Prompters please
 But are no sooner out of Pain,

220 Then they deny it all again.

But when the Devil turns Confessor,
 Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleasure
 To hear, or pardon like the Founder
 Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.

225 And therefore, when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without Precedent,
 The first that on th' Adventure went :
 All Mankind ever did of Course,

230 And daily does the same, or worse.
 For what Romance can shew a Lover,
 That had a Lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer Course,
 To fall a-board on his Amours ?

235 And what at first was held a Crime,
 Has turn'd to Honourable in Time,
 To what a Height did ¹ Infant ROME,
 By ravishing of Women, come ?
 When Men upon their Spouses seiz'd,

240 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd :
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor in the Mind they were in, dy'd :
 Nor took the Pains t' address, and sue,
 Nor play'd the Masquerade to woo :

245 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents :
 Nor juggled about Settlements ;
 Did need no License, nor no Priest,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to assist ;
 Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money

250 In th' holy State of Matrimony,
 Before they settled Hands and Hearts,
 T'ill ^t Alimony, or Death departs :
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very Bride's good Will,

But

374 An HEROICAL EPISTLE of

255 But took a wise and shorter Course
To win the Ladies, down-right Force:
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,
As they have often since, us Men ;
With acting Plays, and dancing Jigs,

260 The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues.
And when they had them at their Pleasure,
Then talk'd of Love, and Flames, at Leisure:
For after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a Lover,

265 Deserves for ev'ry Minute more,
Than half a Year of Love before ;
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that best Way of Application,
Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er was known,

270 By Suit, or Treaty to be won :
And such as all Posterity
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
For Women first were made for Men,
Not Men for them.---It follows then,

275 That Men have Right to ev'ry one,
And they no Freedom of their own :
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,
But they no Charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course

280 e'er we take to your Amours,
ough by the indirectest Way,
is no Injustice, nor foul Play ;
nd that you ought to take that Course,
we take you, for better or worse ;
nd gratefully submit to those
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should ev'ry savage Beast
eceed his great Lord's Interest ?

Have

HUDIBRAS to his LADY.

Have freer Pow'r, than he, in Grace
290 And Nature, o'er the Creature has ?
Because the Laws he since has made,
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had ;
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion
That Nature gave him over Women ;
295 When all his Pow'r will not extend
One Law of Nature to suspend :
And but to offer to repeal
The smalleſt Clause, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly understood
300 Their Privilege, they would make good ;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' encroach on their Prerogatives ;
For which Sin they deserve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery :
305 And this ſome precious gifted Teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought,
310 For that uncharitable Fault.
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Love.
Forgive me, (Fair) and only blame
Th' Extravagancy of my Flame,
315 Since 'tis too much, at once to ſhow
Excess of Love and Temper too.
All I have ſaid that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have ſo ſov'reign a Controul
320 O'er that poor Slave of yours, my Soul :
That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd Lots of Heaven too :

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Both with an equal Pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest :

325 But none like him, who's destin'd either
To have, or lose you, both together.
And if you'll but this Fault release,
(For so it must be, since you please)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,

330 Which you commanded, and I swore,
And expiate upon my Skin
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but just, that I should pay
Th' accruing Penance, for Delay,

335 Which should be done, until it move
Your equal Pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd, h' had brought her to his Whistle ;
And read it like a jocund Lover,

340 With great Applause t' himself, twice over ;
Subscrib'd his Name, but at a fit
And humble Distance to his Wit ;
And dated it with wond'rous Art,
Given from the Bottom of his Heart ;

345 Then seal'd it with his Coat of Love,
A smoking Faggot,----and above,
Upon a Scroll----I burn, and weep,
And near it----For her Ladyship ;
Of all her Sex most excellent,

350 These to her gentle Hands present.
Then gave it to his faithful 'Squire,
With Lessons how t' observe, and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back or burn the Letter.

355 But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her Sports.

See

She open'd it, and read it out,
 With many a Smile and leering Flout :
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
 560 And thus perform'd what she design'd.

T H E
 L A D Y ' s A N S W E R
 T O T H E
 K N I G H T.

THAT you're a Beast, and turn'd to Graſs,
 Is no ſtrange News, nor ever was,
 At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the Pound replevin you,
 5 When both your Sword and Spurs were won
 In Combat by an Amazon :
 That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
 Th' inevitable Death of Vermine ;
 And never dealt its furious Blows,
 10 But cut the Throats of Pigs and Cows ;
 By TRULLA was, in ſingle Fight,
 Disarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,
 Your Heels degraded of your Spurs,
 And in the Stocks close Prisoners.

Where

15 Where still theyd lay'n, in base Restraint,
 If I, in Pity of your Complaint,
 Had not, on honourable Conditions,
 Releas't em from the worst of Prisons ;
 And what Return that Favour met,

20 You cannot (though you wou'd) forget ;
 When being free, you strove t' evade
 The Oaths you had in Prison made ;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd, and justify'd it :

25 And when y' had falsly broke one Vow,
 Absolv'd yourself, by breaking two.
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for Pardon at our Feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,

30 To hope for Quarter for your Ears ;
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your Due ;
 Declare that Treachery and Force,
 To deal with us, is th' only Course ;

35 We have no Title nor Pretence
 To Body, Soul, or Conscience :
 But ought to fall to that Man's Share
 That claims us for his proper Ware.
 These are the Motives, which t' induce,

40 Or fright us into Love, you use.
 A pretty new Way of Gallanting,
 Between Soliciting and Ranting ;
 Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat
 For Charity at once, and threat.

45 But since you undertake to prove,
 Your own Propriety in Love,
 As if we were but lawful Prize
 In War between two Enemies ;

Or

Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover,
 10 That wou'd but sue for, might recover ;
 It is not hard to understand
 The Myst'ry of this bold Demand,
 That cannot at our Persons aim,
 But something capable of Claim.

55 'Tis not those poultry counterfeit
 French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,
 But our right Diamonds, that inspire
 And set your am'rous Hearts on Fire :
 Nor can those false St. Martin's Beads
 10 Which on our Lips you lay for Reds,
 And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
 Add Fuel to your scorching Flames :
 But those true Rubies of the Rock,
 Which in our Cabinets we lock.

15 'Tis not those Orient Pearls our Teeth,
 That you are so transported with :
 But those we wear about our Necks,
 Produce those amorous Effects.
 Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,

70 10 The Perriwigs you make us wear ;
 But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,
 That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
 These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their fly Intrigues I know,

15 And can unriddle by their Tones
 Their mystick Cabals, and Jargones ;
 Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
 Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds ;
 What Raptures fond and amorous

10 20 O' th' Charms and Graces of my House ;
 What Extasy, and scorching Flame,
 Burns for my Money, in my Name :

What

What from th' unnatural Desire
 To Beasts and Cattle takes its Fire ;

85 What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,
 Longs for a thousand Pounds a Year ;
 And languishing Transports are fond
 Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill, and Bond.
 These are th' Attracts which most Men fall

90 Inamour'd, at first Sight, withal ;
 To these th' address with Serenades,
 And court with Balls, and Masquerades ;
 And yet, for all the yearning Pain
 Y' have suffer'd for their Loves in vain,

95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy ;
 That all your Oaths and Labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
 This is not meant to disapprove

100 Your Judgment, in your Choice of Love ;
 Which is so wise, the greatest Part
 Of Mankind study't as an Art ;
 For Love shou'd, like a Deodand,
 Still fall to th' Owner of the Land :

105 And where there's Substance for its Groundy
 Cannot but be more firm and found,
 Than that which has the slighter Basis
 Of airy Virtue, Wit, and Graces ;
 Which is of such thin Subtlety,

110 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again, as nice a Way.
 But Love, that its Extraction owns
 From solid Gold, and precious Stones,

115 Must, like its shining Parents, prove
 As solid, and as glorious Love.

Hence

Hence 'tis, you have no Way t' express
 Our Charms and Graces, but by these :
 For what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,
 120 Which Beauty invades and conquers with ;
 But Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds,
 With which a Philter-Love Commands ?
 This is the Way all Parents prove,
 - In managing their Childrens Love ;
 125 That force 'em t' inter-marry and wed,
 As if th' were bur'ing of the Dead.
 Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
 To join in Wedlock all they have ;
 And when the Settlement's in Force,
 130 Take all the reft, for better, or worse :
 For Money has a Power above
 The Stars, and Fate, to manage Love ;
 Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
 That never miss, are¹ tipp'd with Gold.
 135 And though some say, the Parents claims
 To make Love in their Children's Names ;
 Who many Times, at once provide
 The Nurse, the Husband, and the Bride ;
 Feel Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames
 140 And Woo, and Contract in their Names :
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And like their Gossips answer for 'em ;
 Is not to give in Matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for Money.
 145 'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
 Who often do't for worse than nothing :
 And when th' are at their own Dispose,
 With greater Disadvantage choose.
 All this is right ; but for the Course
 150 You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,

'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than Setters can betray,
 That tell what Tricks they are to play.

155 Marriage, at best, is but a Vow,
 Which all Men either break, or bow :
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure, when they do but woo ?
 Such as before-hand swear and lye,

160 For Earnest to their Treachery :
 And rather than a Crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less :
 Like Thieves, who, after Sentence past,
 Maintain their Innocence to the last ;

165 And when their Crimes were made appear
 As plain as Witnesses can swear ;
 Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their Death a Lye.
 Nor are the Virtues, you confess

170 T' your Ghostly Father, as you guest,
 So slight, as to be justify'd
 By being, as shamefully, deny'd.
 As if you thought your Word would pass,
 Point-blank, on both Sides of a Case :

175 Or Credit were not to be lost,
 B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,
 That eats perfidiously his Word,
 And swears his Ears, through a two Inch Boar
 Can own the same Thing, and disown,

180 And perjure Booty, Pro and Con :
 Can make the Gospel serve his Turn,
 And help him out, to be forsworn :
 When 'tis laid Hands upon, and kist,
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.

15 These are the Virtues, in whose Name,
 A Right to all the World you claim,
 And boldly challenge a Dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women :
 Of whom, no less will satisfy,

10 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
 Although you'll find it a hard Province,
 With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
 To govern such a num'rous Crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you :

15 For if you all were SOLOMONS,
 And Wise and Great as he was once,
 You'll find they're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.
 And if you are impos'd upon,

20 'Tis by your own Temptation done,
 That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight.
 For when we find y' are still more taken
 With false Attracts of our own making,

25 Swear that's a Rose, and that a Stone,
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on ;
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhime ;
 You force us, in our own Defences,

30 To Copy Beams and Influences :
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces ;
 And, in Compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit.

35 For, by the Practice of those Arts,
 We gain a greater Share of Hearts ;
 And those deserve in Reason most,
 That greatest Pains and Study cost :

For

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 Had not, on honourable Conditions,
 Releas't em from the worst of Prisons ;
 And what Return that Favour met,

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 And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
 Add Fuel to your scorching Flames :
 But those true Rubies of the Rock,
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 That you are so transported with :
 But those we wear about our Necks,
 Produce those amorous Effects.
 Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our Hair,

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 • But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,
 That light the Wild-fire in your Breasts.
 These Love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their fly Intrigues I know,

75 And can unriddle by their Tones
 Their mystick Cabals, and Jargones ;
 Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,
 Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds ;
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Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
 720 Or but recover her for your Wife ;
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other Matters pass,
 The Bus'ness to the Law's alone,
 The Proof is all it looks upon :
 725 And you can want no Witnesses
 To swear to any Thing you please,
 That hardly get their meer Expences
 By th' Labour of their Consciences ;
 Or letting out to hire their Ears
 730 To Affidavit-Customers :
 At inconsiderable Values
 To serve for Jury-Men, or Tales,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest Matters,
 Of Trustees, and Administrators.
 735 For that, quoth he, let me alone ;
 W' have Store of such, and all our own ;
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
 The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.
 That's well, quoth he, but I should guess,
 740 By weighing all Advantages,
 Your surest Way is first to pitch
 On ⁴ BONGEY, for a Water-Witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
 Y' have Time enough to deal with her.
 745 In th' Int'rim, spare for no Trepans
 To draw her Neck into the Banes :
 Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
 And bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets,
 With Trains t' inveigle, and surprize
 750 Her heedless Answers, and Replies :
 And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines,
 They'll serve for other By-Designs ;

And

PART III. CANTO III. 365

And make an Artist understand
 To copy out her Seal, or Hand ;

755 Or find void Places in the Paper
 To steal in something to intrap her ;
 Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
 Spight of her Heart, she has indow'd ye :
 Retain all Sorts of Witnesses,

760 That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees ;
 Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
 About the cross-legg'd Knights, their Hosts ;
 Or wait for Customers between
 The Pillars-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn :

765 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
 And Affidavit-Men ne'er fail
 T' expose to Sale all Sorts of Oaths,
 According to their Ears and Cloaths,
 Their only necessary Tools,

770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.
 And when y' are furnish'd with all Purveys,
 I shall be ready at your Service.

I would not give, quoth **HUDIBRAS**,
 A Straw to understand a Case,

775 Without the admirable Skill
 To wind, and manage it at Will ;
 To vere, and tack, and steer a Cause
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws ;
 And ring the Changes upon Cafes,

780 As plain as Noses upon Faces,
 As you have well instruced me,
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
 I long to practise your Advice,
 And try the subtle Artifice ;

785 To bait a Letter, as you bid,
 As not long after, thus he did :

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
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520 (*I mean * Margaret's Fast*) &c.] That Parliament used to have publick Fastes, kept in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as it is done to this present Time.

605 *To hang like * Mahomet, &c.*] It is reported of Mahomet the great Impostor, that having built a *Mosque*, the Roof whereof was a Loadstone, and ordering his Corps when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Loadstone soon attracted it near the Top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less fabulous is what the Legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some considerable Time together.

650 *As easy as * Serpents, &c.*] Naturalists report, that *Snakes, Serpents, &c.* cast their Skins every Year.

655 *As Barnacles turn Solan Geese, &c.*] It is said, that in the Islands of the Orcades in Scotland, there are Trees which bear those *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the Water, receive Life, and become those Birds called *Solan Geese*.

663 *So be that keeps the Gate of Hell, &c.*] The Poets feign the Dog *Cerberus*, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

685 *The * GIBELLINES, &c.*] Two great Factions in Italy, distinguished by those Names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the Year 1130.

841 *When * three Saints Ears, &c.*] *Burton, Prynne, and Bassetwick*, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factious, just at the Beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

894 *But * Fisher's Folly, &c.*] *Fisher's Folly* was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.

907 *Cut out more Work, &c.*] *Plato's Year*, or the grand Revolution of the intire Machine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

1200 ^a *To your great & Croyfado General, &c.]* General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their Drudgery for them.

1241 ^b *To pass for deep and learned Scholars, &c.]* Two ridiculous Scribblers that were often pestering the World with Nonsense.

1250 ^c *Like Sir Pride, &c.]* The one a Brewer, the other a Shoemaker, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

1505 ^d *The Beastly Rabble that came down, &c.]* This is an accurate Description of the Mob's burning Rumps, upon the Admission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump-Parliament.

1534 *Be ready listed under ^e Don.]* The Hangman's Name at that Time was *Don*.

1550 *They've roasted ^f Cook already and Pride is.]* Cook acted as Solicitor-General against King Charles the First, at his Trial; and afterwards received his just Reward for the same. *Pride*, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

1564 *Their Founder was ^g a blown-up Soldier.]* Ignatius Loyola, the Founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a Gentleman of Biscay in Spain, and bred a Soldier; was at Pamplone when it was besieged by the French in the Year 1521, and was so very lame in both Feet, by the Damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

1585 *And from their Coptick Priests, ^h Kircherus.]* Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Ægyptian Mystical Learning.

1587 *For, as th' ⁱ Ægyptians us'd by Bees, &c.]* The Ægyptians represented their Kings (many of whose Names were *Ptolemy*) under the Hieroglyphick of a Bee, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Dissolute.

NOTES to Part III. Canto III.

8 Than Hags with all their ¹ Imps and Teats.] Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*, or *Familiar Spirits*, that are employ'd in their Diabolical Practices, and suck private *Teats* they have about them.

15 As ² Rosicrucian Virtuoso's, &c.] The *Rosicrucians* were a Sect that appeared in *Germany*, in the Beginning of the XVIIth Age. They are also called the *Enlightened, Immortal, and Invisible*; they are a very *Enthusiastical* Sort of Men, and hold many *Wild and Extravagant* Opinions.

36 From ³ Marshal Legion's Regiment.] He used to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Cause.

145 More plainly than the ⁴ Reverend Writer, &c.] A most Reverend Prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided with the disaffected Party.

261 If ⁵ the Ancients crown'd their bravest Men, &c.] The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded those Persons that were instrumental in the Preservation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battle or otherwise.

305 Or else their ⁶ Sultan Populaces, &c.] The Author compares the arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable *Mob*, to the *Sultan* or *Grand Seignior*, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief Commanders, called *Baffas*, if they prove unsuccessful in Battle.

350 As the ancient ⁷ Mice attack'd the Frogs.] Homer wrote a Poem of the War between the *Mice* and the *Frogs*.

383 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his Bride, &c.] A Story in *Tasso*, an *Italian* Poet, of a Hero that gained his Mistress by conquering her Party.

PART III. CANTO III. 399

577 *An ^a old dull Sot, who told the Clock, &c.]* *Prieux*, a Justice of Peace, a very pragmatical busy Person, in those Times, and a mercenary and cruel Magistrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Money, among many others.

589 *And many a trusty Pimp, and Croney, &c.]* There was a Goal for puny Offenders.

599 *Made ^b Monsters fine, and Puppet-plays, &c.]* He extorted Money from those that kept Shows.

715 *From ^c Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's, &c.]* *John a Nokes*, and *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious Names made use of in stating Cases of Law only.

742 *On ^d BONGEY, for a Water-Witch.]* *Bongey* was a *Franciscan*, and lived towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular Acquaintance of Friar *Bacon's*. In that ignorant Age, every Thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed Magick, and so both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the Imputation of studying the *Black-Art*. *Bongey* also, publishing a Treatise of *Natural Magick*, confirmed some well-meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether groundless, for *Bongey* was chosen Provincial of his Order, being a Person of most excellent *Parts and Piety*.

NOTES on HUDIBRAS's *Epistle to his LADY.*

113 *^e Or who but Lovers can converse, &c.]* Metaphysicians are of Opinion, that Angels and Souls departed, being divested of all gross Matter, understand each other's Sentiments by *Intuition*, and consequently maintain a Sort of Conversation without the Organs of Speech.

121 *Or Heav'n itſelf a Sin ſent, &c.]* In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of *Heaven*, therefore it should not resent it as a Crime, to supply Store of Inhabitants for it.

173 *You wound like Parthians while you fly, &c.]* *Parthians* are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Perſia*: They were excellent *Horsemen*, and very exquisite at their *Bows*; and it is reported of them, that they generally flew more upon their Retreat than they did in the Engagement.

188 *Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.]* One of the Assembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for the Singularity of his Beard.

237 *To what a Height did Infant Rome, &c.]* When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Aſylum*, or Place of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to; by which Means it ſoon came to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would ſoon be deftite of Inhabitants, he invented ſeveral fine Shows, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours to them; and when they had them ſecure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded ſo numerous an Offspring.

252 *Till Alimony, or Death depart.*] *Alimony* is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her ſeparate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

NOTES on the LADY's ANSWER to the KNIGHT.

133 ¹ *Whiſe Arrows learned Poets bold, &c.]* The Poets feign *Cupid* to have two ſorts of Arrows, the one tipped with *Gold*, and the other with *Lead*; the *Golden* always inspire and inflame *Love* in the Persons he wounds with them;

them; but on the contrary, the *Leaden* create the utmost Aversion and Hatred; with the first of these he shot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

277. *While, like the mighty " Prester John, &c.] Prester John*, an absolute *Prince*, Emperor of *Abyssinia* or *Ethiopia*; one of them is reported to have had seventy Kings for his Vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his Permission.

285 *Or " Joan de Pucel's braver Name.] Joan of Arc*, called also the *Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*: She was born at the Town of *Damremi* on the *Meuse*, Daughter of *James de Arc*, and *Isabella Romee*, was bred up a Shepherdess in the Country. At the Age of Eighteen or Twenty she pretended to an express Commission from God to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then besieged by the *English*, and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and almost reduced to the last Extremity. She went to the Coronation of *Charles the Seventh*, when he was almost ruined: She knew that *Prince* in the Midst of his Nobles, though meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity and Members of Parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her Conduct. She sent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of *St. Katharine de Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Cross* and *Flower-de lutes* were engraven, which put the King in a very great Surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it; upon this he sent her with the Command of some Troops, with which she relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *English* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battle of *Pattai*, and recovered *Champagne*. At last she was unfortunately taken Prisoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430, and tried for a Witch or Sorceress, condemned, and burnt in *Rouen* Market-Place in *May 1430*.

378 *Pass on ourselves a " Salique Law:] The Salique Law* is a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no Female shall inherit that Crown.

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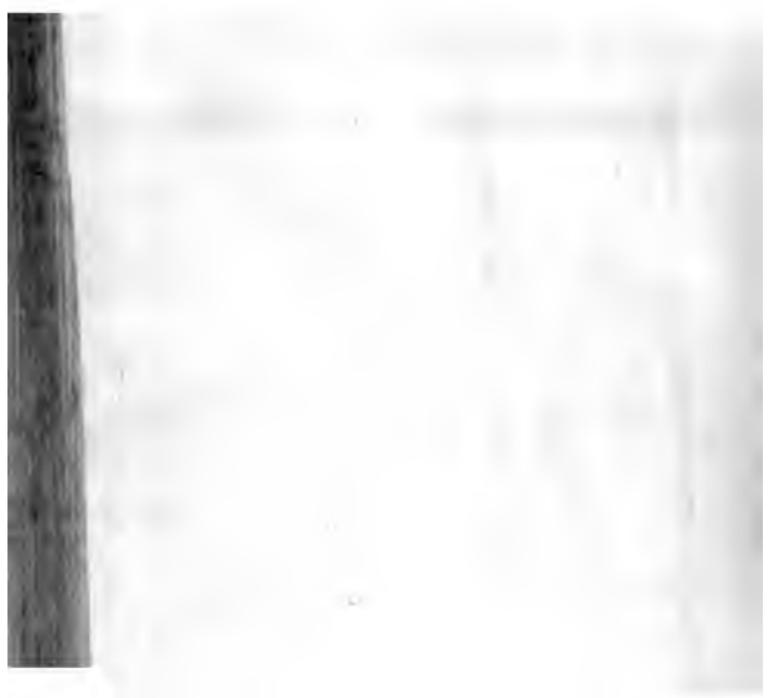
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